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In old days, driving his heavy loads
From farm to town, over hills and prairies?"

A Vision of BETTER ROADS

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In old days, driving his heavy loads
From farm to town, over hills and prairies,
Through mud and flood and storm and washout,
By wood-roads and highroads and the great
National Highways from State to State,
His strong horses straining and sweating through
dust or mire—
What did that hardy teamster see
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Across the years he saw a vision,
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He saw broad, smooth highroads running everywhere
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constant labor of repair,
Roads pleasant and swift to travel,
Roads clean and safe and paved,
Leading to great cities and friends and business and
on adventurous, delightful journeys,
All over this broad, beautiful land.
He saw himself and his wife going and
returning over these fair highways,
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and better satisfied with their home;
He saw an end to dreariness and monotony
and isolation;
He saw his produce carried quickly to market, and
anything he needed brought as quickly
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The vision of things which his energy and
resourcefulness and courage are today
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THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

WHEN authors and orators and other thoughtful persons begin to probe round for the soul of Paris, as they so frequently do, they are apt to become a trifle maudlin. "Paris," they declare, making a sweeping gesture with the right hand and dashing a shining tear from the left eye—"Paris smiles—and forgets!" That is one of the favorite remarks about Paris. She smiles—and forgets.

I suppose the authors and orators know what it is that she forgets, but I don't. It seems to me that Paris remembers everything that she ever knew. She smiles—*ah, oui!* as they say in Paris and its environs. *Ah, oui!* She smiles; and in spite of her smiles she remembers all things. She remembers all about the French Revolution, and the whiff of grapeshot that left the scars on the front of the Church of St. Roch, and the proper way to serve *bœuf à la mode*, and the method of making the front of a dress stay up when it has neither back nor shoulder straps to support it. She remembers the Emperor Julian, who was the first booster for Paris away back in the year 360 or thereabout, and she recalls the only true method of cooking the large and succulent snail which fattens on the vine leaves of Burgundy. She remembers, too, the Germans, and how they planned to take Paris and make a large and unsightly mess of it. *Ah, oui!* She remembers the Germans. Paris smiles, pirouettes slightly and exudes a whiff of intriguing perfume, thus elevating the spirits of the beholder; but anybody who thinks that the airiness of her behavior means that she has forgotten anything has several thinks coming to him.

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Versailles From the Air

When a Roman General Bought a Leetle Drink

THAT neat phrase anent Paris smiling was invented by a Roman general about three weeks after the city was named. Long years ago there was nothing to Paris except an island in the Seine. The Parisii, a temperamental but lovable tribe of people who lived on the island, used to do practically nothing in the winter except stand round the edges of the island and watch the water rise, just as so many of them have done every winter since then. In the spring and summer and autumn they devoted themselves to fighting, occasionally varying the monotony by selling bead bags to foreigners or by trying to catch fish from the Seine, though there have been no fish in the Seine since the Post-Pliocene period. That was long ago, but the activities of the early Parisii will strike familiar chords in the breasts of those who have encountered the more modern Parisians. The Germans who have encountered them will find something vaguely reminiscent in the reference to their fighting. Julius Cæsar conquered the early residents of Paris, but that was probably because they only fought in the spring, summer and autumn. In later days they have also taken to fighting in the winter, when the occasion demands it, and this fact has been particularly impressed on the Germans at one time and another during recent years. In the early days of the Roman occupation of the island they called the island Lutetia. They built palaces on it, and their friends used to come up from Rome to visit them and buy bead bags and laugh at the idea of the natives trying to catch fish in the Seine. Later the Romans changed the name of the island to Parisea Civitas, and almost immediately abbreviated the name to Paris.

About three weeks after this change occurred, as I started to say at the beginning of the last paragraph, a Roman general came back to Paris from London, where he had been living for weeks on boiled meat and boiled potatoes and boiled carrots and boiled fish and suet pudding. The time was winter, and he had had no heat in his London lodgings. The weather, moreover, had been cold and rainy and foggy, and whenever he went outdoors he got his feet wet. It had been a most depressing sojourn. The crossing, moreover, had been extremely rough, and most of the waves in the Channel had attempted to climb into his lap, so that his armor had rusted badly. He came rolling into Paris at night, as everyone does, and as he wandered grouchily up the Boulevard St. Michel toward the Roman baths the people in the restaurants gave him the Chautauqua salute and shouted to him to come in and have an *apéritif*. Several chic young women hailed him gayly and wanted to know whether he wasn't anxious to buy just one leetle drink. The moon shone down through a hole in the clouds, and a cab driver passed him, cracking his whip and singing a gay melody in a wheezy voice. The streets were crowded and care-free midinettes were exclaiming ecstatically over the bead bags in the windows. The general decided to buy a leetle drink. It was then that the remark about the smiling of Paris sprang into being.

"Paris," said the general as he removed his helmet and banged it on the marble table top in order to attract the attention of a waiter who was completely absorbed in a domino tournament in which two of the guests had been engaged since early in the afternoon—"Paris smiles—and forgets."

Lives Spent Leaping From Crisis to Crisis

HE MEANT that the general atmosphere, after the gloom of London, was highly exhilarating, but that he was slightly disappointed because nobody showed any signs of wishing to hear about his hard trip and burst into tears over it. Whenever Paris has her troubles she always manages to conceal them. She sings and she smiles, but she refuses to sob bitterly over the woes of others. If others wish to join in her songs and her smiles, very good, not to say *très bon*. But if they do not wish they may make of themselves an absence. *Ah, oui!* But the general, being tired and cross, sprang the remark about smiling—and forgetting. And that canard has been going ever since, like the bit of fiction to the effect that homemade rum is good to drink.

One has evidence that Paris does not forget as soon as he sets foot in it late at night. One always arrives in Paris at night, anyway, and one always arrives late, because no

French trains ever get anywhere on time these days. This is known as the *crise du transportation*—the transportation crisis. Life in France is just one darned *crise* after another. No day goes by without its *crise*, and every morning and every afternoon the eighty or ninety or one hundred Parisian papers announce in glaring headlines that another *crise* has struck town. Sometimes two or three new *crises* start crising on the same day, and the Parisians work themselves into a severe lather over the situation. Everyone in all the restaurants shrugs his shoulders so violently that the floors shake and the windows rattle. But before there can be a *crise d'emotion* the disturbing *crise* passes, and on the following day there is a new *crise* to distract the mind and excite the fancy.

We were speaking, however, of arriving in Paris late at night. One usually arrives from two to six hours late, but always late. One is fresh from the hard-boiled foods and the clammy fogs of London, and the very atmosphere of Paris is elevating and stimulating. One sees strong men kissing each other on the station platform. One catches the odor of intoxicating perfumes.

"Aha!" says one, "this is indeed the life, then!"

And one goes out to get a taxicab. One immediately is confronted by a *crise*—the taxicab *crise*. It is not an extremely serious *crise*, but whenever one is particularly anxious to get into a Parisian taxicab and is just about to do so somebody usually comes up behind him and hauls him off by the coat tails and gets into the taxicab himself and goes away. However, by screaming at the top of one's lungs and shaking one's fists violently at the persons who are also desirous of obtaining the taxicab one can usually obtain it for himself. And when he has done so and is riding away in it he remembers one of the things that Paris won't forget—to wit, the fact that the Battle of the Marne was won by taxicabs.

Staunch Taxi Heroes of the Marne

WHEN the German hordes were sweeping into the heart of France in 1914 General Gallieni mobilized the taxicabs of Paris, loaded them with poilus and rushed them out against the Germans. By so doing he delivered a violent and unexpected blow, and the Germans were defeated. But the taxicabs are still doing business. Some of them, it is true, are doing it on only one cylinder, and that one cylinder is frequently afflicted with serious pulmonary troubles. Somehow or other, though, they manage to stagger along. And everybody who rides in them remembers the Battle of the Marne. He feels quite sure that his particular taxicab was one of the staunch band that rushed the poilus to the Front in 1914. It has a sunken look round the middle that convinces him that it has probably carried enormous loads of poilus across vast stretches of shell holes and trenches. If he tries to persuade the chauffeur to take him up a hill he is frequently refused. If one wishes to go up to Montmartre, which is a long, hard pull, one usually has to tackle three or four taxi drivers before meeting with any success.

"What!" exclaims the bearded driver, cocking an ear at the distressed coughs of his engine, "mount that great ascent there with this poor little one? Sacred name of a small dog, but no!"

And his machine goes lurching off in search of someone who will be content to stay on level ground.

They don't steer as well as they might, these veterans of the Great War. They collide with each other frequently, and it then devolves upon everyone connected with the collision to make as passionate an outcry as possible, in order to establish his innocence. This is a rule which no Parisian ever forgets, any more than he forgets the excellent rule which provides that any person who is so careless as to allow himself to be hit by an automobile shall at once be taken into custody and immured in the nearest jail unless he is in such shape as to require the attentions of a surgeon or an undertaker.

Because of this law Paris is unfamiliar with the type of person who walks slowly across the road in front of an approaching automobile glaring at it contemptuously in order to show that he is not only as good as the automobilist but several times better. In the event of a collision, however, everybody is guilty until he can prove his innocence, and the only way to prove one's innocence in Paris is to make a noise about it. As soon as a collision occurs a large jury of onlookers, with several gendarmes as judges, assemble round the wreckage. The sufferers emerge from the heap and at once begin to shriek and howl and swear. The judges and the jury listen carefully. When the shrieks and howls and curses of one party become weaker than those of the others the weaker side is marched off to the police station. The reasoning of the onlookers is simplicity itself. If a man makes a lot of noise he does so because he believes that his cause is just. If his cause is unjust he will be unable to speak about it as fluently as he might otherwise speak. So when an argument rises the loudest talker commands the most respect.

The *crise* of transportation is the first *crise* which one encounters when entering Paris, but before one goes away one hears of as many *crises* as there are patriots in Poland—almost. There is the *crise* of money, the *crise* of coal, the *crise* of food, the *crise* of lodging, the *crise* of clothing, the *crise* of building material, the *crise* of sugar, the *crise* of inundation, the *crise* of taxes, the *crise* of passports and countless other minor *crises*. We have the same thing at home, but we are not as attentive to details as are the Parisians. When strictly fresh eggs are brought from their year's sojourn in the Hoboken cold-storage plants and put on sale at $1.20 a dozen we emit a few wild shrieks of agony in the privacy of our homes, after which we calm down and talk about the servant problem or presidential candidates. In Paris, however, when eggs work up to eight francs a dozen there is a *crise des œufs*. The newspapers put it on the front page and great numbers of women have hysterics. Men walk round clutching their heads with their hands and ejaculating that frightful French oath, "Name of a name of a name of a name," in hoarse gutturals. The *crise* passes, as all *crises* do, until eggs hit eight francs and ten centimes a dozen. Then the *crise des œufs* takes place all over again.

Early last winter the French *œuf* for eating purposes stood at nine francs sixty centimes a dozen. There had been a *crise* with every ten-centime advance. Considering the enormous number of things which are capable of having a *crise*, one would expect the Parisians to be exhausted from the violence of their emotions. But they are a tireless people—simple and tireless—and they bear up under the strain remarkably well.

The *crise* of money is probably the *crise* which causes the most excitement in Paris, though each and every *crise* as it appears seems to give rise to the absolute apex of excitement. The *crise* of money strikes at the very vitals of the nation, and every Parisian wants every American to know all about it so that he will go home and use his influence with the Treasury Department to have credits extended to France in order that French money may soon be as good as it ever was and so that when the one and a half million Americans arrive on the Continent in the spring and summer, as rumor says that they will, they will have to pay a dollar for five francs' worth of French goods instead of fifty cents, as they sometimes do to-day.

There are some sections of Paris where an American won't be able to get anything at half price unless the shopkeepers are both deaf and blind, and I have noted no overwhelming number of blind Parisian shopkeepers, or of deaf ones either. Many of those who sell luxuries—and luxuries are the things which a large part of the visiting Americans will buy—can raise prices on an American in about nothing and two-fifths seconds. But such things as food and clothing look cheap to an American, though at the same time they appear so high to a Parisian that he gets dizzy looking up at them.

The Ups and Downs of French Exchange

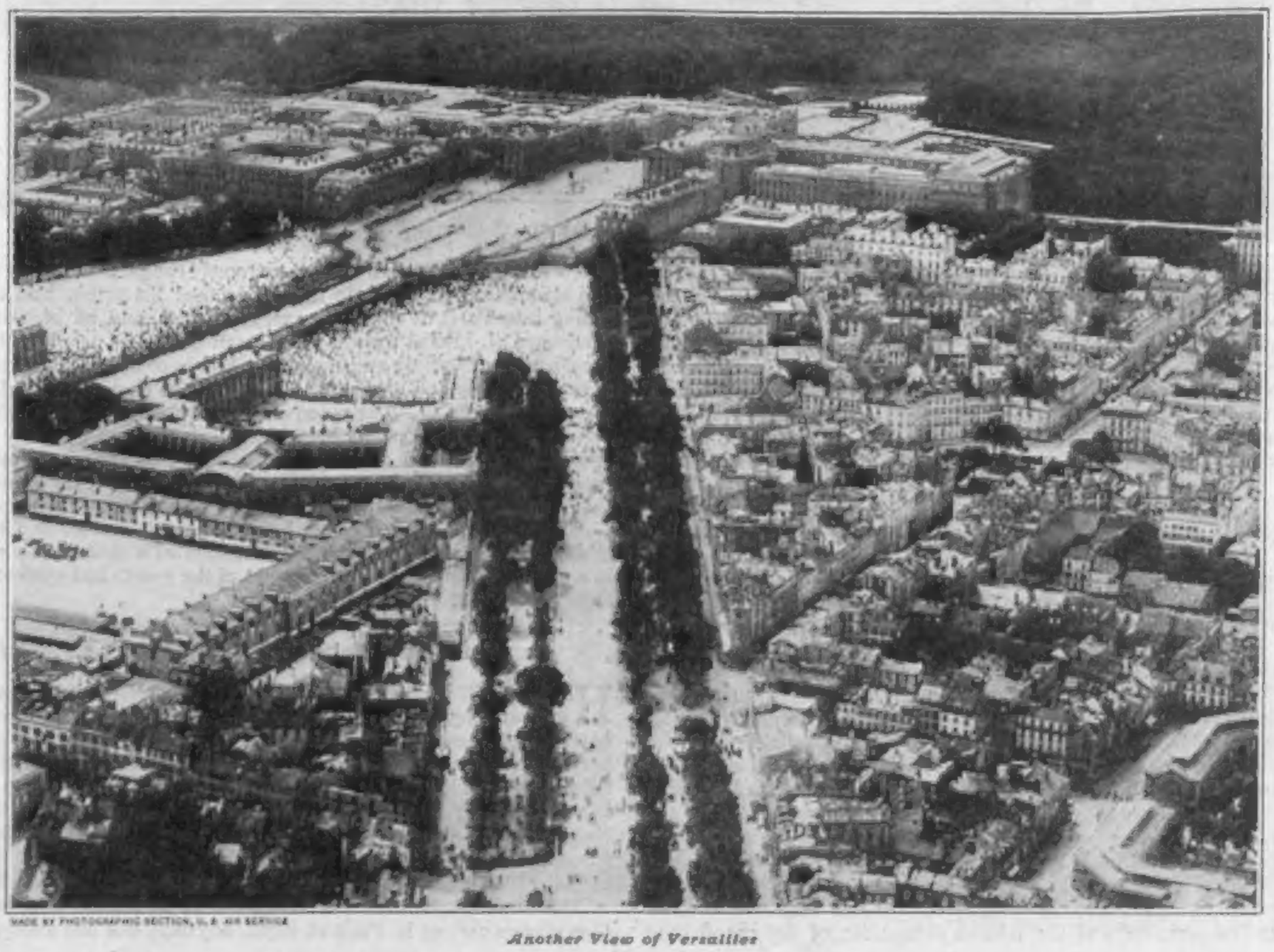
ONE gets an idea of Paris prices from listening to the conversation of one of the many American expatriates who live in Paris. These people, most of whom have small incomes, moved to France because they could live there very cheaply. They could have a commodious furnished apartment for fifteen dollars a month, procure a marvelous cook for six or eight dollars a month and live most comfortably on a thousand dollars a year. These people are suffering keenly under present conditions and are actually thinking of going back to the United States. At least they are talking about it. Probably they will never go so far as to take the actual step, but they have contracted the habit of saying that with French prices where they are they might as well live in the United States. They are very bitter over it and act as though the United States were wholly to blame for daring to allow high prices to exist. It is evident that they expect a great deal of pity, these expatriated Americans, but as to whether they deserve it or not I shall not attempt to say.

When I arrived in Paris early in the winter ten francs could be purchased with one American dollar, whereas in prewar days a dollar was equivalent to only five francs. A few days later one dollar would purchase almost eleven and a half francs. Still a few days later the rate was again ten francs for a dollar.

I take this opportunity of repeating that large financial affairs are as much of an enigma to me as the internal mechanism of a reciprocating engine would be to an unclothed black man from the shores of Lake Albert Nyanza, yet I have a persistent feeling that when a commodity, whether it be money or garbage pails or hair nets or hop poles, sells for five dollars on one day and seven dollars on the second day and four dollars and a half on the third day there is something about the proceeding that gives rise to a strong odor of fish—and no mean fish either. It also seems to me that there is no particular reason why on a given day in the city of Paris reputable banking institutions should differ so widely in the rates at which they exchange American money into French francs. As things stand, Americans must shop from place to place with their American dollars, hunting for a bank which will give the best rate.

The low value of the franc is having

(Continued on Page 54)



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Another View of Versailles

HARD-BOILED MABEL

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

WHEN the Honorable Frankie, ninth Marquis of Meyne, was six years old he began to read. Whereupon his aunts looked at each other and decided to weed the library. "If it is humanly possible to prevent it," said Lady Margaret, "that dear child shall never follow in his father's footsteps."

They started on the first shelf—Lady Margaret and Lady Felicia. I will tell you about Lady Felicia later, but first I want to tell you about those books.

"Oh, bother!" burst out Lady Margaret at last. "Why is it that every book must have a ro-o-o-mance in it?" You should have seen the curl of her lip when she spoke that hateful word. "Isn't there anything else in the world worth writing about," she continued, "except this everlasting topic of so-called love?"

Lady Felicia sighed a little and looked thoughtful as well as she could for her double chin. Before disgrace had fallen upon the Meynes she, too, had had her dreams of romance.

"What are we going to do then?" she asked, looking at the heap of books which her sister had already thrown upon the floor. "We can't throw all the books away like this."

But Lady Margaret wasn't a masterful woman for nothing.

"I know what we'll do!" said she. "We'll lock the library up, and that will give us a place to put those other things too."

The remark was obscure, but Lady Felicia understood it. With dignity the butler was called, and with even greater dignity he called the footman.

On the landing of the stairs was a statue of Diana—one knee eternally crooked, one hand eternally shading her eyes while she watched for game. There in the dower house of Meyne Castle she had stood upon that landing for at least a hundred and fifty years, but now she suddenly found herself moved to the library, staring hard at sixteen feet of British poets and wondering possibly whether these were proper game or not. Smaller pieces of statuary soon joined her, including Paul and Virginia from the drawing-room.

"I've often wondered what those young uns were running away from," said the footman in an unchaperoned moment.

"Running away from his little lordship upstairs, as nearly as I can make it out," said Benson, unbending a little. "I believe the ladies are apprehensive that he may turn out to be a chip of the old block."

They winked at each other in a rather stolid manner—for themselves, they were proud of the gossip surrounding the last three Marquises of Meyne—and were nearly caught in the act by Lady Margaret.

"The pictures next," said she.

In this branch of art they scored heavily, not even sparing the fifth Marchioness of Meyne, who was young and coquettish, with lips that peeped over the top of her fan like cherries over a garden wall. It was she, according to one theory, who had brought Old Ned into the family, the fifth marquis having made a runaway match with her—which has a dreadful sound if you say it in just the right way. They carried her to the library and there they left her with her face to the wall—young, smiling and coquettishly biding her time.

When the exiles had been covered with sheets, the windows fastened and the blinds drawn, the butler locked the door and Lady Margaret carried the key to her room.

"There," she said to Felicia. "I feel safer." And after hiding the key she added: "Let us go now and see how the dear child is getting on with his lessons."

Lady Felicia said nothing—perhaps after such an excursion into the land of beautiful dreams she was thinking of her own vanished visions; but together they went upstairs to the room where the Honorable Frankie was receiving instruction from an old mutton-faced misogynist who had been selected largely because of his views and who had such a low opinion of women that even Lady Margaret felt uncomfortable in his presence. As they approached the door they heard voices within, and Eve-like then they stopped to listen.

The Last of the Meynes Was Sitting Very Quietly in the Hall, Staring Out at Meyne Castle

"M-i-l-k, milk," the Honorable Frankie was spelling, evidently out of a book.

"Yes, yes—go on," said the mournful voice of his tutor.

"I have that for my b'e'kfast every morning. P-a-i-l, pail. That's a pail."

"Yes, yes—go on."

"G-o-l-d, gold—that's what Benson's buttons are made of."

"Go on; go on."

"M-a-i-d, maid." And after a puzzled pause, "What's a maid, Mr. Rowland?" he asked.

"Ah, my poor boy!" said Old Mutton-Face in his deepest, most mournful voice. "You'll find out soon enough, I'm afraid!"

II

THE Honorable Frankie wasn't very old when he began to sense the fact that there was something wrong in the world—something mysterious and rather awful—and something which centered closely round himself. The truth being held from him, he set his young imagination to work—and it worked like yeast. He began to be nervous when left alone in the dark, and never showed himself when he heard strange voices downstairs.

"I wish Frankie weren't so shy," said Lady Felicia one day.

"I'm glad he is!" said Lady Margaret in her snappiest manner.

Which ended that.

Not long afterward the last of the Meynes was sitting very quietly in the hall downstairs, perched upon a window seat and staring out at Meyne Castle, which stood so nobly on its cliff overlooking the sea, when he heard voices in the pantry where the butler and the footman were polishing the silver.

"His little lordship grows to look more like his father every day," was Benson's first remark that caught Frankie's attention.

"Chip o' the old block," was the footman's answer.

"I've been wondering lately whether he will open the castle when he comes of age."

"Not likely. Costs a mint of money to run that place, and they didn't leave much behind them—the last three marquises. If you ask me, they were lucky to have the dower house here when the crash came."

"Poor little chap, he looks very downhearted at times. I can only 'ope that he won't come to his father's bad end."

"Ah, God forbid! But what's bred in the bone, I've always said, it's sure to come out in the flesh."

Tough nourishment for any child.

"Margaret," said Lady Felicia one day, looking as serious as a very stout lady can ever look, especially when she has a sentimental turn of mind, "I wonder if we are doing quite the right thing by Frankie."

"What on earth do you mean?" demanded Lady Margaret.

"I mean—keeping him so secluded—and all that. It seems to me," she almost tearfully continued, "that we should let him go out among people. And when he gets older, if we tried to get him married just as soon as we could to some nice sweet girl ——"

Whereupon Lady Margaret rose in her wrath—like a large black horse suddenly rearing to the perpendicular—and that ended that.

Thus grew the Honorable Frankie, ninth Marquis of Meyne, and bit by bit he put things together as growing children do. He couldn't find all the pieces to complete the puzzle, but he had enough to keep him busy. When the war broke out he was fourteen years old, which pleased his aunts immensely.

"It'll soon be over," they told each other. "He'll never have to go."

In this, however, they reckoned without the second wind of Mars. Frankie's eighteenth birthday found him in khaki—a tall, handsome, manly lad and perilously like his father—so much so that before he went away Lady Margaret sent for the Bishop of Meyne, and he and Frankie were in the study for the greater part of the afternoon. When they came out the young man held himself more than upright and his mouth was tightly pressed against his teeth in the manner which is sometimes described as keeping a stiff upper lip.

"You'll remember, my boy?" said the Bishop as they shook hands in parting.

"Yes, sir, I'll remember."

"And your promise to me—you will not forget that?"

"No, sir, I shall not forget that."

Within an hour Frankie had joined his regiment, and the next few years of his life can be summarized in a few words: Training camp, Salonika, Egypt, France and home. It was a course of travel that he will not forget in a hurry, but never once did he fail to keep a stiff upper lip, and never once did he forget his promise to the bishop.

Whenever Mars had met him on the journey he had followed grimly after and had made a good job of it. But whenever What's-Her-Name—that other divinity for whom another planet is named—had suddenly appeared before him on his travels, the last of the Meynes had emulated a certain Pharisee of old. He had turned his head and had crossed the road and had passed by safely on the other side.

III

ON FRANKIE'S second furlough he had come to grips with the family finances. They were hard to grasp, consisting mainly of involved transactions, intricate entails and the thinnest of thin air.

"But look here," he protested, coming once too often to a vanishing balance, "there's the castle, you know. Couldn't we rent that?"

"Hardly here, I'm afraid, My Lord," said the banker. "Frightfully expensive to keep up—we are all more or less strapped just now—and to tell you the truth, since your father's—er—accident, I think the place has a bit of a doleful reputation.

"Still, one of my partners is going to New York before long. Shall I get him to see if he can do anything for you over there?"

"I wish you would," said Frankie.

And it so happened that a few months later old Commodore Beckett, rising one morning in his Fifth Avenue mansion, first read that the Constitution of the United States had been rebound with a white ribbon, and turning testily over to the financial pages to see what effect this might have upon the markets of the world his eyes were presently caught by a rather striking advertisement offering Meyne Castle to rent for a term of years.

"Planned by Bullfinch." That meant next to nothing in the commodore's life.

"Built on a magnificent site overlooking English Channel and Atlantic Ocean." The old boy smelled blue water there, and vigorously inhaled it.

"Private harbor. Dockage for yachts. Fully furnished. Hangings by Kydde. Picture gallery containing numerous masters, including Gainsborough, Romney ——"

Now, aside from the speed of his yacht, which was more a sporting matter than anything else, the commodore was famed for three collections—his Romneys, his emeralds and his vintages—but of all these he was proudest of his vintages.

"Confound their impudence! They'll be confiscating everything in bottles yet," he angrily told himself, his mind reverting to the cataclysm on the first page. "Pouring Johannesburger '83 down the sewer and dumping Château Yquem into the river!"

He thoughtfully looked at the advertisement again.

"One thing sure," he continued, "there'll be no bottle smashing over there in a hurry. 'Private harbor. Dockage.' Mmm! And when all's said and done, it's not much farther than Miami and back. Yes, by Jove, I do believe I've solved it! Anyhow, I'll look into it."

And the commodore did look into it. Before the month was over he had sailed for London, the keys of Meyne Castle were in his possession and a London firm of decorators had received a commission which made them forget that there had ever been a war. But the commodore couldn't forget it. His only offspring had been in France with the American Expeditionary Forces for nearly two years.

"Going to stop there, too, from the looks of it, till the very last Yank comes out," said the commodore in his proud but testy manner. "That's Jake all over. Better send a wire, though."

He chewed the end of his pencil for a moment and then wrote as though all in a breath:

War over. Have rented Meyne Castle, Meyne Harbor, England. When can you meet me there? POP.

Keen and bright as a bit of sword play came the answer next morning:

Expecting leave few days. Will meet you Meyne Castle next week. Why not get option on Tower of London? JAKE.

IV

WHEN Frankie returned home for good it didn't take his aunts long to see the change which had taken place in him.

"Do you notice how he's altered?" said Lady Felicia.

Lady Margaret uneasily nodded.

"His father had just such an air of authority," continued Felicia, "but I never thought Frankie would have it too!"

"It's the war," said Lady Margaret. "He'll get over it." But to tell the truth, she was worried. "I'll telephone the bishop," she thought. But the bishop, she discovered, was in Southampton that week, and no one seemed to know just when he would be back.

While this was on Frankie was taking a walk; and though he had no given destination in view, his steps led him toward the home of his fathers. Standing in the road, he was still noticing the changes at the castle which had been brought about by the commodore's magic wand when a car stopped and a remarkably pretty girl spoke to him.

"You are the Marquis of Meyne?" she asked.

"Yes," said Frankie without half looking and not noticing that her scarf had fallen into the road.

"I thought you were." She laughed a little, though surely there was no need for it. "Now that you're back," she said, "we're going to have a victory ball—and we are all so excited."

It might have been contagious. The girl was now leaning over the wheel as though she were possibly trying to capture the other's averted glance, and her voice went down to a lower, deeper note that seemed to have the strange effect of making everything else in the world shut up.

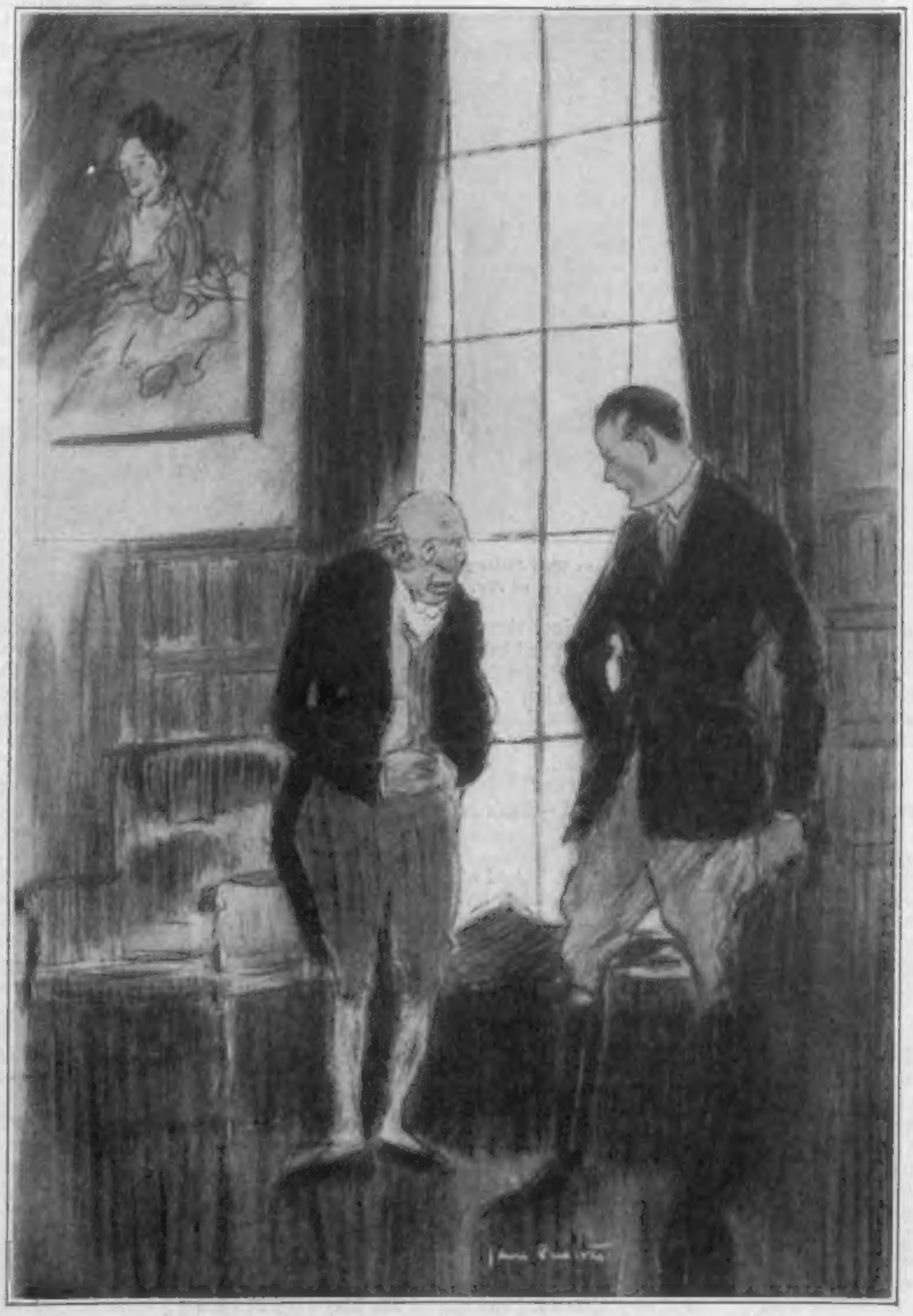
"I think a committee is going to call on you to-morrow," she said; "but what I want to say is—pl-l-i-ease set the date for next Thursday evening. I've a special reason for asking."

After the car had gone it struck the young marquis that he ought to have answered her, even though she had hardly waited for any reply.

"Funny how they make the cheeks burn," he mused, verifying this phenomenon. "Ears, too, it seems." And speculating a little upon insufficient data, he continued: "I wonder if they affect other chaps this way too. Or whether it's a bit of the governor in me, and sent as a sort of a warning."

It was then that he saw the scarf in the road.

"Scented," he thought, verifying this as well—and suddenly thrust it into the pocket of the light raincoat which he was wearing, as though it were burning his fingers.



"'Ard-Boiled Mabel's Beat It, Sir—and Capped the Jewelry Too!"

His first clear reaction was to let the victory ball go hang. But on the other hand—to set himself up as a prig when, after all, they were only trying to be decent with him—there wasn't anything particularly appealing in that.

"I say, they're going to give a victory ball," he announced when he returned home. "I understand a committee is going to call here to-morrow."

Lady Margaret tried to influence him by the austerity of her eye.

"I'm glad you never learned to dance," she said.

"Oh, one doesn't have to dance," he carelessly replied in his new manner of authority. "What gets over me is: Where do you suppose I had better receive this committee?"

"It depends upon who they are," said Lady Margaret shortly. "Ordinarily of course the drawing-room would be the place."

"Looks awfully shabby, though, don't you think, dear? When the next quarter's rent for the castle comes in I'll have the furniture reupholstered for you—and something done to the walls. But how about this other room—the one that's always shut? Would that do?"

Lady Margaret felt her authority slipping with every tick of the clock.

"You can't go in there," she said in sudden alarm. "That's locked."

"Yes, yes; I know it is. Time it was opened up a bit. Don't you think so, dear? Where's the key?"

"It—it's lost," she told him, grasping at the last straw.

Frankie rattled the knob more in contemplation than enterprise, but with the settling of time the door and the casement had sprung a little, each in a contrary direction. The result was that under Frankie's handling the bolt of the lock suddenly slipped out of its guard and, the door opening, the young Marquis of Meyne walked in.

"Hello, everybody!" he cheerfully cried in his newborn manner of authority. "Let's have a little light here, shall we?" He opened the shutters and pulled up the shades. It was nearly dark outside.

"Jolly old room," he said, looking at the paneled ceiling and the walls lined with books. "We'll have a little more light though."

Round the walls were old-fashioned gas fixtures, each surrounded by a fall of time-mellowed beads. One by one Frankie lit them, and when he came to the last two their soft light flooded the waiting group of shrouded forms below—that group which had been biding its time in patience for nearly twenty years.

"Hello!" said Frankie, drawing the cover off Diana. "What's this?"

Lady Margaret near the doorway was just feeling herself sliding over the brink of catastrophe when Benson, the butler, appeared to announce a visitor.

"The new curate is calling, My Lady," said he.

V

THE Reverend Mr. Courtney was young and earnest. He was also six feet one, thought nothing of sitting all night at the bedside of a poor parishioner, and though he had been but a month at Meyne Harbor, he had already founded a boxing club, where he amused himself by landing fully and freely on the noses of sinners and scoffers under the hollow pretense of giving them lessons in the manly art of self-defense.

He had called at the dower house twice before without making any noticeable ripple, but when Lady Margaret saw him looming large at the other end of the hall that late afternoon she made the indescribable gesture which indicates "Saved!" and quickly went to meet him.

"You have never met my nephew, the marquis?" she asked.

"The pleasure is yet to be mine, My Lady," he earnestly assured her.

She hurried him toward the library with a speed that all but made the curate break into a trot. Hearing this commotion, Frankie turned and immediately met the Reverend Mr. Courtney. While they chatted Lady Margaret unobtrusively covered Diana.

"Very warm in here; shall we go to the drawing-room?" she asked,

walking to the door in the manner of one who is leading a file of three.

"We'll join you there a little later, dear," said Frankie. "Myself," he added to the curate. "I like this old room. Been shut up for nearly a quarter of a century, they tell me. Be careful of the dust."

"Oh, I'm used to dust, My Lord. Lived in it nearly five years—both in its dry and liquid state. That's a jolly thing," he said, walking over to a man in armor. "Fancy being a chaplain in canonicals like those!"

In the hall Lady Margaret had sent Benson for tea, and was now listening to the conversation in the library.

"Splendid old volumes here," the curate was saying.

"By Jove, a man could live and die in a room like this—that is, of course, if he had sufficient exercise."

This tickled Frankie, though he hardly knew why.

"Look here," he said, "are you busy this evening?"

"No, My Lord."

"Then stay to dinner, and you can help me place some of these things."

In the hall Lady Margaret heard a noise like the drawing of cloths over irregular objects.

"He's uncovering them!" she breathed, and her whole body seemed to take upon itself the nature of a breathless palpitant ear.

"B-e-a-u-tiful!" said the curate. "Paul and Virginia, you know, running away from the storm. A magnificent piece of bronze!"

"It's all right then, you think?"

"Oh, nothing but, My Lord!"

"You don't think it's—er—er ——"

"Oh, not at all, My Lord. *Honi soit*, you know."

"Very well, I've a good mind to put it over here between the windows. And now this picture. What do you think of that?"

"Wood nymphs dancing in a forest, I should say. Wonderful—the way the light streams through the leaves! Do you know, a forest often reminds one of a cathedral, especially in the autumn, when one gets the stained-glass effect. Priceless! Perfectly priceless!"

"So much for that. Now what about this marble—the one with her face turned to the books?"

"Let's turn her round—shall we?"

In the hall Lady Margaret looked like one who has suddenly discovered that she has just ordered tea for a serpent.

"Diana, apparently—the immortal huntress," said the curate. "What classical outlines! Not at all like the modern figure. Ha! I remember I used to wonder if the feminine form had changed since the time of old Praxiteles. But one day it struck me—it's the corset, you know."

"The what?"

"The corset. The corset, you know."

In the hall Lady Margaret had already started for the stairs.

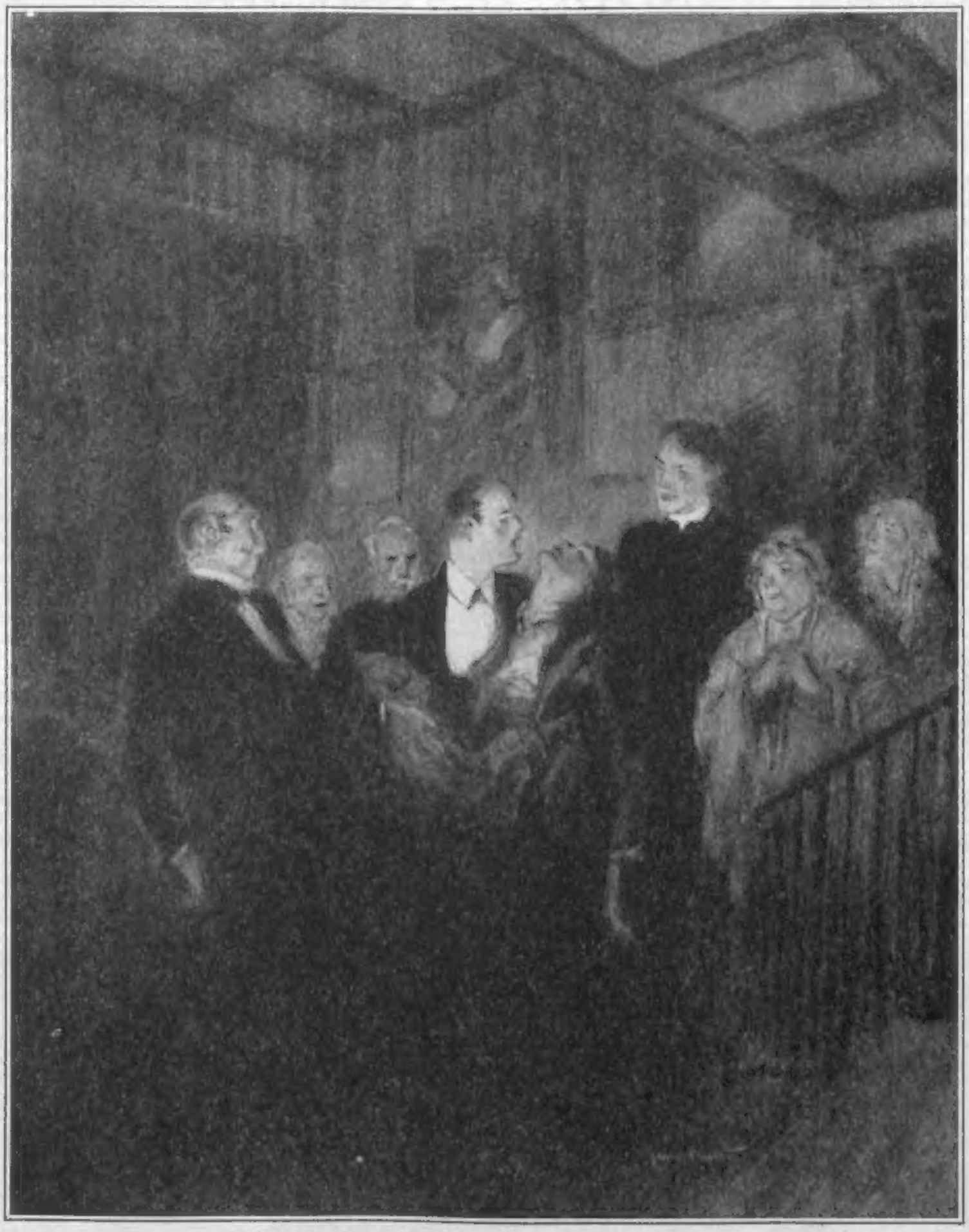
"There's a train for Southampton at seven in the morning," she exclaimed to herself, "and I'll bring the bishop back with me if I have to carry him in my arms!"

VI

AFTER dinner Frankie called in Benson to help them. Lady Margaret showed her displeasure by staying upstairs; and Lady Felicia stayed up, too, for fear of offending her sister. Poor Lady Felicia, she had grown stouter than ever, and often sat at her window looking out at life as though it were a cruel puzzle and quite beyond any solution which she could bring to bear. Downstairs Benson listened with dignity to Frankie's instructions; and then with greater dignity he called his footman.

"'Is Lordship wishes some of these pieces returned to their places," said he.

The perfection of their manners was a precious thing to see. Age had silvered both their crowns and mellowed well their memories, but beyond a slight tremor of the footman's upper plate neither of them displayed emotion. Upon reflection it was decided to hang the fifth marchioness over the fireplace. Otherwise the original program was carried out.



"Can You Carry Her Up, Frankie?" Asked Lady Felicia

"I wish we had a place for this," said the curate, picking up a bisque. And possibly wishing to give the butler and the footman something to fill their ears he added, "It is much too delectable a piece to reconsign to oblivion."

As a matter of fact it was a figure of Pan piping dance music to a Thessalonian Miss Bo-peep. She wore a gray drapery and vaguely reminded Frankie of the girl who had spoken to him that afternoon.

"Begging your pardon, sir," said Benson, visibly impressed by the curate's words, "it used to stand upon the grand piano in the drawing-room."

Frankie was busy at the moment and at first didn't realize that the curate had followed Benson across the hall to the drawing-room.

"I don't know whether I can play this from memory, but I'll try," the curate presently called out, and after a chord or two he started upon a very old-fashioned minuet.

In her room upstairs Lady Felicia listened and the tears rose to her eyes. Before sorrow had come to the Meynes she herself had often practiced that same piece—a blue-eyed girl in pantalets with all the world before her like a beautiful book that was still to be read—a book with dreams and romance on its every golden page.

"I don't care what Margaret says," she finally thought, drawing a deep breath. "If he could only find some nice sweet girl that interested him ——"

Downstairs Frankie was sitting in the library watching the curate across the hall. The minuet ended and a waltz of Moszkowski's followed—a tuneful, breathless treble asking questions of a reassuring bass and finally joining it in tremendous harmony.

Though Frankie didn't know it, the curate had temporarily forgotten him and was playing to an invisible audience of one whose picture in a silver case was in the upper left-hand pocket of his waistcoat.

The result of this was music with a message, and though the young marquis didn't consciously grasp its meaning, something told him that he was receiving tidings of importance. Again he thought of the girl who had spoken to him that afternoon—of the scarf which she had dropped.

"Careful!" he suddenly cautioned himself. "This is the sort of thing you've got to look out for, you know!"

He rose, a bit unsteady, and browsed among the books.

The first was Keats:

Woman, when I behold thee, flippant, vain,
Inconstant, childish, proud and full of fancies ——

He didn't read many more lines.

The second volume which he opened was Byron, and one glance in that was enough.

"I think I'll walk with you as far as the Cliff Road," he said when the curate was preparing for departure.

It was nearly twelve. There was a full moon that night, grandly sailing between patches of showery clouds; and the sea had a gentler note than usual. Not far from the dower house was the road that led from the cliff to the town, and just as they reached this road—the curate humming Moszkowski with his head in the clouds—Frankie pulled up short.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "What's this?"

Stretched in the roadway was the figure of a boy dressed in a white suit and black shoes and stockings.

"Asleep?" asked Frankie, leaning over and gently shaking him.

"Apparently not," said the curate, who was also bending over. "Unconscious, I should say, from the way he's breathing. Must have been an accident of some sort."

Frankie lifted the limp figure into his arms and they started back to the house. As they went through the door, Benson hurrying forward to help them, the boy's cap brushed off, and as though it knew exactly what to do a wealth of bronze hair flooded out and covered the unconscious face as though with a curtain.

"Why, I thought it was a boy!" gasped the young Marquis of Meyne, staring as though mesmerized.

"Begging your pardon, My Lord," whispered Benson with a troubled look upstairs, "I—I think it's a girl!"

VII

THOUGH Lady Margaret had retired early, I think you can guess that it had not been for purposes of slumber. For more than twenty years she had been building a house of cards round the last of the Meynes, and that

(Continued on Page 161)

THE DARK MOMENT

By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

IN THE client's chair where it faced the light of the unscreened window the tall young doctor, trim and debonair, with an actor's grace and falsity of pose and gesture, talked at his ease, his brisk voice rising and falling against the changeless monotone of the traffic in the street below. Through the window there showed a diversity of opposite windows and the reverse of an arc of lettering upon the glass which proclaimed this to be the lair of the General Finance and Loan Company. Across the big tidy desk the General Finance and Loan Company himself, in the person of Mr. Stern, registered money lender, listened composedly.

"However," the doctor was saying, "it'll do no harm to give you a thorough overhaul, so you'd better step in and see me in the next day or two. Meantime I'd take things easy."

Mr. Stern smiled. He was a man about fifty-five, short and thick in the body, with a jowl that crushed into creases under his shaved chin, and large soft hands joined on the desk before him.

"Oh, I'm all right," he said in his deep deliberate voice, yet with a certain mild impatience.

The young doctor nodded.

"Certainly you're all right," he agreed. "It's probably stomach, but I want to make sure. You see, you've been very good to yourself for a good many years now, Stern."

Mr. Stern's smile widened.

"I've never been ill since I had the measles," he declared. "I wouldn't have sent for you now, only I wanted to know what it was. It was just like ——" He creased his heavy brows in an effort to find words that would bare his meaning for the other to see. "Each time," he went on, "I thought I was dying and in a second—in a fraction of a second—I was all right again. Yes, that's what it was—like the light being flashed off and on again."

The doctor nodded.

"Stomach," he repeated. "Plays funny tricks sometimes." He gathered his hat and gloves to him. "Well, come and see me as soon as you can; and till then go easy."

He rose to his well-tailored height and smiled down on Mr. Stern.

"After all, you can afford to," he added.

Mr. Stern made a small grimace.

"Oh, yes," he said easily. "Oh, yes, I could afford to—but anyhow I'm all right."

The doctor did not so much leave the room as make his exit with a last wave from the door of the hand that carried the gloves and the flash of a smile, leaving Mr. Stern unmoving, wedged into his chair behind the big desk.

The large room in which he sat, like the rest of the rooms in the General Finance and Loan Company's offices, had been designed to make upon callers the effect of a bank. A rich and dark austerity was the dominant note of it. The carpet was soft to hush the footfalls; the woodwork and the fittings were of somber and solid mahogany; a large safe flanked Mr. Stern's desk. Everything had a look of permanence and value. And Mr. Stern himself—massive, slow moving, slow speaking—was in character with it all, an ingredient in the soothing drug it administered to those desperately hopeful ones who came on tiptoe across the soft carpet to seek relief from their troubles in the client's chair.

"Five pounds to five thousand pounds upon note of hand alone without references or security. Secrecy guaranteed." So ran the advertisement which lured them. Of course there always was security, though it was nothing more tangible than the fear of exposure and ruin.

Mr. Stern looked slowly about him. The doctor's last suggestion had roused a train of thought. This place was the goal of his life toward which he had struggled so long; it was his success and prosperity made manifest. All the improvident of the world, it seemed to him, had tried to keep him from it—all the spendthrifts, the defaulters, the incompetents. But in spite of their snatching fingers he had gathered it safely about him. He wore his office as a woman might wear diamonds, both for their beauty and their worth. He smiled. It was true he could afford to take things easy. He was safe.

There Was an Instant of Silence That Cut Like a Sword; Then—Yell Upon Yell, Scream Upon Scream

The door from the outer office opened. A black-haired, black-mustached young man thrust in a head, saw that Mr. Stern was alone, entered and closed the door behind him.

"Well, father," he said, "an' what's the doctor say? Does he think you'll last the night?"

Mr. Stern looked up with his slow smile at his son.

"He wants to earn another fee by examining me at his own place," he answered. "Says it's stomach, but I know better. I'm all right."

"Course you are," agreed his son.

He half sat on the corner of the big desk, with one foot on the ground, the other dangling. He produced a cigarette case from his pocket, selected a cigarette and lit it.

"Four people waitin' to see you outside," he said.

He was about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, of middle height and heavy build. An underlying swarthiness shone through the girl-like smoothness of his skin. His eyes were bold and prominent, and about the neck and the line of the jaw there was already a thickening of fat. Beneath the little mustache that lay upon his lip like a smear of jet the mouth was richly red, avid and remorseless.

"One of 'em's that parson chap that wrote," he went on. "Shabby little feller; makes motions with his mouth as if he was talking to himself, but never utters a sound."

Mr. Stern nodded—he understood. People pray a good deal in money lenders' anterooms.

"Two others are fellers who came before," pursued his son. "And there's the little widow."

"Ah!" Mr. Stern looked up. "Yes, this is her day. Good woman that is, Eugene—always on time."

"H'm!"

Eugene, his cigarette safely glued to his lower lip, dropped his hands to his trousers pockets and looked down upon his father with a face of challenge.

"Father, why don't you close her up?" he demanded. "She's been hanging on now for over three years, always gettin' a little deeper in. There's that house of hers; why don't you sell her up and close her account?"

Mr. Stern returned his look equably. It was an old difference between them. Eugene's taste was for a policy of briskly businesslike methods, for the prompt recovery of principal and interest as soon as they became due, for the hustling of old accounts off the books to make room for new ones. Mr. Stern preferred the slower method by which the debtor was drained through years of all possibility of profit; encouraged to hope and fresh industry by a seeming of mildness and patience, and never thrown aside till the last of his goodness was absorbed.

Eugene continued to stare, his young face aggressive and peremptory. But Mr. Stern only smiled.

"No, no, my boy!" he said, mildly still. "When you're running this business—and that might be sooner than you think—I can afford to take things easy. Now——"

Eugene laughed harshly.

"Afford to! I should think you could!"

"Well, well!" Mr. Stern made his little grimace again. "But till you are, Eugene, we'll run it my way. D'ye see, my boy? And now bring me her account and show her in."

Eugene got off the table.

"If you're thinking of retiring," he said, "I hope you'll bequeath this blessed widow to me as an asset of the business. I'd like her to know what real business is like."

A couple of minutes later he thrust open the door and let her enter past his outstretched arm that reached out as though to emphasize an order.

"Ah, Mrs. Young," intoned Mr. Stern from his chair behind the desk. "Come in, come in! Come and take a seat!"

She was a little brown creature, brown-haired, brown-eyed, with a mouselike quietude. She took her place in the client's chair, that chair in which her dead husband, an unsuccesful doctor in a northern suburb, had pledged his last remaining asset, his house, as security for a loan. The house had deteriorated with the suburb, yet she had renewed the loan and had long since paid more than the amount of it in monthly installments of interest, cherishing the hope that in the end it would not be taken from her.

"And how are things?" inquired Mr. Stern with his own heavy geniality. "Plenty of lodgers, eh? What's that—full up? Capital! Then this month we may expect the full amount of course."

"Ye-es!"

The sound she made in speaking was no more than a breath released, a sigh made articulate. She sat gathered

tight together in the big chair as though she feared contact with it, making herself seem smaller than ever between the large padded arms. But when she had spoken she fumbled among her properties and produced a purse.

"The regular installment, eh?" asked Mr. Stern. "Nothing toward the capital yet? Hm!"

He pursed his wide lips, watching her, and under the consideration of his eyes and in the pause that followed his words she shriveled and moved a hand to her breast.

"You see," said Mr. Stern, "the longer you go on owing the money the more it costs you. Have you any idea now how much you have paid?"

All this was routine. Mr. Stern was always fatherly with his clients. He did not expect an answer, but he got one.

"All of it," she said in a gasp, "and three hundred pounds more. And the children—the children need so much!"

"Eh?"

Mr. Stern was astonished. She must have been going through her accounts and they were rankling.

"Yes, that is about correct," he said. "About correct! We have no desire to be hard on you, Mrs. Young—and of course it doesn't rest with me "

How many times had he said that before—and why hould it taste oddly in his mouth now?

Her eyes, wide and strained, stared at him.

"It doesn't rest with me," he said again. "If it did I should "

And then it came, the thing that he had tried to describe to the doctor. It was like a blow at the back of the head, a painless blow as if he had been struck from behind by a ghostly bludgeon that yet jarred through his brain and his being. There was an awful sense of a blackness that swooped upon him—not the dark that is mere absence of light, but the elemental dark of death—and a bitterness that pervaded all his body as water pervades a sponge. All this, the knowledge of it, the agony of it! Yet when it passed he was still speaking and it had not endured the interval between one word and another.

"—— be only too happy to regard the debt as paid," he was continuing.

So far he got before he stopped to realize what had happened to him. He sat back in his chair. He had exactly the manner of a man who having said something inadvertently pauses to turn it over in his mind. Actually he was paying her no attention; the chill of that moment had not yet left him.

But she, mistaking his pause and his manner, began suddenly upon a wild and crazy hope to plead. The children The children was all her cry; there was so much they ought to have and so little that was left for them. They were not born for this kind of life; if their father had lived ——

Slowly he became aware she was speaking. He raised his dull head and heavy face and saw her anew. She had drawn out the money for her monthly payment and was telling him how little remained to her when that was gone

"And if I'm to lose the house after all I've paid — —"

"Hush!" he said, rousing himself. "You won't lose the house."

He reached for the money and busied himself with preparing the receipt.

"Won't—lose—the house?" she breathed.

He looked up from his writing.

"No," he said. And presently, "Here, take your receipt. It's your last payment. I'm going to wipe your debt off "

She half rose, her face a shining white. He motioned her to be quiet.

"Never mind all that," he said. "I'll send you all your papers to-night—no, to-morrow. I'm going to retire from business. I—I can afford to take things easy—and I'll do this before I leave."

She uttered a cry and next she was on her knees beside his chair, sobbing rendingly, weeping her thanks. The children—that was still her cry—salvation and hope for the children. And Mr. Stern yet sat in his chair looking down at her bowed head in its widow's bonnet dazedly. An impulse had moved in him and he had given it its head—he who distrusted impulses always. But he was not yet clear of the shock and horror of that dip into death which he had undergone and could not yet judge himself.

In the outer office, where Eugene presided over the three clerks, they heard through the door some of that crying and babbling. They smiled and winked one to another, those 'prentice usurers; they had heard outcries from that room often before. Eugene at his desk grinned.

"Old man's taken my hint," he told himself. "He's putting the screws on her at last."

Mr. Stern let her out of the private door to the landing so that she would not have to face the clerks, then returned to his chair and sat down. He was still in a bewilderment of mind. The connection between the dark moment and the sudden yielding to impulse was not clear to him. At the thought of the dark moment he shuddered. Then he braced himself in the chair.

"Beastly!" he said half aloud. "But—I'm all right " He paused, inspecting his state of mind as it were. "But I'll do that all the same," he added. "I can afford to and I'll do it. I'll wipe that debt off."

And he rang the bell on his desk sharply for the poor little parson, trembling and praying in the waiting room, to be sent in to his doom.

In due time the parson, too, was dispatched, tremulously happy in the prospect of a loan that should lift many burdens from his shoulders—a pathetically shabby twittering little figure, whom Eugene in due season transformed into a begging-letter writer. And then Mr. Stern, overcoated, silk-hatted, dispatch case in one hand, umbrella in the other, made his appearance. Eugene glanced up.

"Hullo!" he said. "You goin'?"

Mr. Stern nodded. "And I want those papers of the widow's Mrs. Young's," he said—"all of 'em. I'll take them with me."

"Ho, ho!" laughed Eugene. "Not goin' to leave her to me after all, eh? Right, I'll get 'em."

"No," said Mr. Stern, "I'm not going to leave her to you, my boy."

Yet within half an hour the fate of the widow trembled in the balance. It was Mr. Stern's habit when the weather was fine to walk the first part of the distance to his home This evening there was an air yet saturated with sunshine in which a small breeze moved idly. The streets were vivacious with movement and as he walked a great sense of bodily well-being filled him. He lifted his face to the caress of the air and knew himself strong and safe.

"More exercise is what I need," he told himself. "More open air and moving about, 'stead of sticking in that chair all day. Those attacks—they're making me morbid. I'm all right."

He remembered the impulse to cancel the little widow's debt and gave a kind of grim inward chuckle of self-ridicule at the recollection of it.

"Getting morbid," he repeated to himself. "That's what I'm getting. I'm going to take things easier from now on—I can afford to."

His house was a gloomy mid-Victorian dwelling of mud-hued brick furnished within with the red mahogany and horsehair, the curtains and carpets and pictures of a bygone and joyless day. It sufficed—though he did not detect it to correct the new buoyancy of his mood. As he sat at dinner in the tomblike dining room, alone at the big table, he returned to his old self—the mild preoccupied self that had set out from the office to walk homeward. He had not the habit of self-examination: his own soul was an unknown country to him; and he looked about at the dismal costly room with gentle satisfaction, not knowing that in truth it oppressed and unnerved him.

"I wouldn't like to lose my house," he argued over his coffee and his cigar. "People talk lots o' rot about money lenders—as if the half of business wasn't money lending of one kind and another. Think we're just machines. Well, I'm going to wipe that debt out anyhow. Whatever I am an' whatever I've done, I'll do that. Eugene can say what he likes."

His desk was in a corner of his large bedroom, for he frequently worked late at night. He went thither presently and fell to work at once as though he doubted the lasting quality of his resolution. He laid aside some papers which did not bear on the matter in hand, clipped together the essential ones and then set himself to write a covering letter, a document which should destroy the debt beyond any chance of revival. He completed it, read it through again and reflected. Never in his life had he done such a thing before; never would he have hesitated to condemn it as

(Concluded on Page 109)

The Children—the Children Was All Her Cry: There Was So Much They Ought to Have and So Little That Was Left for Them

UNCLE SAM AS AN EMPLOYER

By EDWARD G. LOWRY

Meeting of Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Left to Right: George H. Moses, New Hampshire; Hiram W. Johnson, California; Warren G. Harding, Ohio; Albert B. Fall, New Mexico; Frank B. Brandegee, Connecticut; Porter J. McCumber, North Dakota; Henry Cabot Lodge, Chairman; Gilbert M. Hitchcock, Nebraska; Claude A. Swanson, Virginia; Key Pittman, Nevada

MRS. L. B. SINCLAIR and John W. Davis are two employees of the Government who are known to me. Both of them work for the State Department. Mrs. Sinclair is a charwoman. Mr. Davis is Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary near the Court of St. James. He lives at London, in a house in Belgrave Square. Mrs. Sinclair is paid twenty-six dollars a month. Mr. Davis is paid $17,500 a year. It is not a living wage for either of them. Mr. Davis must find at least $15,000 a year out of his private means or elsewhere to keep himself afloat and going and to perform the services required of him. Mrs. Sinclair after doing her daily stint as a charwoman must find some outside employment to get money enough to keep a shelter over her head, clothes on her back and food in her body. I have no reason to doubt her when she says: "I have become afflicted through the hard work I have performed in here in the past sixteen years, and I have to pay fifty dollars a year, on an average, for doctors and medicine. Then I have to pay for my board, laundry and car fare, which leaves very little for clothing; and as for pleasures, I cannot afford them. I am never free from pain and being compelled to work—why, I must keep at work."

If anything can be said to be typical of government employment, their cases are typical. Why do men and women seek government jobs? And finding them, why do they hold on to them? What sort of an employer is Uncle Sam?

For two months I have painstakingly and industriously sought the answers to the questions I have just asked. It is a mixed tale I have to tell—a tale of loyalty and deferred hopes, of haphazard methods and resultant chaotic conditions, of a lack of system and a comprehensive and bewildering ignorance on the part of the employer, of underpaid and overpaid men and women doing the same work, of duplication of effort and waste effort, of efficients and inefficients. Incidentally what I have written is not an attack on anybody. It is a description. Somebody ought to be responsible, but nobody is. That, I venture to indicate here in the very porch of the narrative, is one of the chief reasons for setting down this record. I lack the apparatus and the formula for an orderly description of chaos. Therefore my tale must reflect the situation and the condition it pictures.

Figures that Nobody Knows

THE largest single employer of men and women in this country is the United States Government. Prior to the outbreak of the war, in 1914, the number of men and women in civil positions in the executive service was approximately 385,630. In 1916 it had grown to 398,832. In 1917, after our entry into the war, it was 459,798. On June 30, 1919, the number was 707,448. These figures are confessedly approximations. They were supplied by the Bureau of Efficiency, a government agency. Since the signing of the armistice the number of Federal employees has been decreasing. Undoubtedly the decreases in force will continue to be made for some months to come, but the growth of the government business in the past few years has been such as to make it a larger employer in the postwar period than it had ever been in the prewar period.

These thousands of men and women working for the Government comprise every type of ability and intelligence. Their duties cover a range of activities that far exceeds that of other public or private employers. For besides its tasks of lawmaking and law enforcing, of national defense and national finance, the Government is charged with promoting the health and welfare of its people, of promoting their home interests, their agricultural, mining, manufacturing, shipping, fishing and transportation interests. To do this it must investigate, control and eradicate diseases that attack persons, plants and animals. It must inspect livestock, foods and drugs. It must study conditions and progress in education, labor and commerce. It must prevent individual men or groups of men from using unfair business methods, whether in banking, transportation, trade or manufacture. The Government must administer public lands, the affairs of the Indians, and educate children in Alaska. It grants patents of invention, it sets the clocks of the country, forecasts the weather, and makes observations of the stars and heavenly bodies. It constructs buildings, docks, roads, bridges, irrigation works, builds ships and aeroplanes, makes ordnance and ammunition, clothing and other supplies for its soldiers and sailors. It makes all its own money and does all its own printing. It distributes all mail and many packages.

The Government does everything that any employer in the United States does, in addition to a great many things that no other employer does. How does it treat its people? Is it a good employer or a bad employer? Are its employees contented? These are questions that I should advise the railroad men, the miners and the other workers who seek nationalization of industry, to look into before they commit themselves.

Let them find out for themselves what government ownership would mean to them, and study the experience of people now working for the Government and who have worked for it for a long time.

The first thing they will discover, as I discovered when I began the present inquiry, is that nobody knows, and nobody in the government service is charged with knowing, the exact number of employees in the service from day to day. Even more astounding, nobody knows or is charged with knowing, even approximately, the sum of the pay roll of the United States. It is not possible to find out within hundreds of thousands of dollars how much the United States pays yearly or monthly in salaries and wages.

I went to the Treasury Department, to the Appropriations Committee of Congress, and elsewhere where I thought the information might be lodged, but nobody knew. I was told vaguely that the Government was not run on an asset-and-liability basis, and therefore it was not necessary to know the exact number of employees on the pay roll.

On Friday afternoon, December 8, 1916, the Bureau of Efficiency was called upon by the Committee on Appropriations of the House to estimate the cost to the Government of increased compensation in bonus provisions that were then under consideration. It was required that the estimate be submitted the following Monday morning. A force of clerks was put to work on the Book of Estimates, a volume of 1118 pages, to try to pick out the salaries paid item by item. They figured out the cost of the five and ten per cent increase would be $15,100,250. The actual cost, as subsequently reported by the executive departments and independent establishments, was $11,205,807. In the autumn of 1918 a similar request was made as to the cost of the proposed $120 yearly bonus. The estimate given was $14,600,000. The actual payments as subsequently reported were $14,339,955.

A Diagnosis by Mr. Glass

WHEN the Congressional Joint Commission on Reclassification of Salaries was authorized by a provision in the sundry civil appropriation bill of March 1, 1919, it was charged with the duty of classifying or standardizing positions and recommending salaries for more than 100,000 employees in the municipal government and executive departments of the Federal government service in the District of Columbia. Its first job was to find out precisely and exactly how many of these employees there were and precisely how much they were paid. The commissioners found that nobody knew. They had to work it out for themselves, and they got their best help and their best information not from the Government, the employer, but from the local union of the Federation of Federal Employees—that is, the government clerks' union.

The great difficulty that stands in the way of discussing Uncle Sam as an employer is that there is no such person. The men who stand in the relation of employer to their subordinates are nothing but employees themselves, and temporary ones at that, with a very fleeting tenure of office. Cabinet officers and members of Congress, to whom the rank and file of employees look for guidance to a solution of their problems, are simply fleeting figures that come and go, with their own interests to serve. They testify freely enough as to conditions of government employment. Carter Glass, until recently Secretary of the Treasury, for example:

"The largely multiplied business of the Government cannot be conducted with efficiency and economy unless there be attracted to and retained in the public service a group of highly trained, well-paid and permanent officials of supervisory grades. Uncertainty of tenure in some instances and inadequacy of compensation have closed the public service to many men of the best type or forced them out of government employ at the moment of their greatest usefulness. The war has increased the public

debt more than twenty-five fold and has augmented the functions and activities of the Government in many ways. The duties are greater and the responsibilities are larger than those of other days, to the standards of which it is not to be expected that the Government will ever return. The conditions are such that failure to take the necessary action to invite and hold in the public service men of exceptional ability and of real distinction in their fields can result only in grave burdens to the taxpayers of the country and in possible disaster.

"Already the transaction of the business of the Government is hampered by deficiencies of personnel due to the return to private life of many men of large capacity who during the period of active warfare were willing and glad to serve their country at great personal sacrifice. I have come to learn that there are heroes in the civil establishments as well as in the military services, self-sacrificing patriots who toil year in and year out for a bare pittance when they could command salaries double or treble the amounts they receive from the Government, but who for the love of their country and for the love of their work have rejected alluring offers in the field of private enterprise. They were too fine and too patriotic to leave their posts at a time when their services were indispensable. Under the compelling force of patriotism they made willing sacrifices during the war, but with the return of peace the Government cannot expect to retain these employees indefinitely, because in justice to themselves and their families they will sooner or later accept the larger opportunities that are open to them in the world of business and industry unless the Government proposes to pay them salaries that at least reasonably approach the value of their services.

"Only prompt action by the Congress to build up a permanent and dignified civil service which will include men of great ability and high attainments can prevent mistakes and failures in the transaction of the public business, the consequences of which may be calamitous. This does not mean a wholesale increase in the government pay roll, but such reclassification, new positions and increased salaries as may be necessary to obtain and hold employees of the character so imperatively needed in the interest of economy, efficiency and safety."

What Mr. Good Says

REPRESENTATIVE Good, chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the House, is equally frank: "To-day duplication in the government service abounds on every hand. For example, eight different departments of the Government, with large overhead organizations, are engaged in engineering work in navigation, irrigation and drainage; eleven different bureaus are engaged in engineering research; twelve different organizations are engaged in road construction; while twelve, with large overhead organizations, are engaged in hydraulic construction, and sixteen are engaged in surveying and mapping. Sixteen different bureaus exercise jurisdiction over water-power development. Nine different organizations are collecting information on the consumption of coal. Forty-two different organizations, with overhead expenses, are dealing with the question of public health. The Treasury Department, the War Department, the Interior Department and the Labor Department each has a bureau dealing with the question of general education. These departments operate independently; instances of coöperation between them are exceptional. Each of these departments is manned at all times with an organization prepared to carry the peak of the load and maintains an expensive ready-to-serve personnel. A lack of coöperation in the executive departments necessarily leads to gross extravagance. The system is wrong, and Congress alone can change the system. If it fails to act now and refuses to make the necessary changes in a plan that is admittedly bad, Congress will and should receive the condemnation of the American people."

Secretary Houston, recently transferred from the Department of Agriculture to be Secretary of the Treasury, is as plain-spoken: "I have been impressed for some time with the fact that democracy, if it is to succeed, must be willing to secure and retain in positions of marked governmental responsibility men of the highest ability, qualifications and experience. Many positions in the government service involving the supervision of vast enterprises now have attached to them inadequate salaries. The Government is constantly losing men of the sort I have in mind and is compelled to satisfy itself with replacements of men who, in the judgment of executive officers, may not be thoroughly qualified for the tasks assigned them.

"Take, for instance, the Forest Service. The chief of that service has under his jurisdiction all the national forests, embracing about 155,000,000 acres of land. The forests have in them one-fifth of the standing timber and involve timber-sale operations on a great scale. They support approximately 11,000,000 animals grazing under special permit, giving rise to many important and difficult problems and touching the interests of many thousands of stockmen. Furthermore, the forests contain about thirty per cent of the water power of the nation and forty-two per cent of the water power of the West, and there is invested in water-power projects in or in connection with the forests something over $300,000,000. There are also vast responsibilities involved in the various special uses that are made of the forests, as well as in fire protection and reforestation. All told, the chief of the Forest Service has under his direction approximately 3000 employees."

Some of Uncle Sam's 4,000,000 Khakied Employees. The First Division, Headed by General Pershing, Passing Down Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

Experts Leave to Take Better Jobs

"SIMILAR facts obtain with reference to each of the other bureaus. The Bureau of Animal Industry, for example, is charged with the administration of many important laws, such as the meat-inspection act, the twenty-eight-hour act, and the animal-quarantine acts; the direction of the forces engaged in eradicating such important animal diseases as hog cholera, Texas fever—cattle tick—scabies, tuberculosis and the like; the promotion of better livestock methods and the betterment of the livestock industry of the nation as a whole. There are approximately 5000 employees in this bureau.

"The solicitor has many responsibilities. He now has under his direction about forty-five lawyers and is the principal legal officer of the department in respect to the administration of about thirty-five important laws, including the Federal-aid road act, the grain-and-cotton-standards acts, the warehouse act, the food-and-drugs act, the meat-inspection act, the animal-quarantine laws, the Weeks forestry act, and the laws relating to the national forests. He also advises administrative officers regarding all the rules and regulations of the department, prepares for submission to the Department of Justice cases arising under the various statutes intrusted to the department for administration, and cooperates with the United States attorneys in their prosecution.

"I am also strongly of the opinion that the present limitation of $4500 on the compensation that may be paid to scientific and technical employees should be increased. We are called upon to secure the services of some of the most highly trained experts in the nation, many of whom are sought by industrial enterprises, and it has become increasingly difficult to secure and retain men with the requisite qualifications whose services are necessary in order efficiently to do the Government's business."

I have some details on the number of persons who left the Department of Agriculture in 1919 to take positions with private firms and corporations at increased pay. There were 650 of them. One man making $4500 left the Government to take a $20,000 job. Five left to take $10,000 jobs. Six left to take jobs at salaries ranging from $7000 to $8000. Six others left to take $6000 jobs; thirty-three to take $3000 jobs; 396 to take jobs at $2000 or less. The average increase in pay which these 650 persons received was fifty-one per cent. Approximately 2700 men from the Department of Agriculture went into the Army and Navy when we went into the war. Only 1253 had come back to their old jobs at the beginning of this year.

The Interior Department is another of the great civil branches of the Government. At the end of July last year it had on its pay roll 5296

(Continued on Page 113)

THE HAMMER

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

For a Moment the Enormity of the Thing Appalled Him. He Thought of Calvin, and His Brief Glow of Courage Cooled

A FRAMED placard in two aggressively cheerful shades of yellow arrested the resolute eye of Dr. Alexander Stark at the moment when his lips were stoically preparing to expel the word "finest." Suspended between windows on the outer surface of which a film of soot had already offended the doctor's passionate cleanliness, it exhorted him, in the most imperative of moods, to "Build Binchester Bigger."

The expression with which the doctor had thus far envisaged his task—a look amphitheatrically suggestive of hungry tigers and expectant vestal virgins—curdled to a scowl, a scowl which fitted itself to his features much as a shabby old shoe envelops the foot which has done sacrificial homage to appearances. It had that effect of conformity and usage which redeems an otherwise forbidding aspect. When he scowled Doctor Stark was not exactly beautiful, but one felt certain that his face was comfortable.

"Read that again, please, Miss Alsopp."

The voice had changed, too, during that moment of silent inspection. It was no longer even attempting to be that voice with the smile which, according to a notice pendant from the telephone transmitter, wins. Like the face, it was not inviting, but oddly eloquent of comfort. A perceptible tension seemed to surrender its clutch on the atmosphere of the office. The girl at the desk slide relaxed a trifle, lifting a hand to a complex and aureate coiffing as she rehearsed the doctor's labored dictation in an unpunctuated and admirably neutral recitative.

Mister l b hackett president atlas manfackching compny oakland calfornia dear sir in accordance with your request frinfrmation concerning binchester we take pleasure ninclosing our booklet entitled big busy beautiful binchester nwhich you will find a genral description ithe immense industrl commercial nfinancial advantages vour city period binchester is unquestionbly the thats where you stopped.

Her countenance and tone conveyed a cautiously delicate contempt for the inefficient device of dictating, word by word, the form paragraphs which could have been prescribed by their mere numbers. The twelve letters already completed by this process differed only in their addresses and an occasional specific application. But Miss Alsopp was obviously and graciously willing to display complaisance toward the archaic foibles of her employer's father.

The scowl settled into the grooves and hollows of Doctor Stark's face. He nodded twice.

"We will scratch that out and begin again. H'm:

Dear sir: In reply to your letter I am inclosing a—a pamphlet prepared by the local Board of Trade which contains much of the information you require. H'm. Binchester is a—a ——

He had honestly intended to say that Binchester was a thriving city, but again his glance encountered admonitory optimism just as he whipped his impulses into line for the adjective. Beneath the sheet of plate glass which covered the top of the desk a card adjured him, in a brilliant green: "Don't knock—boost!" He regarded it intently, while temptation seized compellingly upon him. He cleared his throat and straightened his lean shoulders.

"We will scratch that out and begin again, Miss Alsopp."

The girl's expression of noble patience overcame the last feeble remnant of his good resolutions. Fixing his gaze acidly on the hortatory maxim he dictated, a lip-smacking relish savoring each word:

Dear Sir: If you seriously consider locating any enterprise in Binchester you had better come and see it for yourself. It is a one-horse town, no better and probably not much worse than others of its size. It has two railroads, about equally unsatisfactory, and is also on the canal, which is closed to navigation for about six months of every twelve. You will find it possessed of the usual bad pavements, poor lights, execrable trolley cars and dishonest administration. It has a modern jail, which is usually well tenanted, and its population, which numbers eighteen thousand, is very much like the population of other small communities. There are several factory sites in the market, owing to an ill-advised attempt to boom local business by persuading outside manufacturers to establish themselves here, with the usual result of attracting only visionaries or rascals, each of whom has left the town a little poorer, but no wiser than he found it. There is also a supply of labor left over from these experiments, which is probably no better than such labor to be found in other misguided cities engaged in lifting themselves by their boot straps.

If you decide to visit Binchester we will take pleasure in showing you its disadvantages in more detail.

The doctor drew in a deep rasping breath, as a man breathes after a quenching drink.

"That's all, Miss Alsopp."

The lady rose without haste. "Do you want me to write that last one?" she inquired tolerantly.

The doctor surveyed her unpleasantly. Weeks of enforced acquaintance had impressed him with an accurate estimate of her mental vacuity. To discover that she had penetrated his design was irritating in exact ratio to his disapproval. He had yielded to the promptings of impulse only so far as to voice his actual sentiments, without intending to carry the indulgence farther than that. But Miss Alsopp's condescension challenged him.

"Write it? Certainly!" He snapped the word at her. "Write it first, please, and I'll sign it before I go out."

She lifted high-visibility shoulders.

"Oh, very well."

Gesture and tone informed Doctor Stark that Miss Alsopp meant to be philosophic toward his deliberate wastage of her time and labor. He was paying for it, her shoulders declared. He watched her, glowering, as she aloofly assembled letterhead, carbon and follower, and manipulated the chattering keys.

The result, faultlessly transcribed on an embossed sheet of crackling bond, was laid before him in the same detached, without-prejudice fashion. His eye kindled morosely as the words yapped up at him. It looked even more alluring than it had sounded. He read it through with a sort of wistfulness, while Miss Alsopp stood at his elbow.

"Are you waiting for something?"

He was aware of a deepening hostility toward her. It occurred to him that he would enjoy discharging her if his daring could attain such a giddy altitude. She smiled.

"Yes. You said you'd sign it."

Again the challenge spurred him beyond his first intent.

He inscribed his name below the typewritten signature and blotted it impressively. That would show her! But her hand swam pinkly before him, expectant and satiric.

"Shall I mail it, Doctor Stark?"

For an instant he hesitated. But her tone was not to be borne. She was practically daring him to dispatch it. Of course he ought not to do it. It wasn't his office. He was only acting as *locum tenens* and stated supply for Calvin; and Calvin assuredly would have submitted to intricate martyrdom rather than permit that letter to escape. Of course it must be destroyed—Doctor Stark's eye moved restlessly. It paused at the illuminated wall map, wherein fat carmine lines radiated spokewise from the circular black blot that was Bigger Binchester.

"Yes—at once," said Doctor Stark.

And his chest expanded agreeably as his revolt swept to its climax. He breathed strongly through distended nostrils while Miss Alsopp sealed and stamped the envelope and carried it to the mailing tube in the corridor. Through the open door he distinctly saw her insert it, saw the white flutter as it sped downward behind the glass. For a moment the enormity of the thing appalled him. He thought of Calvin, and his brief glow of courage cooled. If Calvin ever found out —— He reflected swiftly. There would be no answer to that letter. Only the original inquiry and the carbon manifold, filed in the highly scientific tickler, bore witness to his crime. Long before Calvin came back he could find opportunity to destroy the evidence. He set his teeth and summoned an edged dignity to his voice.

"You may sign and mail the others when you have finished them," he said crisply. "If I am needed you can reach me by telephone at the"—he stiffened visibly—"at the Antifly Headquarters. I shall be there till one."

She stared. He detected in her eyes a tinge of the fascinated and reluctant admiration with which a dutiful schoolboy observes the jaunty bravo of the spitball. The look accompanied him pleasantly all the way to the temporary offices of the Binchester Swat-the-Fly Drive. He forgot it only as he stood before the inscription hung in the opacated show window of the vacant store, loaned to the earnest swatters by his own connivance. Slowly, as his scowl adjusted itself still more affectionately to his countenance, his eye brightened. He flung a quick glance over his shoulder, such a precaution as a respectable citizen would have taken, in the bad old days, before a swinging door.

Then lifting his chin and squaring his shoulders he strode in boldly, contemptuous of surveillance.

II

THE fundamental difference between Doctor Stark and his son manifested itself very early in their acquaintance, the illuminating episode having to do with Calvin's firm attachment to one Micky Doolan, whose father

operated one of those institutions described by the doctor as lager*beer*saloons. According to Calvin's declarations Micky was superlatively prodigious in all things. Under cross-examination these virtues proved to lie chiefly in the way of pugilism, defiance of preceptorial discipline, and a joyous faculty of invention in the matter of after-school mischief. The doctor's ban on the alliance put an end to Calvin's mealtime accounts of Micky's achievements, and he imagined that the embargo had been effective until his son astonished him, in the midst of a peculiarly absorbing campaign for no-license, by an outburst of reproach.

Calvin exhibited on this occasion a brightly decorated eye and an upper lip recognizable only by its context.

"It's all your fault," he informed his gravely inquisitive parent. "You went an' tried to put Micky's father and mother in the poorhouse an' o' course Micky ——"

The doctor's disclaimers failed to convince. Calvin had indisputable evidence.

"You won't let me fight anybody," he accused, "but you're always fightin' somebody yourself. I don't see why you have to pick on Mr. Doolan anyway. I like him when I was friends with Micky his father'd always give us pop corn an' sausage from the free lunch ——"

The doctor's horror at this familiarity with evil did not divert his son from the main issue. He listened glumly to a lecture on temperance and returned to the attack.

"I don't care. If you'd leave Micky's father alone Micky'd be friends with me. S'pose his father was always fightin' you? Wouldn't you want me to lick Micky if I could? It's all your fault."

The incident was prophetic. As Calvin grew, a freckled, exuberant boy, incorrigibly addicted to friendliness untempered by discrimination, the breach widened and deepened steadily. The doctor occupied, during the ten years which followed his successful attack on Timothy Doolan's prosperity, four different pulpits in as many towns, in each of which Calvin made friends as industriously as his father lost them. And the original grievance became more definite between them.

"You're always stirring up fusses," Calvin accused as they prepared for an exodus from Millersville after a vigorous but foredoomed assault upon its seven rum shops. "The minute we get settled anywhere you go and start something. Why don't you ever boost, instead of always knocking? Why don't you build a new church or ——"

He heard a pungent discourse on the reasons why starting something, knocking and boosting should be described in authorized forms of speech. Doctor Stark harbored a passion for undefiled English which was almost as strong as his crusading instinct. The original topic was dropped.

A new environment waited at the end of this emigration. The doctor had accepted the chair of Greek and Latin at Mariposa University, and Calvin forgot his wrongs in the delights of football, hazing, sign pilfering and other manifestations of the higher culture on tap at Mariposa. He made himself swiftly popular among the students, in spite of the impassable gulf between a professor's prep-school son and the least magnificent of freshmen. Inevitably he espoused Mariposa's athletic causes with all his might.

During their first year the Reverend Alexander flung himself formidably into the perennial faculty dispute concerning football and triumphantly generaled the forces of discontent. Calvin, facing matriculation at a college shorn more shamefully than Samson, and already foretasting his heritage of undergraduate disesteem, rose to open revolt. He was seventeen, and his friend-making proclivities had given him a sophistication and aplomb beyond his years.

"I'm through," he declared. "This lets me out. I'm not going to spend the rest of my life scrapping with people just because you don't happen to agree with them. Not that I mind fighting—if it's *for* something. I'm just sick of this everlasting anvil solo of yours. It doesn't get you anything either. You've knocked yourself out of five jobs in ten years, and you're all set to repeat with this one. We'd better split. You won't miss me. I only hamper you in these rows."

Reporting to Calvin, Feebly Convalescent, He Shamelessly Suppressed the Truth

Doctor Stark disingenuously contested the issue out of a sense of duty. He was aware that he ought to be appalled at the prospect of separation from his only son, and tried to reproach himself for the relief with which he contemplated that division. Calvin's addiction to riotous superlatives, his incurable enslavement to the vice of slang, his bent for befriending the very people inevitably in opposition to his father's causes were more trying than the doctor had quite admitted to himself. There had been moments of late when he had surprised himself in the act of disliking Calvin. He made unwise allusion to the parable of the prodigal in his farewell address. Calvin chuckled.

"Thanks, father. When I get down to corn shucks I'll let you know. And when you get hold of a fat calf wire me, and I'll come back and help you butcher it. But if you were a betting man I'd offer odds that the first invitation to dinner will have reverse English on it."

"It will if you write it," said the doctor, to whom the phrase had but one meaning. "I don't see where you pick up such abominable colloquialisms, Calvin."

"I just meant that I'd be the one to cook the veal and you'd be cast for the home-bound prodigal," said Calvin. "You wait and see."

He departed cheerfully, to turn up at Binchester, where he found a position within three hours of his arrival, and whence he wrote with an enthusiasm which expressed itself in processions of abused adjectives. Doctor Stark answered these first communications dutifully, returning the originals with marginal corrections. He was engrossed, as the new college year began, with a plan for the elimination of class rivalries in general and hazing in particular, and he did not realize the steady increase in the intervals between Calvin's panegyrics. Sometimes, indeed, he overlooked answering them. Hazing died hard, and interest in Xenophon and Livy was surprisingly dormant among the students. Calvin was manifestly doing well, and there were nearer matters to occupy the doctor's attention.

He saw his son once or twice a year and observed that he prospered, that his mental attitude continued to be strongly optimistic and that his speech bristled with new and deplorable distortions. But separation tended to revive something like affection between them. Doctor Stark thought of Calvin now without a pained and puzzled regret for his shortcomings, and Calvin, when he wrote or when they met, was plainly disposed to a bluff and slightly protective friendliness. On several such occasions he referred humorously to fatted calves, and as each summer drew on it became his habit to send the doctor an earnest invitation to spend it with him in Binchester, where he now occupied a small bachelor apartment.

These signs of attachment pleased Doctor Stark. He was beginning to discover a kind of solitude which his

(Continued on Page 65)

"I Saw That the First Time I Looked at the Place. You Needn't be Afraid of Putting Anything Over on Me. It Can't be Done. I Know My Way Round"

ONE ROOM AND BATH

By Rebecca Hooper Eastman

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

MONICA PRYOR'S tired body lay on a huge four-poster, which, instead of its one-time rope cords and straw tick surmounted by a feather bed, possessed the best of modern box springs and hair mattresses. Though it was both in appearance and actuality a restful bed, Monica's body couldn't rest because her mind harped on countless undone tasks. It was in fact a very devil of a mind with its nagging, and it wouldn't be pacified by the restful room any more than it was by the bed.

"Your room is spacious enough of course, but, heavens, how the floor needs waxing! Even if you have called up the man a dozen times, why don't you get after him again now? If you don't care to move, all right, but, of course, you are only putting it off. Why don't you learn how to wax floors yourself? Yes, I dare say it's nice for you to have your own private bath as big as a bedroom, but if there's anything you hate it's a dripping faucet. I certainly advise you to get up and close the bathroom door. With all that drizzling and guzzling you will never relax! Why don't you give up your French conversation course and take lessons in plumbing? Then you could put on new washers yourself."

Monica rose, banged her bathroom door and returned to the four-poster.

"You've stopped that noise," continued her mind with renewed zeal, "but I don't see why, when you were up, you didn't telephone the plumber and remind him about the faucet. Yes, it's also delightful for Bruce to have his private bath and shower at the other end of the room, though two baths for one room is going some! You hadn't noticed that all of Bruce's faucets leak too, had you? Well, they do. Yes, you'll have to get up and close that door too, if you want any peace."

Monica rose, banged her husband's bathroom door and returned to the four-poster.

"Stop twitching!" said her mind. "Don't you know you'll rip your negligée? There, I told you so! You know perfectly well that they don't sew things with silk these days, but with thin shiny brittle stuff that's part glass and part tin. Mercerized fiber substitutes! As long as you have to mend your negligée why don't you do it now?"

The demoniacal mind was surprised into silence by the fact that the back-door bell and the front-door bell and the telephone rang simultaneously, as they so sociably do when there is only one person to answer all three. As her mind was always nonplused at this triple set of rings, Monica lay and listened inertly. This moment, when three people wanted her at once, was the most restful part of her day so far. When the person at the front door left off ringing in favor of tooting a motor horn of familiar blare Monica dragged herself to the window, and as she looked out endeavored to put on a civilized expression.

"Hello, dear, I know you're dead, but do let me come up!" called the voice of her geographically nearest friend.

"There's a Check in the Right-Hand Pigeonhole—for the First Year's Rent"

Resignedly dropping her latchkey out the window, Monica had returned to her bed by the time Dorry Elliot came scurrying up the stairs with young vigor.

"Well," she began as she stretched herself on the chaise longue in a Récamier-like pose, "my troubles are over. Congratulate me."

"Have you got a cook?" inquired Monica sepulchrally. Even if one had a cook it would take six months or so of possession to feel rested enough to realize it.

"Cook?" queried Dorry with scorn. "I no longer need the odious word in my vocabulary. We've rented our house to a munitions gentleman who hasn't spent all his money yet and who revels in paying servants a king's ransom. James and I have taken a room and bath at the Gramercy, and we've entered the youngsters at Hallam Hall."

"Hallam Hall?"

"Yes; you know, that expensive boarding school for very young children. If you ever answered your telephone and doorbell you'd know all this. Isn't it great? I feel sixteen. I told you the last time I was here that I didn't intend to sacrifice the remainder of my youth and beauty on the altar of the labor problem. I won't keep house again until things get adjusted. Why don't you do likewise? I never saw you look so tired!"

Whereupon Monica, who never cried, and who thought tears were inexcusable, burst into sudden hysterical weeping. Her head felt so hot and dry that tears seemed like a physical impossibility. Yet—here they were.

"Anything really wrong?" inquired Dorry in a hushed voice. Monica's poise was almost proverbial.

"No!" wept Monica. "I feel perfectly wonderful. Crying is the pleasantest sensation I've known since they began the League of Nations fight. If I could only arrange to go right on crying until things get settled I'd be all right. Everything you say to everybody hits him wrong nowadays, and nobody agrees with anybody about anything. Everyone's giving up his home and individuality and moving into hotels. And just think of it, the popular song used to be There's No Place Like Home!"

"There's a lot of truth in that title, and I'm certainly glad my family is homeless," purred Dorothy. "Yesterday I took a Turkish bath, had a permanent wave—it won't look quite so woolly in a few days—had a facial, and, of course, the usual manicure. Come and dine with us at the Gramercy to-night, Monica. You're suffering from too much home."

"There's no one to leave the children with!"

Both girls were momentarily silenced by the worst domestic problem of : . Putting it baldly, a mother was a prisoner.

"And somebody recently drifted over from England advocating a six-hour day—for laborers, not mothers, you understand," said Monica in platform tones. "I got up at six this morning, and worked straight through without stopping until four. At five, when the children come in from their supervised play at the school playground, they've got to have baths and suppers all round, and Bruce will come and I'll dish up that horrible mess I put in the fireless this morning, and we'll eat it and I'll wash thousands of dishes. No one in this house owns a whole pair of stockings. There's a stocking mountain in the middle of the sewing-room floor. I've got to darn stockings until midnight, because the holes are getting up where they show. And to-morrow, at six-thirty, I'll get up and begin all over again just as if I'd never done anything at all to-day."

"Which brings us to the real point of my visit. The Mortons are going abroad, and you can have their room and bath at the Gramercy. I was so sure that you and Bruce would want it that I asked to have it held in your name. The room is on a court, but you wouldn't mind that

at night, and daytimes you'll be out enjoying yourself. Thank me prettily, please—there's a long waiting list for every room."

Monica pursed up her lips indifferently.

"Everybody at the Gramercy runs away with someone's else wife or husband," she said. "I suppose the sudden cessation of hard work and domesticity goes to their heads. They aren't responsible; they just can't stand the leisure!"

"Edith Grahame's elopement with Monty Sayles was the only actual scandal. I think it's rather remarkable that there isn't more gossip in a hotel full of attractive young married people who have given up their homes and sent away their children. Let me run down and make a cup of tea for you, Monica, dear. I know where everything is."

"I'm drunk with tea. Here comes Bruce! Not that there's any need of announcing a person who sounds like a team of horses."

Bruce Pryor did make a lot of unnecessary noise as he mounted the stairs, which needed polishing. It was not, however, the lack of polish which caused his stamping; it was the little rolls of dust that curled in each corner of every step which irritated him.

"I'm dead!" announced Monica as he entered. "Don't mind me; talk to Dorothy."

Bruce bowed gallantly before their pretty visitor, who, by way of response, looked as if someone had switched on all her electricity.

"Lookin' stunnin', Dorry!" he grinned.

When Bruce Pryor felt coy he dropped his final *g*'s caressingly. He was irresistible when he did it, and he knew he was irresistible.

"No wonder she looks stunning!" groaned Monica. "The immoral creature has rented her house and gone to a life of cushioned ease at the Gramercy. I'll have the triumph of telling it anyhow."

"Got rid of all my responsibilities and glad of it," added Dorry enticingly.

"Why is it that vice is always so becomin'?" asked Bruce. He perched in a gallant, jaunty attitude at the foot of the chaise longue. "Gee, but it's good to see someone smilin'."

Dorry dimpled.

"If Edison had invented a way of taking care of children by electricity or of having Central do it, you and Monica could come and dine with us and look at the Mortons' room. I might add that the Gramercy chef is a corker."

"You go and dine with the Elliots!" said Monica vehemently to Bruce. As she spoke she sat up straight in the midst of the four-poster and a brilliant red swept her cheeks. "It will mean one less set of plates to wash, and that horrid stuff in the fireless can go right on cooking for to-morrow night's dinner. I'll have cereal and cocoa with the children. Look at the room Dorry has reserved for us, Bruce. See if you think we'd be contented there. Dance with Dorry after dinner and stay as late as you like. Just let me bask in the thought that one of us is having a lucid interval. Remember that I, too, used to know how to use a finger bowl. Don't be surprised, Bruce, when they serve coffee after dinner in the Palm Room. It is still being done."

Bruce drove both girls forth, got into his dinner coat, and while it was still daylight whirled down the drive with Dorry in her smart little car, both of them waving radiant, satisfied farewells to Monica.

There was just time to slip into the perpetual blue serge before the children came tumbling in. Barring the fact that her eyes smarted, her hands twitched and her ears burned, Monica felt fairly rested after the fifteen minutes on the four-poster during which her mind had nagged her.

"Help me with my algebra!" commanded Bruce, Junior, after bewailing the fact that sugar was just as scarce as ever.

"You are supposed to do your own algebra!"

"But they said we could ask for help. I can't do any of the old stuff unless you show me how."

"I'll write the teacher a note and say that it is you, not I, who wishes to study algebra," said Monica. She had hectic memories of trying to fancy the letter *x* equaling a barrel of apples or a load of bricks or something else it could never possibly be mistaken for.

By ten o'clock the charmingly built, equally charmingly furnished house settled into a brooding homelike stillness. Throwing on her fur coat, Monica stole out on the broad piazza to watch the moon creep through the hedges and paint the bare boughs of the trees with grayish silver. The quiet reassured and steadied her; the stars were an untranslatable but satisfying answer to the riddle of existence. Indeed they looked so very friendly that she wondered if they hadn't all moved a million miles or so nearer.

"Stockings! Stockings!" prodded her mind. "They can't wear the ones they wore to-day again!"

Perhaps after all it would still be possible to sort out enough pairs from the mountain to avoid mending until to-morrow night. Luckily the sewing room was large, and as she laid them out on the floor—her own, Bruce's, and the three graded sizes which were the children's—Monica matched up stockings that would do. They weren't exactly mates, but they were near enough relatives to go together.

Even if the front-door bell was ringing as if someone had his foot on it, it had at least waited until she had compromised with the stocking problem. When Monica obeyed the imperative summons and threw open the front door there was silhouetted against the moonlight an ugly shape.

"You want a cook?" it inquired with a hiccup. Evidently this cook had her own private cellar or else she was an authority on raisins and yeast and things. "You want a cook?" she repeated fragrantly.

"'Want' doesn't express it."

"Hey?" The cook gave such a sudden lurch that it seemed as if the piazza must have heaved under her.

"Yes, I want a cook."

"What do you pay?"

(Continued on Page 72)

"If Edison Had Invented a Way of Taking Care of Children by Electricity, You and Monica Could Dine With Us"

A PRINCE THERE WASN'T

By John Peter Toohey

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"This Mrs. Princess—as You Call Her—That is to Be," He Inquired Cautiously, "Has Really Much Money in Her Own Name? Do You Know?"
"Just a Few Millions—That's All," Responded Jimmy Nonchalantly

THEY'RE always pickin' on me," moaned Jimmy Martin as he flung the letter he had just finished reading down on his desk in a corner of the dingy office of the Commonwealth Theater and kicked impulsively at a crumpled pile of discarded newspapers on the floor.

"What's the matter, old man?" inquired Matthews, the house manager, looking up from a stack of letters on his own desk and regarding the press agent with a bantering smile. "Is Bartlett out on the rampage again?"

"No," replied Jimmy in a disgusted tone of voice. "I wish he was. He's postin' three sheets tellin' what a grand little fellow I am. That's what gets my pet Angora."

"What's the catch?" questioned the other.

"Oh, that's concealed in the last paragraph. He starts out with a lot of hot air about how good I am and how pleased he is at the wonderful showing I've landed over here in Boston and a bunch of other junk, and then he—wait, I'll read you the finish. He says: 'And being desirous of showing my appreciation of your efforts in a concrete way, I have decided to intrust to you the general direction of the publicity campaign of The Ganges Princess. I will send someone to take over Keep Moving on Saturday and you will kindly report at this office on Monday morning.'"

Matthews, who had sauntered over to Jimmy's desk during the reading of Chester Bartlett's letter, looked frankly bewildered.

"I'm pretty dense, I guess," he said. "I don't see anything in that to cause you to exhibit any signs of distress. He's handing you the prize job of the season on a gold platter. You couldn't stop the papers from printing stuff about that show with an injunction from the Supreme Court. Don't you realize that?"

"Oh, that part of it's all right," replied Jimmy. "I suppose I've got a nerve to put up a holler, but I can't help it. It's this thing of bein' bounced about like a tennis ball that makes me sore. The minute I get sewed up with one show and the machinery in the little old idea factory gets all oiled up and is makin' two hundred and eighty-six revolutions to the minute, along comes a letter or a wire shootin' me on to join somethin' else. Gee, I wish I was workin' for myself and not for the other guy!"

Jimmy would have resented any suggestion that the look which crept into his eyes as he said this was wistful, but it was just that.

He paused and gazed out of the window at the scurrying throng of early morning shoppers.

Across his face there came and went the shadow of a pathetic smile, a smile that seemed to express for a moment the elation of holding within his grasp the very substance of things hoped for and which instantly merged into something that epitomized utter hopelessness. Matthews sensed his mood and put his hand on the press agent's shoulder.

"Why don't you take a flyer on your own?" he asked. "Everybody in the business would wish you well."

Jimmy snorted derisively.

"What would I use for money?" he inquired sarcastically. "Playwrights ain't takin' good wishes for advance royalties and you can't slip a few kind words into the salary envelopes on Saturday night."

"But it don't take so much to make a start," persisted the other. "Don't you manage to save anything at all?"

"Sure! I've got almost enough cigarette coupons to get a gold-plated safety razor or a genuine-silk umbrella and there's two hundred and fifty shares of Flying Frog copper stock in the tray of my trunk. That must be worth all of a dollar and eight cents—and it cost me about thirty dollars too. Quit your kiddin', old man. An agent has about as much chance these days of savin' money as the Kaiser has of bein' invited to a week-end party by the King of England."

Jimmy stood up and began to pace slowly up and down the room. The wistful look came into his eyes again and the longing smile touched his mouth once more.

"Still," he said half to himself, "it's kind of nice to think about ownin' your own show, even if you know you never will, and to sort of get a flash in your mind's eye of a twenty-four sheet with 'James T. Martin presents' splashed across the top of it in black on yellow with red initials. 'James T. Martin presents'—that'd certainly look immense on that low board on Broadway near Forty-fifth Street that hits everybody on the big street right in the eye."

Matthews, in response to a summons from the box office, left him still soliloquizing under his breath and gazing pensively across the snow-covered Common.

II

THE Ganges Princess was the dramatic sensation of a decade. It had been running for a solid year at the huge Hendrik Hudson Theater in New York, having weathered a hot summer with hardly a noticeable falling off of receipts. It was Chester Bartlett's first venture into what is technically known as the legitimate field, and he had staged it with that lavish disregard for expense and with that keen sense of the artistic which had given him preëminence as a producer of light musical entertainment.

Written by one of America's most flamboyant playwrights, it told a turgid story of Oriental passion and treachery set against a spectacular background depicting scenes in ancient India. As sheer spectacle it quite transcended anything hitherto attempted in the United States. It presented a series of settings which were so flaming in their color, so permeated with the mystery of the East and so splendid in their suggestion of great size and vast distances that each new revelation was invariably greeted with gasps of amazement from the audience. A cast bristling with distinguished names gave verisimilitude to the somewhat bombastic dialogue, and purely incidental members of the company included a troupe of fifty real nautch girls, six elephants, five camels and a flock of sheep.

The Ganges Princess was not merely the talk of New York. It was literally the talk of the country and its forthcoming tour promised to be one of the most important in the history of the American theater. It was booked for extended engagements in only a few of the larger cities, there being a comparatively limited number of places containing playhouses with stages large enough to accommodate the production and possessing auditoriums of sufficient size to insure financial success.

Bartlett had mapped out a plan of exploitation which was quite the most comprehensive ever undertaken in the annals of press agentry. No less than half a dozen advance couriers—the pick of the country—were to devote their energies to the advertising and newspaper campaign alone, while the purely business details were to be intrusted to trained experts, with no other duties. This would leave the purveyors of publicity free and untrammeled in their assaults upon the press and a defenseless public.

Jimmy Martin was to be generalissimo, commander in chief and field marshal of the combined forces and was to be intrusted with delegated powers such as had never before been given to anyone holding a similar position. Matthews had understated the case when he referred to the place as the prize job of the season. It wasn't even comparable. Nothing like it had ever been known for opportunity and power since the modern variety of press agent came into being. Jimmy realized that himself after Bartlett had finished outlining the scope of the proposed campaign.

"Go to it, my boy," the manager said at the completion of an hour's talk, "and remember that the azure dome of heaven is the limit and that in the bright lexicon of showmanship there are no such words as 'it can't be done.' Do I make myself clear?"

"Absolutely," replied Jimmy cheerfully. "I'm to sit with my feet in a mustard bath and I'm to play my cards without regard to the feelin's, digestions, general state of temperature or politics of anyone else in the game. I'm to see all raises and tilt it one for luck whenever I think the time is ripe for a killin'. Have I got the right combination?"

Bartlett laughed heartily at the flavory idioms which flowed so freely from Jimmy's lips.

"Thou hast, most potent, grave and reverend seignior," he replied, bowing low in exaggerated mock courtesy. "By the way," he continued, getting back to business again, "there's another thing I completely forgot. I've engaged a literary chap for a special stunt and I want you to figure out some way of getting it across so that it seems on the level.

"The general idea is to have this fellow deliver a series of lectures on India about three weeks ahead of the play date. It'll be a camouflaged boost for the show. Every once in a while he'll make some casual remark about the play which he understands is shortly to be seen in this city,

and so on, but there won't be enough of this stuff for anyone to consider it as being at all out of the way.

"This gentleman will be under your direct and special control. It will be up to you to arrange to have lectures given in every city under the auspices of some literary society or social-welfare group—any kind of a crowd that'll give the stunt prestige and distinction. I've written Mr. Denby to meet you at the theater this evening."

"Denby, eh? It can't possibly be little old J. Herbert Denby, the highbrow kid, can it?"

"That's the name. Know him?"

A grin of delight spread over Jimmy's features.

"Fairly well," he chuckled. "He tipped me off to a grand idea over in Baltimore a year or so ago. Old George B. Bookworm, eh? If he's still doin' his regular act I've got a lot of laughs comin' to me on this trip. Say, you don't know how good that bird'll be for a stunt of this kind. When it comes to the uplift stuff and the literary bunk he's there in seven separate and distinct languages. And innocent? Say, he could make a two-year-old baby look like an old offender with a Sing Sing past. They'll fall for him on sight."

The guileless Mr. Denby greeted Jimmy in the lobby of the Hendrik Hudson that night in his best professorial manner and smiled benignantly through his tortoise-shell spectacles.

"You will, I think, concede, Mr. Martin," said he, proffering a rather limp hand, "that we give the lie direct to Mr. Kipling."

"Eh? What's that?" mumbled the other. "I don't get you."

Mr. Denby smiled condescendingly and replied in a tone of voice that Jimmy felt to be a bit too irritatingly suave:

"Mr. Kipling—the poet—you know. He says: 'East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.' Well, we are meeting on a common ground in a common cause and we are—may I venture to suggest—decidedly alien to each other in our thoughts and sympathies, are we not?"

Jimmy eyed him suspiciously before replying.

"Listen, old dear," he said evenly, "I can never quite figure whether you're kiddin' me or not, and I'm goin' to be too busy from now on to ask for blue prints. If we're goin' to get together you've got to get out the little old parachute and jump off into space. In plain English, you've got to dive down to earth and keep both feet on the pavement. Save the flossy stuff for your lectures. Are you on?"

"Of course, of course," stammered Mr. Denby. "I meant no offense. I have an unfortunate habit of making poetic allusions. I shall correct it. Believe me, my dear Mr. Martin, I shall correct it. I have much to say to you. Where shall we have a little—a little—shall I say powwow—to talk over the—the, ah—dope?"

"That's the idea," replied Jimmy, slapping the other on the back and laughing heartily. "That's regular language. Let's go back to the stage manager's office and work out a plan of attack."

The press agent led the way through a passage which ran behind the boxes to the stage, and they presently found themselves dodging the canvas walls of a great Indian temple which were being deftly swung into position by a small army of stage hands, and picking their steps cautiously through a cluttered array of papier-mâché Buddhas, canopied thrones and other properties. Once closeted in the little office in a far corner, they began a consultation which lasted for more than an hour.

It was agreed that Jimmy was to travel sufficiently far enough ahead of J. Herbert Denby to arrange for and advertise his lectures, and the press agent took pains carefully to instruct the latter as to the best methods of keeping his connection with The Ganges Princess Company a remote and cherished secret. The subjects chosen by the lecturer were, to say the least, not calculated to rouse any suspicion. Jimmy sat entranced as J. Herbert read them off from a typewritten slip he took from his cardcase.

"I shall talk first," he said, "upon the Rig-Veda—a Primitive Folk Song Embodying the Soul of an Ancient People. I shall follow that with a discourse on Brahma, Vishnu and Siva—the Triple Manifestation of the Hindu God; and for my third and final lecture I have chosen perhaps a more popular theme—Mogul versus Muhratta—a Study in Dynastic Conflicts. Do you think that program will fill the bill?"

Jimmy was plainly a little bit groggy and he found it difficult to articulate for a moment or two.

"Say, old scout," he finally managed to remark, "I'm almost down for the count. You talk like an encyclopedia. You'll have 'em all pop-eyed when you pull that stuff. The harder it is to understand the harder they'll fall. You're there, George B. Bookworm, you're there! I can see 'em passin' flowers over the footlights already."

J. Herbert, appreciating the sincerity of Jimmy's enthusiastic approval, blushed a little and tried to appear at ease, but it was a difficult task. The two strolled out on the darkened stage and stood in the wings watching the unfolding of the final scene of the second act, in which the Maharaja of Rumpore returned unexpectedly with his followers from a tiger-hunting expedition to find his favorite wife in the arms of the villainous Gaikwar.

They found themselves suddenly wedged in the center of a crowd of male supernumeraries who had come clattering down the stairs leading from the dressing rooms, accoutered in ancient armor and ready for participation in the stirring episode which was to bring the act to a close. Most of these extra people, that being their classification in the world of the theater, were the usual assortment of shiftless idlers who eke out a precarious existence by doing such odd jobs on the stage and whose Oriental aspect was purely a matter of simulation.

There were, however, a number of genuine East Indians among them, random visitors from an alien clime picked up here and there and utilized to give an added air of verisimilitude to the ensemble scenes.

One of these latter, a handsome chap under thirty, whose skin was the color of strong coffee diluted with rich cream and whose features had the classic regularity of a Grecian sculptured head, brushed against Jimmy's elbow and apologized profusely.

"I am very much sorry if I have caused myself to discommode you," he murmured, smiling pleasantly and revealing a row of teeth of dazzling whiteness.

"That's all right," replied Jimmy, looking at him in surprise. "You're a regular, I see. You don't belong to the volunteers."

"No, sahib, I am from the East. I am long distance from homeland of my fathers, if that is what you mean."

Jimmy looked at him with new interest. He had an air about him, an indefinable air of distinction that attracted the attention of even the æsthetic J. Herbert Denby, who edged closer and entered the conversation.

(Continued on Page 124)

Fannie Was Running True to Form and Was Successfully Monopolizing the Attentions of the Foreign Visitor

BRANDING THE PROFITEER

By Albert W. Atwood

YOU are a bold person indeed, reader, if you are willing to follow me into this article. For we are engaged upon an intricate, delicate and dangerous mission. The road is strewn with dynamite and secret traps. We are after the profiteer, determined to brand him. But he is an elusive beast and if we catch up with him he may spring upon us and rend us limb from limb—at least he may tear our logic to bits.

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

No matter how careful, how painstaking and industrious we may be, a slip somewhere is unavoidable. To run down the profiteer to his lair requires a knowledge of the labyrinthine processes of industry that no one possesses. It is too much for the Government, too much for the leading men in any one industry and, let us admit, quite too much for you and for me. But we will make the effort. In a previous article I discussed the general conditions which have recently made for abnormal profits in business. In this article it is proposed to corner the profiteer by following through as far as possible the specific high prices in specific industries.

So let us plunge right into the cold water. When you and I buy a new suit of clothes this spring we are going to have a solar plexus. It will be the hardest blow yet; I am tempted to say the blow that will kill father or—to change the figure—the straw that will break the camel's back.

This prediction is made with one qualification: If between the time this article is written and the occasion upon which you buy clothes there should be a real old-fashioned panic—retailers might be obliged to reduce their prices willy-nilly. This is a far-fetched assumption, but I wish to play safe. As far as it is humanly possible to foresee, barring a cataclysm, clothing and shoes, surely this spring and possibly next fall, will be sold at prices calculated to take one's breath away.

What the Woolen People Say

CLOTHING and shoes are not the only expensive things, of course, but let us begin somewhere. The fact that they are expensive need not take up any more of our time, because it is as well known to every reader of this article as to the writer. It is part of the common, everyday experience of the people. Suits that cost twenty-five to forty-five dollars a few years ago are now selling for forty to perhaps ninety dollars. Nearly all other articles of wear have gone up in more or less like proportion. Who is making the big money? Where is the leakage?

"Some little retailers have been arrested for selling suits at a fair profit," said a speaker at a recent convention of retailers. "But the big fellows, the men higher up, who are paying big dividends of thirty to forty per cent on their mills, are allowed to go. It is the retailer who is accused. But I venture to say that the average per cent of the retailer's profit in the last ten years has not varied one per cent."

"We are beginning to hear about eighteen-dollar shoes, eighty-dollar hand-me-downs and fifteen-dollar hats for next spring," said a United States senator whose vigorous lambasting of profiteering has gone far to make it the new swear word of the English language, "notwithstanding that the people have bought and paid for all the cotton and woolen mills in a single year, as during the war they bought and paid for all the shoe factories, all the big flour mills, all the steel mills, the sawmills, the packing houses, the tanneries, the coal mines, and who knows what else, and yet do not own them and are at the mercy of excessively priced products."

Let us leave the retailer for a while. The manufacturers of woolen and cotton goods—the mills, in other words—are really making enormous profits at the present time. There is no doubt about that. It is true of both the spinners and the weavers—that is, of those who make the yarn and those who make the fabric.

In a general way it may be said that the textile industry of this country was never before so prosperous as now. Never before have so many stocks in textile mills been offered to the investing public, and the investor is taking them to an unusual extent. There is no way of getting at the profits of the entire textile industry in the last year or half year. But we know in the case of a group of mills making cotton yarn that the profits per pound have risen greatly from 1915 to 1919. The largest woolen concern, the American Woolen Company, is known to have had several extraordinarily successful years. The same is true of its large competitors. The textile industry has been called the backbone of New England. It is an old industry with a romantic history, but in all its history it has never had such halcyon days.

Does it begin to look bad for the woolen manufacturer? To an extent, yes. But there is much misunderstanding and misinformation concerning the price of clothes due to ignorance regarding the many stages which wool, to take only one instance, goes through before it becomes a suit of clothes. A suit of clothes becomes such only through the efforts of at least six, perhaps seven, practically distinct and separate industries. Each one of these, or at least each one that attracts the attention of the public and the Government, is trying to prove an alibi. Nearly every one accuses all the others of being profiteers. It is not a pleasant spectacle.

Naturally, we start with the grower of the wool. What his profits are it is impossible to say, because he is a farmer and you cannot get at the profits of hundreds of thousands of individual farmers the way you can analyze those of a corporation which combines fifty mills, like the American Woolen Company. The wool grower, however, says that even in a suit of excellent quality, now selling for seventy-five dollars, there is not more than $7.37 worth of wool.

"We are not charging anyone with profiteering in the sale of clothing, as it is not our place to do so," say the wool growers. "All we ask is that the public place on the shoulders of our wool growers only that portion of responsibility for high-priced clothing that properly belongs to them."

The wool growers do not deny that they are getting a much larger price than formerly for their product; in fact, several times as much—but they point to the startling contrast between seventy-five dollars and $7.37. It is something like the contrast between the cost of a slice of bread at a fashionable New York or Washington hotel and the price which the farmer gets for his wheat. Wheat on this basis climbs to more than one hundred dollars a bushel.

But obviously a man cannot wear wool on the back of a sheep or eat wheat on the farm. Probably we pay too much to have wheat brought from Minnesota to a fashionable hotel in Washington and converted into thin slices of bread served on valuable china by perfect waiters. Probably we pay too much to get wool off the back of a sheep in Australia or Montana and into a smart suit in a smart Fifth Avenue tailor's.

But nothing is accomplished by merely presenting a striking contrast between what the farmer gets for his raw material and what we pay for the finished article. Such contrasts are utterly worthless, because they prove nothing. The real question is, How many stages are necessary, and what do they cost? For if a large number of them are essential they must be paid for. Here is what we pay for in a suit of clothes: Grower; Boston wool trade; spinner; weaver or textile mill; broker or selling agent—sometimes; cutters-up—manufacturer of clothing; jobbers—sometimes; retailers.

"I am not trying to argue that the manufacturer is not making big profits," said the head of a woolen manufacturers' association whom I asked about the big profits of his trade. "I do not deny that the spinners and the weavers are both doing exceedingly well. But the man who does not change or convert an article has the greatest and most secure profit. The wool grower and the retailer may be paying somewhat larger wages, but their expenses have not risen relatively so much as those of either the woolen manufacturer or the clothing manufacturer. With the exception of the grower and retailer the processes are partial conversions, all on a rising labor market with an enormous contingent risk. We no longer have control over costs, for they have passed into other hands—namely, the labor unions'.

"I do not believe the grower or retailer can successfully argue that his costs have risen as much as ours. Did you ever hear of a big strike in a retail store? Yet they have lasted for months at a time in textile mills and in the clothing trade. Even at present high prices, the first four stages of the industry are taken care of for something like ten to twenty dollars a suit. Allow three to three and a quarter yards of cloth at three to six dollars a yard, which the cutter-up pays to the fabric manufacturer, and you have the wool grower, the Boston trade, and the spinner and the weaver all taken care of with a good profit to each.

The Growing Snowball of Profits

"WE ARE tired of seeing the retailers hold one another's hands and hearing them sob. Their gross profits are often larger than the whole previous cost of a suit—materials, expenses, profits and all. I believe some of them have forgotten to figure costs and merely charge all they can get."

The writer of this article doubts, however, whether the grower of the wool or the manufacturer of yarn and fabrics is quite fair in his argument. Both of them emphasize the small sum in dollars when the product leaves their hands, seven dollars when it leaves the grower and between ten and twenty dollars when it goes out of the mill. At the time this article was written one large cutter-up got thirty to fifty dollars for a suit, the wool in which cost him ten to twenty dollars. But in view of the fact that garment workers are making fifty dollars, sixty dollars and even more a week, and bearing in mind that a retail-store business in these and allied lines must make over thirty per cent gross to live at all, a few cents added to a pound of wool or a dollar added to a yard of cloth has the accumulative effect of a snowball rolling downhill.

The rise of a dollar a yard in cloth is said to necessitate at least seven or eight dollars added to the retail price of a suit.

So when the wool grower and the cloth maker point to the small increase in their prices as compared to the enormous jump in retail prices, they are dealing largely in fallacies. The farther along you get in manufactured products of this sort the greater the proportionate increase must be, from the very nature of the case. The retailer has to carry all the previous costs and profits in his own prices, a simple, obvious fact which most people overlook.

But though the woolen manufacturer finds it difficult to see the retailer's troubles he will readily admit those of the cutter-up. Here is the story of high clothing costs as told by the president and secretary of one of the large woolen manufacturers' associations. It reflects only the naturally one-sided point of view of one group in the industry, but it is essential to an

understanding of the subject. First of all, these gentlemen freely admit the difficulties of the clothing maker, or cutter-up.

"The expenses of the cutter-up have risen enormously, because of high wages and reduced production. At this stage labor is a bigger element than cloth. The making of clothing used to be on a competitive basis on the part of the workers. It was a piecework proposition. Now it is on a weekly basis, and they really don't have to work any more. I heard the head of the union say that no one was making less than forty-four dollars a week now. They used to make twelve dollars. Let us grant that the former sweatshop scale of wages was wrong. The fact remains that with such an enormous jump in wages clothing must cost more.

"You must remember that the yarn and fabric manufacturing industry was a unit before the war in that it managed to supply the people. It remained the same unit during the war. In many other lines there was a tremendous development; in shipyards, for instance. New ones sprang up all over the country. But there was no increase in mills or loom capacity during the war. There was no effort at expansion. But by October, 1918, only thirty-three per cent of the looms were on civilian cloth. From sixty to sixty-five per cent were doing military work.

"Naturally this created a tremendous hole in civilian cloth. Meanwhile the Government had taken practically all the wool. Such looms as still ran on civilian had only their reserve stocks of wool to go on. The Government counted on a short war, but at the same time it planned for an army of 5,000,000. If that number of men had been put into the field and the war had lasted five months longer you would have seen the most terrible panic in the civilian-clothing industry that you can possibly imagine.

"As soon as the armistice came we urged the Government to release wool, but we bumped up against the wool growers, also against the clothing manufacturers and retailers. The growers, of course, did not want to see a decline in the price of wool, and the clothing manufacturers and retailers had civilian clothing on hand of poor quality, due to the scarcity of civilian wool, and naturally they were afraid we would cut under their market with better-quality cloth if we could induce the Government to let us have all its tremendous stocks of wool. It was three months before we could get any government wool except at the issue price, which everyone was afraid of as being too high. Nor could we import any. For a time, of course, shipping conditions made it difficult to bring in wool, though this country raises only forty-five per cent of what it consumes. After the armistice the growers opposed importation."

Speculation in Woolens

"BY JANUARY, 1919, only nineteen per cent of the looms were on government work as compared to something like sixty-five per cent just before the armistice. Civilian work occupied thirty-three to thirty-nine per cent, and the rest was idle. By March government work had fallen to 1.9 per cent and only forty per cent of the looms were on civilian. In other words, only a year ago fifty-eight per cent of the country's looms were actually idle. In plain language, there had been five months of disaster in the woolen industry, because of lack of prompt distribution of surplus stocks of wool. There was loss of confidence and literally no market at all. One of the biggest units in the industry was down to eight per cent of capacity. Also there were strikes at Lawrence, Philadelphia and Passaic.

"There was no recovery, or return of the industry, until November of 1919. We had at last been able to get in English wools, and from November to date we have been going strong, producing cloth at a tremendous rate. Barring further labor troubles calculated to cut down production there is soon going to be something approaching a normal amount of cloth."

Let me interject a word here about the labor feature. Woolen manufacturers assert that the present proposed reduction in working hours in the industry will result in a decline in production equal to that of the total output of the American Woolen Company, the largest unit in the field. Another case is cited in which the introduction of new machinery, which would have resulted in a thirty-five per cent increase in output before the change in labor conditions, only kept the company even with its former production. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of either of these statements, but unprejudiced observers, even those with a distinct pro-labor bias, admit that in some cases production has been held back by shortening of hours and higher pay.

I am not discussing the justice of labor's demands. Each one may have justification in and by itself. But a continual increase in wages and decrease in hours mean higher prices all round, and the point has about been reached where still higher prices for goods will frighten the public off entirely and result in business depression.

The moderate labor leaders, it is true, argue that wages may be raised and hours lessened without loss of output if employers would only be content with smaller profits. But anyone with an iota of common sense knows that if profits in business were reduced to a point so small as to permit labor to get all that its more extreme leaders ask for, the whole structure of industry would fall to pieces and we should have practically no clothes or food at all. We should be in Russia's unhappy condition. Perhaps the day will come when industry can be successfully conducted without profits and laborers need work only ten hours a week and receive about fifty dollars a day in wages. That, however, is a theory rather than an immediate condition. But let us get back to the woolen manufacturers.

"Of course there has been speculation in this woolen market. Conditions were such that you could not hold it back. But don't make the mistake of cursing the jobber overmuch. This market would never have gotten out of its slough of despond at all if it had not been for the legitimate jobber with his willingness to speculate. He is the one who started the machinery last spring. We didn't start it, nor did the clothing manufacturer. It was the much-abused jobber. Having no risk of conversion to carry, not being hampered by changing labor costs, he could buy freely when the wool and clothing manufacturers were afraid to move.

"At first, it is true, a large part of the reserve stocks of goods got into jobbers' hands, both legitimate and illegitimate. But stocks are now out of the middleman's hands. These speculative stocks of cloth will soon disappear, certainly as soon as the market is at all stabilized. And along with them inordinate profits will disappear."

There is no doubt that speculation has been a great evil in the textile industry in the last couple of years. It may have started the resumption of machinery, but since the industry has been going strong it has taken a big and less defensible toll. When the market began to soar the speculator's golden opportunity rose. He interposed himself between the various processes. But he was no more to blame than many of the other groups in the industry. They availed themselves of his services, and they did it and were able to do it only because of the abnormal conditions which prevailed.

With prices shooting skyward the makers of garments often bought more than they needed. Buyers were so often in a panic that the natural result was to overbuy. Then finding themselves with too much material they would sell to speculators. Moreover, the steady rise in prices has made it possible for a man at one stage of the industry to make more by selling to a speculator than to the regular trade at the next successive stage. In other words, abnormal prices tended to break up the regular flow of goods from one stage of conversion to another, and to divert them into speculators' hands.

The temptation was too great. Jobbers fairly threw higher prices at the mills. A mill might contract to sell its cloth to a clothing manufacturer at a certain price and the next day a speculator would appear and suggest that he would take any overproduction at a twenty-five per cent advance. Every type of converter constantly had to contend with an insinuating and persuasive Satan, in the form of a speculator who was willing to take his product at more than he had agreed to sell it to the regular trade. The evil became so great that the regular trades almost came to bet upon the speculator to raise prices regularly.

There was no collusion among manufacturers; they merely took their market, and have made all they could. So great was the stampede upon the part of retailers to cover future requirements that bonuses were offered to manufacturers over and above what competitors would pay. Then the manufacturers would use part of this money to hire workers away from their competitors at higher wages. Here is the result of such conditions, as told in February of this year by a buyer for a big department store:

"Last March I bought some silk stockings for holiday business at eighteen dollars a dozen. The goods were delayed and reached me last week. I bought the goods from a Chicago jobber, who bought them from a mill in New Jersey. The mill has been sold to a big New York concern and yesterday a representative of that concern came to me and offered that same stocking at forty dollars a dozen; and he said he was selling them at that price. Making all allowance for the increased cost of everything there is no justification to-day for selling that stocking for more than twenty-seven dollars a dozen."

At such a time the regular legitimate middlemen are added to by a lot of cheap shoe-string operators. Men with practically no capital and in many cases hardly able to read and write the English language managed somehow to get hold of a quantity of piece goods and make a killing.

"The financial interests can do more to eliminate this evil than anyone else, and they are most to blame for its long-continued existence," said a representative of one of the largest associations in the textile industry. "The action of the Federal Reserve Banks in raising their discount rates is the first step in the right direction. That is the beginning of the end of the speculator."

Old Clothes Sent to Belgium

IT IS obvious that if normal trade conditions had been resumed immediately following the armistice much of this crazy behavior would have been avoided. The explanation given by the woolen manufacturers in regard to the clothing trade probably applies to other lines as well:

"I have told you what our position was, and you ask why the cutter-up did not get busy sooner after the armistice? Naturally he was demoralized at first. He was afraid he could not sell the stuff he had. He was like everyone else. We thought all industries would be flat. All that people could see were nearly 4,000,000 men walking the streets out of jobs. Demobilization scared everyone into fits. Instead of that, 4,000,000 men came back and cleaned the clothiers literally bare of goods.

"Instead of the demobilized army becoming a soup line pretty nearly every member of it became a customer for new clothes. Not only did every soldier want new clothes, but all his relatives who went to meet him seemed to require a new outfit. It is the universal testimony of dealers that the consumption of goods by boys returned from France was enormous. One young man went into a store and was shown three suits, at thirty-eight, sixty and ninety dollars.

"'That is a hell of a thing to go on the street with,' he said with reference to the lowest-priced suit."

No doubt the ownership of Liberty Bonds of fifty and one hundred dollar units had much to do with the extensive purchase of clothes and furs. Nor could the inevitable tendency toward relaxation, extravagance and indulgence which always follows a war relieve itself in alcohol. It was forced in the direction of clothes and jewels. The desire for finer clothes ran bang up against an especially acute shortage in the finer grades of wool because of the long period of restricted imports.

Clothing, it is generally believed, has on the average risen more than fuel, rent and even food. But the elements of fashion and vanity do not enter so much into the latter, at least not so much on the part of most people.

"You must remember," continued the woolen manufacturer, "that the country was denuded of secondhand clothing. Few people realize what a large part of the country's stock of clothing consists of hand-me-downs. Why, we sent so much clothing to Belgium that it was counted only in tons. It was put into compressing machines and turned out in bales. At one time the warehouses were so full that three entire trainloads of clothing could not be emptied. Secondhand clothes are ordinarily worn or else converted into shoddy. I have a man working for me who did not buy a new suit in eleven years, because he wore my secondhand ones. The total consumption of new wool per year in this country would not make one suit for each man. The discrepancy is either made up by wearing old clothes or by the shoddy that is made out of them.

"The man who works for me had to buy a new suit last year for the first time in eleven years, because my wife gave all my old clothes to the Red Cross. Most of the soldiers found their families had given away their clothes when they came back. And remember that many of them did not go into service until only a few months before the armistice. It was estimated that it took ninety pounds of wool to outfit a soldier. That gives you some idea what a big hole the dearth of secondhand clothing created."

"Why haven't the sales of army clothes made more difference in the price of civilian garments?" I asked.

(Continued on Page 91)

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE KID AND THE CAMEL

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

"Would That We Had Left Thee at Coney Island! O, Great-Granddaughter of Al Adha—Sacred Camel of the Prophet—Why Hast Thou Done This?"

THE shortest street in the world, Edgar Street, connects New York's financial center with the Levant. It is less than fifty feet through this tiny thoroughfare from the back doors of the great Broadway office buildings to Greenwich Street, where the letters on the window signs resemble contorted angleworms and where one is far more likely to stumble into a man from Bagdad than from Boston. One can stand in the middle of it and with his westerly ear catch the argot of Gotham and with his easterly all the dialects of Damascus. And if through some unexpected convulsion of Nature 50 Broadway should topple over, Mr. Zimmerman, the stockbroker, whose office is on the sixth story, might easily fall clear of the Greek restaurant in the corner of Greenwich Street, roll twenty-five yards more down Morris Street, and find himself on Washington Street reading a copy of Al-Hoda and making his luncheon off *baba gannouge*, *majaddarah* and *milookeiah*, which, after all, are only eggplant salad, lentils and rice, and the popular favorite known as Egyptian Combination.

To most New Yorkers it is a totally unknown and unsuspected section of the city, yet existing as in a fourth dimension within a stone's throw—and nearer—of our busiest metropolitan artery. Next time you get off the subway at Rector Street turn toward the Hudson instead of toward the East River, and in four blocks you will hear every dialect known to Port Said and jostle every nationality that you would meet on the wharves of Saloniki or the Piræus. Enough. Go there. This space is too valuable to warrant further description of Eastern sounds, sights and—especially—smells.

The point is that—within one hundred yards of the aforesaid Mr. Zimmerman's office above the electric cars of Broadway, and within earshot of the hoots of many a multimillionaire's motor, on a certain evening something of an Oriental character was doing in the hallway of a house on Washington Street that subsequently played a part in the professional lives of Tutt & Tutt.

Out of the literally Egyptian darkness of the tenement owned by Abdallah Shanin Khaldi issued curious smothered sounds, together with an unmistakable, pungent, circuslike odor.

"Whack!"

There came an indignant grunt, followed by a flabby groan and a straining and squeaking of the jerry-built staircase as Kasheed Hassoun vigorously applied a lath to the horny backsides of Eset el Gazzar.

"Ascend, dog of a dog!" panted Kasheed. "Move thy accursed feet, O wizened hump! Daughter of Satan, give me room! Thou art squeezing out my life! Only go on, child of my heart! It is but a step upward, O queen of the Nile. Hold the rope tight, Kalil!"

The camel obediently surged forward, breaking off a section of banister. Through the racket from the hallway above faintly came the voice of Kalil Majdalain.

"Her head is free of the ceiling. Quick, Kasheed! Turn her, thou, upon the landing!"

"Whack!" responded the lath in the hand of Kasheed Hassoun.

Step by step the gentle shaggy brute felt her way with feet, knees and nozzle up the narrow staircase. What was this but another of those bizarre experiences which any camel-of-the-world must expect in a land where the water wells squirted through a tube and men rode in chariots driven by fire?

"Whack!"

"Go on, darling of my soul!" whispered Kasheed. "Curses upon thy father and upon the mother that bore thee! Wilt thou not move?"

"Whack!"

"Ouch! She devil! Thou hast trod upon my foot!"

Outside, that the Western world might not suspect what was going on, Shaheen Mahfous and Shanin Saba unloaded with as much noise as possible a dray of paper for Merat-ul-Gharb, the Daily Mirror. By and by a window on the fourth floor opened and the head of Kalil Majdalain appeared.

"*Mahabitcum!*" he grinned; which, being interpreted, means "Good fellowship to all!"

Then presently he and Kasheed joined the others upon the sidewalk, and the rolls of paper having been delivered inside the pressroom the four Syrians climbed upon the truck and drove to the restaurant of Ghabryel & Assad two blocks farther north, where they had a bit of *awamat*, coffee and cigarettes, and then played a game of cards, while in the attic of the tenement house Eset el Gazzar munched a mouthful of hay and tapped her interior reservoir for a drink of clear water, as she sighed through her valvelike nostrils and pouted with her cushioned lips, pondering upon the vagaries of quadrupedal existence.

Willie Toothaker, the office boy of Tutt & Tutt, had perfected a catapult along the lines of those used in the Siege of Carthage—form derived from the appendix of Allen and Greenough's Latin Grammar—which boded ill for the truck drivers of West Broadway.

Since his translation from Pottsville Center, Willie's inventive genius had worked something of a transformation in the Tutt & Tutt offices, for he had devised several labor-saving expedients, such as a complicated series of pulleys for opening windows and automatically closing doors without getting up; which, since they actually worked, Mr. Tutt, being a pragmatist, silently, patiently and good-naturedly endured. Today both partners were away in court and Willie had the office to himself with the exception of old Scraggs.

"Bet it'll shoot a block!" asserted Willie, replacing his gum, which he had removed temporarily to avert the danger of swallowing it in his excitement. "Cæsar used one just like this—only bigger of course. See that scuttle over on Washington Street? Bet I can hit it!"

"Bet you can't come within two hundred feet of it!" retorted the watery-eyed scrivener. "It's a lot further'n you think."

"'Tain't neither!" declared Willie. "I know how far it is! What can we shoot?"

Scraggs' eye wandered aimlessly round the room.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Got to be something with heft to it," said Willie. "'S got to overcome the resistance of the atmosphere."

"How about that paperweight?"

"'S too heavy."

"Well——"

"I know!" exclaimed William suddenly. "Gimme that little bottle of red ink. 'S just about right. And when it strikes it'll make a mark so's we can tell where we hit—like a regular target."

Scraggs hesitated.

"Ink costs money," he protested.

"But it's just the thing!" insisted Willie. "Besides, you can charge me for it in the cash account. Give it here!"

Conscience being thus satisfied the two eagerly placed the ink bottle in the proper receptacle, which Willie had fashioned out of a stogy box, twisted back the bow and aimed the apparatus at the slanting scuttle, which projected from a sort of penthouse upon the roof of the tenement house across the street.

"Now!" he exclaimed ecstatically. "Stand from under, Scraggs!"

He pressed a lever. There was a whang, a whistle—and the ink bottle hurtled in a beautiful parabola over Greenwich Street.

"Gee! look at her go!" cried Willie in triumph. "Straight's a string."

At exactly that instant—and just as the bottle was about to descend upon the penthouse—the scuttle opened and there was thrust forth a huge yellow face with enormous sooty lips wreathed in an unmistakable smile. On the long undulating neck the head resembled one of the grotesque manikins carried in circus parades. Eset el Gazzar in a search for air had discovered that the attic scuttle was slightly ajar.

"Gosh! A camel!" gasped Willie.

"Lord of love!" ejaculated Scraggs. "It sure is a camel!"

There was a faint crash and a tinkle of glass as the bottle of red ink struck the penthouse roof just over the beast's head and deluged it with its vermilion contents. Eset

reared, shook her neck, gave a defiant grunt and swiftly withdrew her head into the attic.

Sophie Hassoun, the wife of Kasheed, seeing the violent change in Eset's complexion, wrung her hands.

"What hast thou done, O daughter of devils? Thou art bleeding! Thou hast cut thyself! Alack, mayhap thou wilt die, and then we shall be ruined! Improvident! Careless one! Cursed be thy folly! Hast thou no regard? And I dare not send for Doctor Koury, the veterinary, for then thy presence would be discovered and the gendarmes would come and take thee away. Would that we had left thee at Coney Island! O, great-granddaughter of Al Adha—sacred camel of the Prophet—why hast thou done this? Why hast thou brought misery upon us? *Awar! Awar!*"

She cast herself upon the improvised divan in the corner, while Eset, blinking, licked her big yellow hind hump, and tumbled forward upon her knees preparatory to sitting down herself.

"A camel!" repeated Willie, round-eyed. He counted the roofs dividing the penthouse from where Morris Street bisected the block. "Whoop!" he cried and dashed out of the office.

In less than four minutes Patrolman Dennis Patrick Murphy, who was standing on post on Washington Street in front of Nasheen Zereik's Embroidery Bazaar talking to Sardi Babu, saw a red-headed, pug-nosed urchin come flying round the corner.

"One—two—three—four—five. That's the house!" cried Willie Toothaker. "That's it!"

"What yer talkin' 'bout?" drawled Murphy.

"There's a camel in there!" shouted Willie, dancing up and down.

"Camel—yer aunt!" sneered the cop. "They couldn't get no camel in there!"

"There is! I seen it stick its head out of the roof!"

Sardi Babu, the oily-faced little dealer in pillow shams, smiled slyly. He had thick black ringlets, parted exactly down the middle of his scalp, hanging to his shoulders, and a luxuriant black curly beard reaching to his middle; in addition to which he wore a blue blouse and carpet slippers. He was a Maronite from Lebanon, and he and his had a feud with Hassoun, Majalain, and all others who belonged to the sect headed by the Patriarch of Antioch.

"*Bekil!*" he remarked significantly. "Perhaps his words are true! I have heard it whispered already by Lillie Nadowar, now the wife of Butros the confectioner. Moreover, I myself have seen hay on the stairs."

"Huh?" exclaimed Murphy. "We'll soon find out. Come along you, Babu! Show me where you was seein' the hay."

By this time those who had been lounging upon the adjacent doorstep had come running to see what was the matter, and a crowd had gathered.

"It is false—what he says!" declared Gadas Maloof the shoemaker. "I have sat opposite the house day and night for ten—fifteen years—and no camel has gone in. Camel! How could a camel be got up such narrow stairs?"

"But thou art a friend of Hassoun's!" retorted Fajala Mokarzel the grocer. "And," he added in a lower tone, "of Sophie Tadros, his wife."

There was a subdued snicker from the crowd, and Murphy inferred that they were laughing at him.

"But this man," he shouted wrathfully, pointing at Sardi Babu, "says you all know there's a camel up there. An' this kid's seen it! Come along now, both of you!"

There was an angry murmur from the crowd. Sardi Babu turned white.

"I said nothing!" he declared, trembling. "I made no complaint. The gendarme will corroborate me. What care I where Kasheed Hassoun stables his camel?"

Maloof shouldered his way up to him, and grasping the Maronite by the beard muttered in Arabic: "Thou dog! Go confess thy sins! For by the Holy Cross thou assuredly hast not long to live!"

Murphy seized Babu by the arm.

"Come on!" he ordered threateningly. "Make good now!" And he led him up the steps, the throng pressing close upon his heels.

"What's all this?" inquired Magistrate Burke bewilderedly an hour later as Officer Murphy entered the police court leading a tall Syrian in a heavy overcoat and green Fedora hat, and followed by several hundred black-haired, olive-skinned Levantines: "Don't let all those Dagos in here! Keep 'em out! This ain't a moving-picture palace!"

"Them ain't Dagos, judge," whispered Roony the clerk. "Them's Turks."

"They ain't neither Turks!" contradicted the stenographer, whose grammar was almost sublimated by comparison with Roony's. "They're Armenians—you can tell by their complexions."

"Well, I won't have 'em in here, whatever they are!" announced Burke. "I don't like 'em. What have you got, Murphy?"

"Shoo! Get out of here!" ordered the officer on duty. The crowd, however, not understanding, only grinned.

"*Avanti! Alley! Mouch!* Beat it!" continued the officer, waving his arms and hustling those nearest toward the door.

The throng obediently fell back. They were a gentle, simple-minded lot, used in the old country to oppression, blackmail and tyranny, and burning with a religious fervor unknown to the pale heterodoxy of the Occident.

"This here," began Murphy, "is a complaint by Sardi Babu"—he swung the cowering little man with a twist before the bench—"against one Kasheed Hassoun for violating the health ordinances."

"No, no! I do not complain! I am not one who complains. It is nothing whatever to me if Kasheed Hassoun keeps a camel! I care not," cried Babu in Arabic.

"What's he talkin' about?" interrupted Burke. "I don't understand that sort of gibberish."

"He makes the complaint that this here Hassoun"—he indicated the tall man in the overcoat—"is violating Section 1093 d of the regulations by keeping a camel in his attic."

"Camel!" ejaculated the magistrate. "In his attic!"

Murphy nodded.

"It's there all right, judge!" he remarked. "I've seen it."

"Is that straight?" demanded His Honor. "How'd he get it up there? I didn't suppose——"

Suddenly Sardi Babu threw himself fawning upon Hassoun.

"Oh, Kasheed Hassoun, I swear to thee that I made no complaint. It is a falsification of the gendarme! And there was a boy—a red and yellow boy—who said he had seen thy camel's head above the roofs! I am thy friend!"

He twisted his writhing snakelike fingers together. Hassoun regarded him coldly.

"Thou knowest the fate of informers and provocateurs—of spies—thou infamous Turk!" he answered through his teeth.

"A Turk! A Turk!" shrieked Sardi Babu frantically, beating the breast of his blue blouse. "Thou callest me a Turk! Me, the godson of Sarkis Babu and of Elias Stephan whose fathers and grandfathers were Christians when thy family were worshipers of Mohammed. Blasphemy! Me, the godson of a bishop!"

"I also am godson of a bishop!" sneered Kasheed. "A properly anointed bishop! Without Tartar blood."

Sardi Babu grew purple.

"Pthat! I would spit upon the beard of such a bishop!" he shrieked, beside himself.

Hassoun slightly raised his eyebrows.

"Spit, then, infamous one—while thou art able!"

"Here, here!" growled Burke in disgust. "Keep 'em still, can't you? Now, what's all this about a camel?"

"That's the very scuttle, sir," asseverated Scraggs to the firm, as Tutt & Tutt, including Miss Wiggin, gazed down curiously out of their office windows at the penthouse upon the Washington Street roof which had been Willie's target of the day before. "I don't say," he continued by way of explanation, "that the camel stuck its head out because Willie hit the roof with the bottle—it was probably just a circumstance—but it looked that way.

"'Bing!' went the ink bottle on the scuttle; and then—pop!—out came the camel like a jack-in-the-box."

"What became of the camel?" inquired Miss Wiggin, cherishing a faint hope that—pop!—it might suddenly appear again in the same way.

"The police took it away last night—lowered it out of the window with a block and tackle," answered the scrivener. "A sort of breeches buoy."

"I've heard of camel's-hair shawl but not of camel's-hair breeches!" murmured Tutt. "I suppose if a camel wore pants—well, my imagination refuses to contemplate the spectacle! Where's Willie?"

"He hasn't been in at all this morning!" said Miss Wiggin. "I'll warrant——"

"What?" demanded Mr. Tutt suspiciously.

"——he's somewhere with that camel," she concluded.

(Continued on Page 148)

"Camel—Yer Aunt!" Sneered the Cop. "They Couldn't Get No Camel in There!"

Motor Trucks Solve Terminal Problem — By Edward Hungerford

"WE COULDN'T have done it," said my friend the builder of locomotives, "if it hadn't been for two things—teamwork and the motor truck." He was telling me in his modest way of the part that he had played in the building of the first standardized locomotives for wartime service upon our railroads. A most remarkable performance it was too—the designing and complete construction of a 160-ton, ten-wheeled Mikado freight puller within one hundred and twenty actual days by the calendar. Yet the design job of that engine of itself had been estimated at fifteen weeks. How it was done, how after all the general drawings and the blue prints had once been finished, Washington changed its mind entirely as to design, and all that vital part of the job had to be completely done over before the big engine shops could begin really to bend to their end of the task, is another story and not to be confounded with this. It is sufficient here and now to say that Baltimore and Ohio Number 4500, which went rolling into Uncle Sam's transportation service on July 4, 1918, was in turn a product of transportation. Her rear-frame cradle was cast in a great shop in St. Louis and made a record run to Philadelphia in a parlor car—oh, no, not of the Pullman variety, but of the sort generally used for that most blue-blooded of all four-footed folk—the thoroughbred horse. By fast freight and still faster express came the brake equipment, from Pittsburgh; the couplers, from Sharon, Pennsylvania; the journal boxes, from Rochester; the brake beams, from Buffalo; the fifteen-foot dry pipe, from Reading; and from Chicago many sorts of other tidy little things that go about the building of the modern locomotive; the headlight, the water gauge, the blower valve, the bell ringer—all that romance about the fireman ringing the bell is gone from railroading these days—and the boiler plugs.

Meeting War Needs

AND when the express service was clogged and not quite infallible, young men were sent out from the big Philadelphia shops with heavy bound suitcases and trunks, and they personally brought back the bacon—throttles and buffers and what not—sometimes as baggage and sometimes in sleeping-car sections at regular passenger and Pullman fares. But you couldn't bring the side frames of the tender trucks in a wardrobe trunk, not unless you had the muscle strength of the late Colossus of Rhodes. There were some tidy castings of this sort under way up in the hills of Western Pennsylvania, down by tidewater at Brooklyn, a few injector and lubricator parts that would have made a tidy handful for even the huskiest of football graduates. Yet to all of these points freight and express service was all but completely broken down—and yet the coming 4500 needing every bit of the stuff.

This is where the motor truck jumped into the breach and saved the reputation of the builder of locomotives. Across New Jersey on the Lincoln Highway; from Western Pennsylvania to Eastern, through the valleys of Kishacoquillas, the Lewistown Narrows, the Juniata and the Conemaugh, the big five-ton trucks sped at taxicab speed with their precious burdens, and so earned the frank commendation of a man who must more and more come to look upon them as transportation rivals of his own great enterprise.

I might cite you case after case of this sort—where this new-found commercial toy of ours jumped into the breach of wartime necessity and saved the day; gloriously, as the novelists always like to put it. We saw the day when that selfsame Lincoln Highway, not only from New York to Philadelphia but for several hundred miles farther west, was crowded with emergency-freight traffic of this sort. So were the other important highways, not only of New Jersey and Pennsylvania but of New York and Connecticut and Massachusetts and a half dozen other states as well, as the pleasure motorist of to-day picking his way round and past the holes and the ruts made by the wartime motor traffic very well knows.

In the flush of that traffic problem, many motor-freight routes were established. Some of them were planned elaborately. A tire maker, finding it next to impossible to get any prompt service to his branches and his patrons in New England, instituted a motor-truck service for the nine hundred odd miles over to Boston, laid down a schedule for the six-day trip, and then lived up to it, summer and winter, with a precision that few American freight or passenger trains have made for many and many a month past. Some enthusiasts, with this practical example as a test, let their fancies fly to the fullest extent. They shout for the long-distance hauls. In fact, it was said not more than a twelvemonth ago that four or five years would see regular motor-truck fast freights established from New York or Boston to points as far distant as Chicago or St. Louis or Kansas City.

To-day we know that these were under present conditions flights of fancy. The dozen or more through motor-truck routes established for the ninety-mile run between New York and Philadelphia have had a hard time of it. The same situation holds true elsewhere in the more congested sections of the land, particularly those sections subject to the ravages of hard wintertime. Railroad-freight service has begun to come back toward its old-time strength and vigor—and economy. A really good freight train will carry 3000 tons of commodities—with a working crew of six or seven men at the most. To carry the same bulk of merchandise in five-ton trucks would entail the services of 600 trucks—and at least 600 men. To which statement one of my friends, who is a real enthusiast in regard to motor trucks, takes vigorous exception.

"That isn't a fair comparison!" he sputters. "How about the other men who work the railroad—the dispatchers, the shop forces, the gangs of trackmen—all of them?"

And to which I reply: "How about the gangs that keep up the highway?"

The fact that the motor-truck operator does not directly pay the wages of these men does not mean that he—or someone else—does not pay them indirectly, through taxes. And garage and shop costs are quite as much a part of the cost of upkeep of the motor truck as of the locomotive.

The Limits of Competition

NO, I THINK that there is no use in trying to camouflage the fact that in long-distance haul the motor truck is no more efficient as a competitor of the railroad train than the railroad train is a competitor of the motor truck in the short haul. Read that over once again. Remember, then, that in the last fair analysis in the vast field and general opportunity of transportation there is a specific opportunity for each form of transport—the steam railroad, the electric railway, the inland waterway, the outbound ocean route, the highroad—even the airplanes. From such a broad and abstract statement come, if you will, to its translation into the concrete.

Old-time railroaders for years past have said that a freight car did not begin to make money until it had hauled its goods at least forty miles; to-day the modern generation of operators will come nearer to putting this figure at eighty miles. Up to a distance somewhere between these figures—and undoubtedly far nearer eighty than forty—the vast terminal charges of the American railroad nullify the profit of the haul itself. This is a principle of rail transportation so well understood by all competent authorities to-day as to be open to no dispute whatsoever.

On the other hand, the motor truck ceases to be a profitable competitor of the railroad at somewhere between forty and eighty miles—again probably nearer the latter than the former figure. Now put these two statements together—no, better still, let me put them together for you, with a practical and concrete illustration: Here is Blinks, out near Passaic, New Jersey, tanning leather; Jinks, who has a modest-sized shoe factory

Unloading Freight From Demountable Bodies on Outbound Platform

Loading Freight That is Trucked Direct From Cars Into Demountable Bodies

at Lynn, Massachusetts, using it. In other days the leather used to go through from Jersey to the Bay State in carload lots. But in the past three or four years this method has proved far too slow, even with the returning strength and freight efficiency of our railroads. It takes at least three different lines to encompass the distance between Passaic and Lynn—with both Boston and New York, through which the cars will probably pass, transfer junction points of fearful and almost constant congestion. Nor is the express much better. It, too, makes three railroad hauls and two transfers, in addition to six wagon or truck hauls, out of the job. And though the express company ought to be able to make the entire run inside of twenty-four hours, as a matter of actual and recorded fact it was rarely doing it in less than three days. Meanwhile both Blinks and Jinks swore excitedly and recriminated each other.

To-day the leather is leaving Blinks' tannery each afternoon at just three-fifteen and is rolling up to Jinks' factory in Lynn well before noon the next day—with an almost clocklike precision. Motor haul all the way? Oh, bless you, no! Two hundred and fifty miles to be covered, and—as this is being written, in the dead of winter—not only to be covered promptly but at a cost considerably less than express and not so far in advance of first-class freight charges. That eliminates the possibility of the motor truck doing the job—all the way through at least. But it does not eliminate the fact that it is the motor truck that has made the transformation possible. Now see what really is being done.

New York-Boston Overnight Freight

EACH evening at a quarter after seven a fast freight train of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad leaves the Mott Haven terminal of that system—in the upper section of New York—for Boston. With selected equipment it makes good time on the 232-mile run to Boston and pulls in there shortly before six o'clock in the morning. A hard-headed and long-visioned motor-truck concern in New York fills three box cars in that train each night; it began last December with but one, and at the present rate of progress will be using a solid train for itself before another December rolls round. Into that Mott Haven terminal it operates its own fleet of motor trucks, not only from all freight-giving points in the Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens and Bronx districts of Greater New York, but from the many industrial towns in the vicinage roundabout—up to a radius of thirty to forty miles.

Out of the Boston terminal of the New Haven it operates a similar fleet, and so makes the journey of a package of hides from Passaic to Lynn but a single rail haul—in addition to the pick-up and the delivery motor run. Simplicity and efficiency; and efficiency and economy.

In theory there would seemingly be nothing to prevent the express companies—or rather the single big express company into which all the others were combined as a wartime measure—from doing this same thing. In practice, however, their contracts with the railroads forbid this very simple and efficient method of working. Those contracts compel the express to load its freight into railroad baggage cars, for no matter how short the haul. If the American Railway Express takes two rolls of carpet from Fifth Avenue and Forty-seventh Street, New York, to Yonkers, on the very edge of the big town, hardly a dozen miles distant from the carpet store, it must lug them to the Grand Central terminal and put them in a baggage car of the New York Central for the haul to its depot in Yonkers; from which, of course, there is the second delivery run. There is nothing in the theory—or in its simple practice—to keep the truck that picked up the rolls of carpet at the Fifth Avenue shop from continuing north to the very door of the house in Park Hill or any other section of Yonkers to which they are consigned. In a similar way express freight that is destined from Manhattan Island to a point as near as Newark—seven or eight miles of rail haul—must all go by baggage car. Which, in its way, is quite as absurd as sending stuff all the way from New York to Chicago by motor truck.

Truck Leaving Station

Mounting the Detachable Body

Electric Hoists Lowering Body to Chassis

The big railroaders have not been quick to see the practical possibilities of the motor truck. Gradually, however, these are being forced upon their attention. Take Cincinnati. Perhaps you are not a shipper and so are not familiar with the freight situation there. If so, let me tell you that in the days before Uncle Sam attempted consolidation of all his railroads and the old-time competing systems used points of individual attractiveness to gain traffic the bright young men who sought out preference freight for their individual lines used, as the strongest of their talking points, to promise the elimination of Cincinnati for any shipment bound north or south or east or west through its vicinage. The late J. J. Hill used to say that it took as long and cost as much for a box car to go through the Chicago terminals—some twenty-two miles—as from Chicago to the Twin Cities—about 430 miles. Applying his statement to the Cincinnati terminals one might say that a journey on from the Queen City by the Ohio through to El Paso would be an equally fair comparison.

In Cincinnati

FOR whereas Chicago lies upon a broad, flat plain and presents no topographical problems whatsoever to the railroad engineer, Cincinnati, crouched under hills there along the river, has always been his despair. When Collis P. Huntington first conceived the idea of a real transcontinental railroad system forty or more years ago—and sought to bring his Chesapeake and Ohio, as an integral unit of that plan, into Cincinnati, he found the roads already there most hostile to his entrance. They held the town impregnable. Yet Huntington outwitted them by a superb *coup d'état* of engineering, in which he thrust a marvelous great bridge over the Ohio into the heart of the city and the upper levels of its Central Union Station.

To-day Cincinnati stands as it stood then—impregnable. Its railroad terminals forever are clotted and congested and seemingly are incapable of expansion—short of the expenditure of many millions of dollars. From one of these—the Panhandle freight house at the east end of the heart of the city—along the river edge to three or four others close together—the downtown stations of the Big Four, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Chesapeake and Ohio and the Queen and Crescent—is hardly more than a mile. A direct track along the levee connects all of them; yet the records show that the average time for a freight car to go from the first of these freight houses to any one of the last four is two days and fourteen hours. It was because of practical conditions such as these that a great deal of the transfer work of less-than-carload freight from one railroad to another through Cincinnati was performed by a transfer company through the city streets. The huge wagons of this concern, each drawn by horses or mules, the driver seated athwart the southwest horse or mule, used to be familiar sights in the narrow streets of the

(Continued on Page 173)

THE BOOK OF SUSAN

By Lee Wilson Dodd

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

IT DID not take Susan long to make it perfectly clear to Doctor Askew and me that she had waked from her trance to complete lucidity, showing no traces of any of the abnormal after effects we had both been dreading. Her first rather surprising words had been spoken just as she opened her eyes and before she had quite realized anything but my familiar presence beside her. They were soon followed by an entirely natural astonishment and confusion. What had happened? Where was she? She sat up in bed and stared about her, her eyes coming to rest on Doctor Askew's eager, observant face.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Doctor Askew," he replied quietly.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Blake. Mr. Hunt and I have been looking after you. Not that you've been much trouble," he smiled; "on the contrary. You've been fast asleep for more than twelve hours. We both envy you."

"Jimmy, She Means to Make New Haven Impossible for Me, and I've an Idea She's Likely to Succeed"

For a long two minutes she did not reply. Then: "Oh, yes," she said. "Oh, yes." Her chin began to quiver, she visibly shuddered through her whole slight frame and for an instant pressed her palms hard against her eyes. "Ambo," she murmured, "it was cruel—worse than anything. I got to the phone all right, didn't I? Yes, I remember that. I gave the message. But I knew I must go back to her. So much blood, Ambo. I'm a coward—oh, I'm a coward! But I tried, I did try to go back! Where did I go, Ambo?"

"You went to sleep like a sensible little woman!" struck in Doctor Askew briskly. "You'd done all you could, all anyone could—so you went to sleep. I wish more women under such circumstances would follow your example! Much better than going all to pieces and making a scene!"

Susan could not respond to his encouraging smile. "To sleep!" she sighed miserably; "just as I did—once before. What a coward I am! When awful things happen I dodge them—I run away."

"Nonsense, dear. You knew Gertrude was beyond helping, didn't you?"

"Yes; but if she hadn't been?" She shook her head impatiently. "You're both trying to be kind; but you won't be able to make me forgive myself—not this time. I don't rise to a crisis—I slump. Artemis wouldn't have; nor Gertrude. You know that's true, Ambo. Even if I could do nothing for her—there were others to think of. There was you. I ought to have been helping you, not you me." She put out her hand to me. "You've done everything for me always—and I make no return. Now, when I might have, I—I've been a quitter!"

Tears of shame and self-reproach poured from her eyes.

"Oh," she cried out with a sort of fierce disgust, "how I hate a coward! How I hate myself!"

"Come, come!" protested Doctor Askew. "This won't do, little lady!" He laid a firm hand on her shoulder and almost roughly shook it, as if she had been a boy. "If you're equal to it I suggest you get up and wash your face in good cold water. Do your hair too—put yourself to rights! Things never look quite normal to a woman, you know, when her hair's tumbling!" His hand slipped from her shoulder to her upper arm; he drew the coverlet from her and helped her to rise. "All right? Feel your pins under you?—Fine! Need a maid? No? . . . Splendid! Come along, Mr. Hunt, we'll wait for the little lady in the drawing-room. She'll soon pull herself together."

He joined me and walked with me to the door. Susan had not moved as yet from the bedside.

"Ambo," she demanded unexpectedly, "does Sister know?"

"Yes, dear."

"Why isn't she with me then? Is her cold worse?"

"Rather, I'm afraid. I've sent a doctor to her, with instructions to keep her in bed if possible. We'll go right down when you're ready and feel up to it."

"Why didn't I stay with her, Ambo? I should have. If I had, all this wouldn't have happened. It was pure selfishness, my coming here to see Mrs. Arthur. I simply wanted the cheap satisfaction of telling her—oh, no matter! I'll be ready in five minutes, or less."

"Ah," laughed Doctor Askew, "then we know just what to expect! I'll order my car round for you in half an hour."

Phil and Jimmy arrived in town that afternoon and I met them at a hotel, where the three of us took rooms, with a sitting room, for the night. I told them everything that had occurred as fully as I could, with one exception: I did not speak of those first three pages automatically scribbled by Susan's hand. Nor did I mention my impression—which was rapidly becoming a fixed idea—that my love for her had darkened her life. This was my private problem, my private desolation. It would be my private duty to free Susan's spirit from this intolerable strain. No one could help me here, not even Susan. In all that most mattered to me, my isolation must from now on be complete.

All else I told them, not omitting my vision—the whole wild story. And finally I had now to add to my devil's list a new misfortune. We had found poor Miss Goucher's condition much more serious than I had supposed. Doctor Askew had taken us down in his car, and we were met in the nondescript lower hall of the boarding house by his friend Doctor Carl—the doctor whom I had sent to Miss Goucher on his advice. Miss Goucher's heavy chest cold, he at once informed us, had taken a graver turn; double pneumonia had declared itself.

Her fever was high and she had lately grown delirious; he had put a trained nurse in charge. The crisis of the disease would probably be passed during the next twelve hours; he was doing everything possible; he hoped for the best.

Susan, very white, motionless, had heard him out. "If Sister dies," she had said quietly when he ended, "I shall have killed her." Then she had run swiftly up the stairs and the two doctors had followed her. I had remained below and had not again seen her; but Doctor Askew had returned within ten minutes, shaking his head.

"No one can say what will happen," I had finally wrested from him. "One way or the other now, it's the flip of a coin. Carl's doing his best—that is, nothing, since there's nothing to do. I've warned him to keep an eye on the little lady. I'll look in again after dinner. Good-by. Better find a room and get some sleep if you can."

There was little doubt that Miss Goucher's turn for the worse had come as the result of Susan's disturbing all-night absence. Susan had made her comfortable and left her in bed, promising to be home before twelve. Miss Goucher had fallen asleep about eleven and had not waked until two. The light she had left for Susan had not been switched off, and Susan's bed, which stood beside her own, was unoccupied. Feverish from her bronchial cold, she was at once greatly alarmed, and sprang from her bed to go into the sitting room, half hoping to find Susan there and scold her a little for remaining up so late over her work. She did not even stop to put on a dressing gown or find her slippers. All this Susan later learned from her red-eyed landlady, Miss O'Neill, whose own bedroom, as it happened, was just beside their own. Miss O'Neill, a meritorious if tiresome spinster of no particular age, had at last been waked from heavy and well-earned sleep by persistent knocking at her door. She had found Miss Goucher standing in the unheated, drafty hall, barefooted, in her nightgown, her cheeks flushed with mounting fever while her teeth chattered with cold.

Like a sensible woman she had hurried her instantly back to bed, and would have gone at once for a hot-water bottle if Miss Goucher had not insisted upon a hearing. Miss O'Neill was abjectly fond of Miss Goucher, who had the rare gift of listening to voluble commonplace without impatience, a form of sympathy so rare and so flattering to Miss O'Neill's so often bruised self-esteem that she would gladly, had there been any necessity, have carried Miss Goucher rent-free for the mere spiritual solace of pouring out her not very romantic troubles to her. She had taken, Susan felt, an almost voluptuous pleasure in this, her one opportunity to do something for Miss Goucher. She had telephoned Gertrude's apartment for her: "No matter if it is late! I won't have you upset like this for nobody! They've got to answer!" And she had talked with some man—"and I didn't like his tone neither"—who had asked her some rather odd questions and had then told her Miss Blake was O. K., not to worry about Miss Blake; she'd had a fainting spell and been put to bed; she'd be all right in the morning; sure; well, he was the doctor, he guessed he ought to know! "Queer kind of doctor for a lady," Miss O'Neill had opined; "he

sounded more like a mick!" A shrewd guess, for he was no doubt one of Conlon's trusties.

Miss Goucher had then insisted that she was going to dress and go up at once to Susan, and had even begun her preparations in spite of every protest, when she was seized with so stabbing a pain in her chest that she could only collapse, groaning, on the bed and let Miss O'Neill minister to her as best she might with water bottles and a mustard plaster borrowed from Number Twelve.

By the time I had tardily remembered to telephone Miss Goucher, it was almost nine A. M.; and it was Miss O'Neill who had answered the call, received my assurances of Susan's well-being, and informed me in turn that poor Miss Goucher was good and sick and no mistake, let alone worrying, and should she send for a doctor? She was a Scientist herself, though she'd tried a mustard plaster, anyway, always liking to be on the safe side, but Miss Goucher wasn't, and so maybe she ought. At this point I had naturally taken charge.

And it was at this point in my long, often interrupted relation to Phil and Jimmy, that Phil took charge.

"You're going to bed, Hunt—and you're going now! There's absolutely nothing further you can do this evening, and if anything turns up Jimmy or I can attend to it. You've been living on your nerves all day and you show it. Too plainly. We don't want another patient to-morrow. Run out and get some veronal powders, Jimmy. Thanks. No protests, old man. You're going to bed!"

I went; and drugged with veronal I slept—slept dreamlessly—for thirteen hours. When I woke, a little past nine, Jimmy was standing beside me.

"Good morning, Mr. Hunt. You look rested up some! How about breakfast?" His greeting went through all the sounds and motions of cheerfulness, but it was counterfeit coin. There was something too obviously wrong with Jimmy's ordinarily fresh, healthy-boy face; it had gone sallow and looked pincushiony round the eyes. I stared at him dully, but could not recall anything that might account for this alteration. Only very gradually a faint sense of discomfort began to pervade my consciousness. Hadn't something happened — once — something rather sad—and rather horrible? When was it? Where was I? And then the full gust of recollection came like a stiff physical blow over my heart. I sat up with a sharp gasp for breath.

"Well!" I demanded. "Miss Goucher! How is she?"

"She's dead, sir," answered Jimmy, turning away.

"And "

"She's wonderful!" answered Jimmy.

He had not needed Susan's name.

Yes, in a sense, Jimmy was right. He was not a boy to look far beneath the surface effects of life, and throughout the following weeks Susan's surface effect was indeed wonderful. Apparently she stood up to her grief and mastered it, developing an outer stillness, a quietude strangely disquieting to Phil and to me. Gentleness itself in word and deed, for the first time since we had known her she became spiritually reticent, holding from us her deeper thoughts. It was as if she had secretly determined—God knows from what pressure of lonely sorrow—to conventionalize her life, to present the world hereafter nothing but an even surface of unobtrusive conformity. This, we feared, was hereafter to be her wounded soul's protection, her Chinese Wall. It had not somehow the feel of a passing mood; it had rather the feel of a permanent decision or renunciation. And it troubled our hearts.

I spare you Gertrude's funeral, and Miss Goucher's. The latter, held in a small, depressingly official mortuary chapel provided—at a price—by the undertaker, was attended only by Phil, Jimmy, Susan, Sonia, Miss O'Neill and me. Oh—there was also the Episcopal clergyman whom I provided. He read the burial service professionally, but well; it is difficult to read it badly. There are a few sequences of words that really are foolproof, carrying their own atmosphere and dignity with them.

Phil and I, at Susan's request, had examined Miss Goucher's effects and had made certain inquiries. She had been for many years, we found, entirely alone in the world—a phrase often, but seldom accurately, used. It is a rare thing, happily, to discover a human being who is absolutely the last member of his or her family line; in Miss Goucher's case this aloneness was complete. But so far as her nonexistent ancestors were concerned, Miss Goucher, we ascertained, had every qualification necessary for a D. A. R.; forebears of hers had lived for generations in an old homestead near Poughkeepsie, and the original Ithiel Goucher had fought as a young officer under Washington. From soldiering, the Gouchers had passed on to farming, to saving souls, to school-teaching, to patent-medicine peddling, and finally to drink and drugs and general desuetude. Miss Goucher herself had been a last flare-up of the primitive family virtues, and with her they were now extinct.

All this we learned from her papers and from an old lady in Poughkeepsie who remembered her grandfather, and so presumably her mother and father as well—though in reply to my letter of inquiry she forbore to mention them. They were mentioned several times in letters and legal documents preserved by Miss Goucher, but—except to say that they both died before she was sixteen—I shall follow the example of the old lady in Poughkeepsie. She, I feel, and the Roman poet long before her, had what Jimmy calls the right idea.

Miss Goucher, always methodical, left a brief and characteristic will: "To Susan Blake, ward of Ambrose Hunt, Esq., of New Haven, Conn., and to her heirs and assigns forever, I leave what little personal property I possess. She has been to me more than a daughter. I desire to be cremated, believing that to be the cleanest and least troublesome method of disposing of the dead."

That, with the proper legal additions, was all. Her desire was of course respected, and I had a small earthenware jar containing her ashes placed in my own family vault. On this jar Susan had had the following words inscribed:

MALVINA GOUCHER
A GENTLE WOMAN

xxx

ON ONE point Susan was from the first determined: Miss Goucher's death should make no difference in her struggle for independence; she would go on as she had begun, and fight things through to a finish alone. Neither Phil nor I could persuade her to take even a few days for a complete change of scene, a period of rest and recuperation. Simply, she would not. She settled down at once to work harder than ever, turning out quotable paragraphs for Whim, as daring as they were sprightly, and she resolutely kept her black hours of loneliness to herself. That she had many such hours I then suspected and now know, but on my frequent visits to New York—I had been appointed administrator of Miss Goucher's more than modest estate—she ignored them, and skillfully turned all my inquiries aside. These weeks following on Miss Goucher's death were for many reasons the unhappiest of my life. Never since I had known Susan, never until now, had our minds met otherwise than candidly and freely. Now, through no crying fault on either side—unless through a lack of imagination on mine—barriers were getting piled up between us, barriers composed of the subtlest, yet stubbornest misunderstandings. Our occasional hours together soon became a drab tissue of evasions and cross purposes and suppressed desires. Only frankness can serve me here or make plain all that was secretly at work to deform the natural development of our lives.

There are plays—we have all attended them to our indignation—in which some unhappy train of events seems to have been irrationally forced upon his puppets by the author; if he would only let them speak out freely and sensibly all their needless difficulties would vanish! Such plays infuriate the public and are never successful.

"Good Lord!" we exclaim. "Why didn't she say she loved him in the first place?"—or, "If he had only told her his reasons for leaving home that night!"

We, the enlightened public, feel that in the shoes of either the hero or the heroine we must have acted more wisely, and we refuse our sympathy to misfortunes that need never have occurred. Our reaction is perhaps inevitable and aesthetically justified; but I am wondering—I am wondering whether two-thirds of the unhappiness of most mortals is not due to their failure clearly to read another's thoughts or clearly to reveal their own? Is not half, at least, of the misery in our hearts born of futile misunderstandings, misunderstandings with which any sane onlooker in full possession of the facts on both sides can have little patience, since he instinctively feels they ought never to have taken place? But it is only in the theater that we find such an onlooker, the audience, miraculously in possession of the facts on both sides. In active life we are doing pretty well if we can partly understand our own motives; we are supermen if we divine the concealed genuine motives of another. Certainly, at this period,

"But It's a Real Lady She Went Away With! That I Can Swear to You With My Own Eyes!"

(Continued on Page 75)

THE FATE MAKERS

It Was of a Wednesday Evening That Peggy Wrote Her Glad News in Formal Phrases, Guarding Each Written Word Jealously for Fear It Might Betray Her

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VI

THE dog, MacNab, sat with the dinner pail in his mouth and turned his sad Irish eyes from John Israel Benson third to Peggy Willing. It was well that some creature, some presence was there with understanding and the grace of Nature, for such a meeting should not go unblessed. True, there was the sun which so generously sheds its benediction upon all budding love in life, but there ought to have been sweet music and the perfume of flowers. For once in every human life that attains maturity comes the perfect meeting with another soul. And when this occurs no setting is good enough for it. And this was such a one. The rough brown dog saw and knew and yearned over it, and mercifully told nobody—which is the chief advantage of such a confidant.

And after an unconscionably long look Benson spoke, but not as he thought. "There is a telephone at the gate," was what he said. "In here."

The gatekeeper, a successive cripple to old Desmond, stood aside while she spoke to the chauffeur, and then she came back to Benson, who had taken the pail from the dog. The workers were passing in unsavory streams, their faces relaxed.

"Thank you!" she said for the second time. Then she hesitated and spoke again. "Don't I know you?" she asked.

He smiled his slow grave smile.

"Is it likely?" he asked with an expressive gesture which indicated not only his clothing but his status.

"Why not?" she said more boldly. "Something about you—now that you speak again ——"

"I wish it were so," he said quite simply.

"Perhaps I imagine it," she persisted. "The mill has set my brain afire. Everything seems different from before I went through. And now I am to come every day. God grant that my vision of it does not grow clouded!"

She spoke earnestly, half forgetful that he heard her.

"What are you coming for?" he asked quickly. Perhaps she was a stenographer.

"Welfare work," she told him, her eyes returning to his. "Mr. Felde has given me permission."

He laughed unpleasantly.

"It's not charity but coöperation that the worker needs," he said. "If you'd try to unionize them you might accomplish something, but charity—bah! You'll get nowhere; nor deserve to."

She looked so startled at his vehemence that he relented and collected himself.

"Forgive me!" he said, smiling once more. "I forgot. You see I talk to the men that way. They don't get fair play here, and that's the truth of it. And I've talked myself hoarse to them. But they are afraid to organize. I feel bitterly about it, though God knows I have ample cause to fear the wrong sort of organized labor. It killed my father."

"How terrible!" she said softly. "Was it here in the mill?"

"No—in Walltown, New Jersey," he told her. "He was a shipbuilder."

She gave a little cry and came closer.

"I knew it!" she said. "Even the dog! Of course—the apple orchard in full bloom and you sitting on the little trunk. You wouldn't even say good-by to me!"

"Not little Peggy Willing?" he said with incredulous happy certainty.

And then the gateman had an entertaining five minutes.

"Seemed's if they never was goin' to let go shakin' hands!" he told his wife that night.

And that was how the necessary woman came into Benson's life. That old Anna's daughter had married far above her he had vaguely remembered. And he was aware, of course, that Senator Willing and the mill owner were closely allied. But the connection between these people had never crossed his mind. Indeed his knowledge of the background from which the fairy princess of his boyhood had occasionally emerged to play with him in the orchard had been extremely vague. And now she reappeared to fill his working days with glimpses of heaven, his nights with long dreams of sweet despair.

For Peggy held Felde to his word, and presently there bloomed amid the waste of the mill yards a tennis court that nobody used, a luncheon room that was sparingly and critically patronized, and a rest room that was practically deserted save by its courageous little presiding angel, who came day after day and occasionally found excuses for consulting Benson on one matter or another.

His attitude was reserved. His workingman's clothing, his calloused hands were curious psychological barriers between them, to his mind at least. He wished for perhaps the first time that his heritage had remained his, intact, and thanked fortune that his speech was uncontaminated. He had been a workingman, heart and soul, until he met Peggy, casting to the winds his tradition of gentility as something inimical to the growth of democracy, and pledging himself whole-heartedly to the cause of labor as the only salvation for the world. And now he began to doubt. Could so lovely, so gentle and so genuine a thing as Peggy Willing be the product of an evil caste?

It was arrant nonsense to suppose so! At the first glimmering understanding of the age-long problem of inequality she had charged into the struggle—ignorantly, perhaps, but with an intention that was above question. Had she known sooner she would have come to her undirected effort at socialization before. And there must be men, many men, at the top of things whose ignorance was as great, whose hearts were as good. If they knew of an injustice they would right it.

In simple language, this was what John Israel began to preach in flowery terms at his evening meetings. It was a question of labor and capital getting together and talking it over, he told his audiences; at present one was as blind as the other.

"They don't know our needs, and we don't know their reasons!" he said. "And honest talk would save many a bitter strike."

But to Peggy he was dumb; at least in the beginning. She wrung bald statements from him at times when she sought his advice and suggestion concerning her work at the mill. To do this it was necessary to waylay him at the gate at noon, for his pride and his hopeless, fast-developing love for her forbade his throwing himself in her way.

"They won't come to the rest room at all!" she complained. "And they are horrid about the lunches, which I am sure are very good, and which we are serving at a loss!"

"That's just it!" he said. "People never want what is given to them. They value only those things which they attain for themselves."

And another time—"I come here and play for them," she said. "I superintend the lunch room myself—and they are rude to me; or patronizing. Yet I do try to be democratic."

"But you are practically forcing them to take what you offer," he protested. "That is not democracy, Miss Willing."

"What is democracy, then?" she demanded.

"Democracy," he answered slowly, "is the willingness of the peoples of the earth to grant each other those liberties which they demand for themselves."

"I see," she said. "And equality of opportunity, of course. But don't they get it anyhow—in America at least? Isn't it just a question of ability? If a man has superior brains or genius he can always get an opportunity, and then the rest lies with himself."

Benson gave a bitter little laugh.

"Does he always get that chance?" he asked. "I don't believe it. Why, Miss Willing, I've got a device that might make me rich, and what good does it do me? None! Why? Because I have no money. I dare not trust a cheap lawyer, I have repeatedly failed to gain access to the sort of rich man I could trust, and the world, I do seriously believe, is the poorer, no less than myself, because of this condition."

"Why don't you take it to the owner, Mr. Felde?" said Peggy.

"For two reasons," replied Benson. "In the first place Herman Felde makes a steadfast practice of refusing to interview workmen. He is afraid the union people will get to him. And in the second place I have no reason to trust him!"

"And no reason not to!" cried Peggy. "Why, Mr. Felde is a radical—a far more revolutionary person than you are. He believes in universal brotherhood. And as for trusting him—he is my father's closest friend."

"And I am one of his workers," replied John Israel.

"And one of my friends!" said Peggy warmly. "Won't you tell me what it is and let me speak to my father about it? Then you could meet him, and if it's good I'm sure he and Uncle Herman will finance it. Why, Uncle Herman's always looking for ability—the trouble is he so seldom

finds it! If you and he once got together everything would be plain sailing!"

"That's a quotation from me, Miss Willing," said Benson, smiling. "You have caught me with my own phrase. But it is mighty kind of you."

"What have you invented? Is it for the mill?"

"No," he told her. "That's one trouble. You see the thing is more or less theoretical because I have not had any actual experience. But do you recall that my father had an engine control for the landing of boats? Well, I believe that my device, which is based upon it, will solve the problem of landing dirigibles."

"Balloons?" she asked doubtfully. "That does not seem very commercial, does it?"

"Not yet, perhaps," he said. "But some day our commerce will be carried on through the air. Already anticipatory laws are being drafted for it, you know. And the nation that solves the landing problem for the big fellows will get the jump on the rest of the world. I—well, I want this country to get it, of course. Germany will try because she invented the big balloons. But times have changed. I'd like to see them called Bensons instead of Zepps, and land 'em with my control."

"It's a tremendous dream!" she said. "Great fleets of airships carrying cargoes. Why, the possibilities make one dizzy. Oh, do let me speak to daddy! I know you were not—that you didn't like his stand on the war, but this is different. Peace and commerce and the closer relationship of the nations of the world. That is the very thing he has been wanting. Do let me?"

"I am grateful if you will," said Benson, seeing nothing but her eyes, a vision which obsessed him long after her departure and for many hours superseded his dream of supremacy of the air. For love at its worst has a strange power to dwarf the mightiest affairs of state, and love given a glimpse of consummation wipes out all lesser realities. And now for the first time since she had reëntered his life John Israel saw a gleam of light ahead. If he put over his invention he would no longer be forced to avoid her. He would have distinction, money perhaps, at least enough to make it fair to win her if he could.

Even the dreadful condition in which he found Billy Schwartz, his alternate, that afternoon could not dampen his spirits. The boy had an argument with Sullinski, the manager, as he punched the time clock coming on duty, and Benson knew it was the drug again.

"Watch out, old scout!" he said not untenderly as he surrendered the big crane. "Been hitting her a little hard, Billy! This is the second time running. Sullinski will get wise—and then, good night job!"

"Go to hell!" muttered Schwartz. "I'm all right! Leave me be!"

And Benson went away whistling, though for the hundredth time he made a mental note that it was a damn shame to work the boy twelve hours. When he, Benson, came into power, if such were ever his fortune, things would be different where he had the say. But before the street was reached his tune, the gay company of MacNab, who frisked outrageously for his years, and the thought of Peggy obliterated everything else. And so a haze of good portent for days to come.

As for Peggy Willing, she left the mill early that afternoon, determined to catch her father before he went out to dinner. He was to dine with Felde, she knew, and attend some meeting later, and her promise to Benson would not wait. But when she let herself into the wide hall her father had evidently not yet returned from his office. On the stand, however, lay fair warning of a visitor in the shape of an elegant soft hat, yellow gloves and a Malacca stick, and for the first time Peggy failed to respond to that sign with a joyful shout of greeting. Instead, she hesitated before entering the drawing-room. She took a tentative look between the portières.

Sure enough, it was Ted Aigne. He sat upon the deep sofa, a bull terrier between his knees, a figure of extreme slender length clad with elegance. He was the perfect pattern of the harmless idler, from the tips of his miniature mustache to the toes of his English shoes. But for all that he was a manly young fellow with masculine graces, and his two years in the aviation service had written character into his face, though he had not succeeded in getting overseas. A week ago he had received his discharge and come West with his uncle, Senator Haig, who lived across the river, from which stronghold he had given Willing many a tussle since the sinking of the Lusitania. But despite the political differences of their seniors these two, Peggy and Ted, had remained warm friends. Haig was the only blood relative of the young New York millionaire and the boy was devoted to him. All his holidays had been spent in Muxton, and now after the long period of the war he was back once more.

As he arose to greet Peggy there was little in him to recall the first American Aigne—who had deserted his post as foreman to John Israel Benson the first in order to take up the building of steam-run vessels. The grandfather had been shrewd but common. The grandson bore the appearance of a thousand years of leisured ancestry. The melting pot had done its miracle once more, and the land of opportunity proved its reputation. In no other country in the world could this thing have happened with such perfect success—the grandson of a laborer with brains and ability was an aristocrat to the point of utter unconsciousness of the fact.

Not that Peggy thought of this. What she saw was a good-looking young man who wanted to marry her, and whom, until a few weeks ago, she had expected eventually to accept. Now something had unsettled her. The encounter with Benson and his ideas about life made her prone to criticize. Her own vision was refocused. Teddy Aigne was still in every way desirable. He was rich, smart, attractive, free to go about with her. And yet something was wrong.

"I thought you'd never get back!" he said. "Still down at that dirty mill every day? I say, old dear, what do you stick it for?"

"I don't know, Ted," she confessed, dropping into a chair with a tired gesture and refusing the cigarette he offered. "I don't smoke, thanks."

"You look fearfully fagged out!" he said, seating himself upon the arm of her chair and looking down at her tenderly. "Why don't you cut it out, Peggy? It's only a nervous outlet at best, you know. I hate to think of you being there!" *(Continued on Page 133)*

What She Saw Was a Good-Looking Young Man Who Wanted to Marry Her, and Whom, Until a Few Weeks Ago, She Had Expected Eventually to Accept

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 5, 1920

More Pay for Less Work

HAS a miracle been wrought that men can work less energetically and for shorter hours than before the war, thereby earning more pay and at the same time enjoying more of the comforts and luxuries of life? Nor does the marvel stop even at this. Not only do men insist upon easier work, shorter hours, more pay and more of the good things of life but they become indignant if the price of these goods goes up. If less is produced and more is consumed it would seem as if the rise in prices becomes as inevitable as the force of gravity.

Superficially at least it looks as if a large part of the world had shifted its faith from work to perpetual-motion theories, from a belief that goods may be had only by creating them to a vague idea that the way to satisfy wants is to issue more money. How long can we prosper by pulling ourselves up by the boot straps rather than by means of labor, machinery and management? Surely this change in attitude must be only superficial. Surely every man who loafs on the job knows, whether he cares to admit it or not, that he is contributing his little bit toward high prices and fewer comforts for everybody.

It has been said that the world's wants to-day are both positive and negative. People have been educated to want more than ever before, and they seem to have been educated to work less for what they want than ever before. But mankind has not suddenly become crazy, though the signs are at times rather discouraging. The one hopeless view, the one utterly desperate and dangerous belief is that labor or that people in general have really lost their stock of common sense and native wisdom. It has been impaired by the war, no doubt, but we must not, we cannot believe that it has gone.

We need perspective, many years of it, to see this whole question of lessened production, slackness and lack of interest in work. During the war there was tremendous urging in the industrial world to speed up. It equaled the force behind the Liberty Loans and other great drives. The man who stood at a machine in a factory was subjected to just as much argument to increase his output as the prospective investor was under to purchase bonds. It was a great pressure, an effort working toward a unity that has been described as far too perfect. Production in some cases was increased thousands of per cent. There was the same terrific exertion in every country—in Germany, France, England, America. No people could be ready for or equal to such a strain. Of course we are having the reaction, the relaxed tension of overworked morale. Every country attempted too much and it is paying the price to-day.

Indifference, shirking and criminal extravagance were bound to follow such a period. It is not strange that the spirit of satisfaction in doing a thing well should give place to a universal desire to be on the make. The feelings and opinions of peoples go in waves. The war saw an extreme of work and sacrifice. Now we are having an extreme of slackness and selfishness. But the very cause of this condition being temporary furnishes hope of improvement. Present conditions will not last.

It is said that the workingman has lost pride in his job, that the demand for his services makes him feel that anything is acceptable, that he no longer cares about giving an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. To a considerable extent this is no doubt true. But the important thing is the cause or causes. Partly we have the natural relaxation already referred to. Laboring men are not the only ones infected with restlessness and discontent. The propensity to let down, to run riot in a sense, may be a little more marked at the moment with wage earners than among other groups, but it runs through all of them. In fact the finest little malcontents we have are not the manual laborers at all, but the so-called intelligentzia. Then, too, we have inefficient managers; far too many nonproducers in the form of unnecessary speculators and middlemen, not to mention profiteering employers and stockholders. Nor are all the professional and clerical people perfect, when it comes to work. We have slipshod and careless doctors, inaccurate and sensational writers, unprincipled lawyers, indifferent unambitious clerks.

The workingman is often stupid and shortsighted. The expectations of many of his leaders to-day are often absurd and outrageous. But so are the dreams of the business man who tries to make millions in a year, whereas before the war he was content with a relatively few thousands.

We have all got to come back to sanity, for we are all in the same boat.

Just as far as any group seizes the present opportunity to demand the moon it is sure before long to be disappointed. Holding up the world by the throat is a fatal process when the world is laboring and panting hard to keep itself alive. This applies to the hoglike business man who demands a hundred per cent profit, and it applies to the hoglike labor union which threatens a disastrous nation-wide strike every time its leaders can think of some petty technical detail to argue with the managers about. But on the other hand the wage earner through his leaders has the right to demand a greater continuity of employment than in the past. The worker who is insisting to-day upon more pay for less effort is right to the extent that management is remiss and inefficient.

It is all very well to say that increased production will eventually benefit all the workers. Such a statement is perfectly true, but it does not help the laborer the least little bit when he is forced to lay off. His immediate needs are much more important to him than prospective advantages to posterity. High wages are immediate benefits. Short hours and slack work spread the work thin. Increased production means vague, distant and uncertain benefits. The day laborer who works for a large corporation cannot usually see much advantage to him in a large output. So he says:

The day is long, the wage is small;
So lift your pick and let it fall.

Carried far enough, of course, the general desire for less work and more pay will finally leave the world starved and naked. The managers of industry have got to do their part by devising a more assured regularity of employment. They must learn how to prevent great shifts in the number of men they employ. If once they can do this with any reasonable measure of success then they can go to the leaders of labor and say:

"The greatest thing you have been fighting for has been accomplished. Men are not to be thrown out of work for a month or more through no fault of their own. We have done this for you. Now you must reciprocate. You must take some responsibility in production. You have no excuse any longer for encouraging the practice of soldiering on the job. Your immediate, aggressive, protective function is taken care of. Now you can think about workmanship, artisanship and production. We know perfectly well what is at the bottom of your indifference toward production, and what it is that obscures the clear perception of your followers that the production of each branch of industry must be kept up in order to supply the wants of the world. It is hostility to us, the employers. But now we come before you with clean hands."

Management and labor must both carry on in a different direction or the increased desires and decreased working energy of the world will get us into as much trouble as the most gloomy pessimist can imagine.

It is true, of course, that man cannot go on working less and enjoying more, certainly not to the extent which perhaps he has recently fallen in the way of. But just as the day's work before the war bought more bread, more shirts, more automobiles, more everything, than a day's work could buy a decade or a generation earlier, just so invention and discovery will continue to increase the world's rate of production as time goes on. The retiring president of a great university where scientific subjects are largely pursued recently suggested that a new source of energy in place of coal, upon which the industrial progress of the civilized world has hitherto been based, is a far more sure way of nourishment and prosperity than revolutionary socialism or communism.

The world's needs to-day are really too great to be supplied by human hands. Brains, machinery, science—these must continue to supply our wants. The age of steam in which we live is hardly a century old, and the wholesale method with which we produce goods is not a half century old. There is no reason to expect that invention or science has come to a dead stop, and unless the moral fiber has gone out of human nature for good and all, unless mankind has become utterly hopeless there is no reason for despair.

But perhaps it will be said that machinery has caused all the trouble, that the last century was one of machinery and this must be one of men. We hear that employers must think in terms of men and not of machines. But this does not mean there will be less machinery or less capital, which is almost another word for the same thing. It means only that human relations in industry must be adapted to the machine age.

Franklin K. Lane has said that the same qualities of mind that have been productive of the modern tool will produce the method by which men can be coördinated with a full measure of self-respect and under a real stimulus to produce in the plant where the tool is used. We cannot believe that either these qualities of mind or the moral character of the race has disappeared.

Roast Pig Taxation

A THOUGHTFUL reading of Charles Lamb's Dissertation upon Roast Pig is respectfully commended to any member of Congress who may still cherish lingering doubts as to the wisdom of an early repeal of the Excess Profits Tax. Charles Lamb's Chinese hero accidentally discovered that if little pigs are confined in a wooden house and the house is set on fire, roast pig will be one of the by-products of the conflagration. Not less momentous was the discovery that vast sums of money can be raised for governmental purposes by the imposition of excess profits taxes.

This form of taxation has had a full and fair trial. Enterprise has been penalized; big business and little business have been mulcted; and they in turn have taken heavy toll from the pockets of all who have pockets. The money collected and usefully spent for governmental purposes is largely a by-product of this waste.

Even China has adopted less ruinous methods of roasting pigs than Charles Lamb described; and it is time that Congress tried saner means for raising money. It is estimated that a one-per-cent tax on sales would more than compensate for the abolition of the Excess Profits Tax. Such taxation would be widely distributed and equitably applied. It would bear about the same relationship to the Excess Profits Tax that a heavy dew bears to a cloudburst.

SKIMBLE-SKAMBLE STUFF

By Samuel G. Blythe

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The Capitol

THE year nineteen hundred and twenty came in all merry and bright, with not more than half the world remaining bloodily at war, not more than three-quarters of the other half hungry, not more than seven-tenths of the producers nonproductive, and only three-quarters of the whole boiling broke. Since that joyous New Year's Day the entire outfit has proceeded precipitately from worse to more of it, until at the present time, with favorite sons popping up all over the place and the orators working three shifts a day and near-messiahs pointing to and preaching of the only way out, which invariably is the way out the one who grabs your ear prefers and not at all a concert of messiahing, but solo screeches from every ant hill; with more doughy theories in the national bakeshop and less loaves of tangible fact on the shelves it may be pertinent for some person to rise and inquire pointedly, What is it all about?

Proceeding verbigerously on our way, nobody knows where we are going or what is to be done if perchance we arrive somewhere—anywhere. This great nation of ours is entirely without terminal facilities, especially as to oratory. After spilling 7,300,000 words about the Peace Treaty, and cluttering the Congressional Record with 7,300,000 other words in the way of inserted speeches and writings from the vast congeries of windy arrangers outside the Senate, the Peace Treaty in these early days of February is exactly where it was last June, with President Wilson clamped to one idea and Senator Lodge to another, and the rest of the Senate running round in circles and bleating about what must be done to preserve the Republic.

Government by Conversation

FIFTEEN million words, roundly, without getting anywhere; fifteen hundred volumes of the thicker sort of talk—nothing else—and not very good talk at that, and no action. Small wonder that the great bulk of the American people move about in a daze, deafened by this clamorous cant and all the other clamors that rise in Washington and in every other center of population from coast to coast. On every side incessantly and raucously vocal pinheads shout at them to do this—do that—do the other—to avoid the rapids that are below us; and do nothing themselves except ballyhoo. We have now arrived at the stage in these United States where there are thousands of blathering barkers outside the national tent, and nothing on exhibition inside the tent. We listen to their ballyhoo, pay our money and find no performance going on inside.

One lot yammers, another lot yodels and another yawps, but that is the net result—the yammer, the yodel and the yawp. Here rises a distinguished financial authority and gives vent to the remedy, and following him a noted economist who points out that his is the panacea. Here comes a theorist who has a few little pet theories that wiggle weakly in his personal test tube and who thus concludes these theories must fuse in the great national crucible without knowing—or caring—whether they will or not. Here comes an archaic politician who sees nothing but calamity unless his partisanship prevails, and here is a Utopian who is sure that his say-so will make over human nature because he thinks it will, not because it will. We are engulfed in an ocean of talk, theory, foamy conclusion and platitudinous piffle. There isn't an authentic note in the vast and bellowing roar of it. We are talked to a torporous finish, deafened and dumbed and dazed by the incredibly numerous persons who operate on the tub-thumping hypothesis that the way to solve a problem is to make a speech about it, or about something else—always to make a speech or issue a statement or give an interview or write a letter or do something that utilizes words—words—words—and never anything that comprises action.

Take, for example, the high cost of living. It dawned on the oratorical piffle mongers last summer that living was high. To be sure, living had been high for a long time previously, but the orators were engaged in settling some other problem by means of hot air. When they got round to the high cost the yammer began, and it has been going on ever since, with newspaper headlines stating from time to time that because the Honorable Bill Bunk, of Hocuspocus, Humbug County, says prices must come down prices are coming down presently; but prices do not come down. Prices go up. All the tremendous resources of this great nation are to be employed to reduce the cost of eggs and meat, and shoes and clothes, but when there is a breathing spell and the noise has abated for a moment every citizen who goes to his grocery is made cognizant of the fact that when it was stated that all the resources of this great nation were to be employed to bring down prices what was meant was that all the oratorical administration resources were to be utilized.

How much more does a dollar buy now than last August? There has been talk enough to cause the shoe man to present every customer with a pair of shoes and pay him a bonus for taking them, but look over your latest shoe bill and your latest clothing bill and your latest grocery bill and your latest butcher bill and observe what the talksmiths have done for you. What they have done for themselves is easily apparent. They have plastered themselves into and across the mediums for publicity, attained public mention, which is the mainspring of this present scheme of government of ours, had their pictures and their predictions and promises embalmed in type and halftone, but where is the man who needs ham and eggs for breakfast occasionally getting his? Where? Ask him, and he'll tell you in language that cannot be printed in a great family journal. And he has sat up nights reading five hundred and seventy columns and ninety-three parasangs of speeches showing how the speaker intends to do something, which something has always turned out to be to break into the newspaper dispatches.

The Plague of Publicity Pests

WE READ about a shortage of paper. If paper ever gets scarce enough so the newspapers will be obliged to print the record of what has happened and omit the acres of guff by the orators telling what they think will happen and what they claim will happen if the people will only listen to their astounding and self-conceded wisdom and resounding counsel you will observe a blight fall on this oratorical orgy that will curl them up as a late frost curls the early lettuce. There wouldn't be any oratory if there was no publicity for the orators. Observe the lot of these has-beens and never-wases who issue statements as fast as the press agents can turn them out giving their views on public topics. What does the man who has to pay a dollar a pound for butter care whether the Honorable Clarence McGuffin approves or disapproves some presidential or congressional course? But they are spread before us day after day.

(Continued on Page 102)

ROUND OUR TOWN

By Emerson Hough

WE ARE not yet at peace, but we have forgotten the war. One year after the armistice we are busy at business; and making rather a bad mess of that also, so it would seem. Life cannot remember death. Nature invented ivy and leaf mold and forgetfulness to conceal scars, knowing her own business mighty well.

Of course, after a time we shall have perspective. In a few years we shall begin to have a real literature of the war, shall at last begin to appreciate its great things. Thus far the world, in or out of the firing line, has been unable to get any perspective of the war. Terms of a million men, alive or dead, mean nothing. Our best writers have not been able to send back any picture of the war. There has been no war. There has been a nightmare. We still struggle against it, trying to cast it off. No man ever has been able to describe a nightmare.

By evil fortune I was held back from my own opportunity to fail as largely as the next in the attempt to convey any real picture of the great world nightmare; but I believe that if I had had the good fortune of my chance to fail with the others who worked their hearts out at it I should have failed in another way. It always seemed to me that the hospitals, next to No Man's Land, would be better than the trenches, and that privates would be far better to talk to than generals and field marshals. I may be wrong—but that is the way I would have been wrong.

Whether we like it or not, the war is interthreaded with the peace; and we need perspective on our peace as much as we do on our war. Only a few large and shadowy conclusions exist just now about the war. We know that the returning Army is sick of all war, disgusted with this war. We begin to believe that Europe was rather sardonic in her opinion of us before the Versailles conference and during it. We begin to feel that any peace is good enough that will keep us out of any such mess in the future. And as to the personnel of the returning Army, we know what it thinks and what it wants. It thinks Aw, hell! and it wants to get out of uniform.

Thus far that is about all we have got out of this war—unless we except the chance to feed Europe indefinitely, to sob on the neck of erring Germany, to give Europe any loose change we have left, and to throw open our gates to all the dead broke who want to come over and have a hack at the well-known American standard of living.

Convalescent Men of the New York National Guard Division at the Fox Hills Base Hospital, Using Their Crutches Instead of Rifles for the Manual of Arms

General Wood's Statement

THIS war business has left a good many of us curious. What was it all about, and what do the fellows think of it? We well may be wholly incurious as to what the Bureau of Public Information thought about it, as to what the vast government history now a-compiling may think about it or as to what the editors and publishers who were sent over after the war to see the battlefields may publish about it later on in summing up and squaring up. I am coldly incurious as to those things, and believe that the average man is also. I don't care what authorities and heroes think, but I am mighty curious to know what the doughboy thinks, the fellow who is back home from the war.

I may be wrong—I usually am—but to my mind the real history of this war, or any war, can be written only from what its enlisted men may say about it. It makes much less difference what cabinet ministers and field marshals say. Draw a dozen lines from well-known spotlight points and work out your composite of forces—and you get a partial resultant. Draw a thousand, a million lines from all sorts of points—and your line of the resultant is sure to lead back into human nature and into the human heart.

Since conclusions were never so cocksure, and so handmade, and so abundant—and so useless—as they are and have been, since facts never have been so few and of so little value as they are to-day, it would seem to be a good bet to go out and comb a few first-hand facts out of the tangle of after-the-war affairs to-day. So I thought I would talk with all the returned soldiers I could find in our town.

Our city has received something like 125,000 returning soldiers, who went into the service from widely different ranks of life. As it was known that the military authorities have been identified with the work of rehabilitation in civil life of these men who came back home to join the ranks of the unemployed, inquiry was made at headquarters of the Central Department of the Army. Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, the commanding officer, was so good as to make a general statement as to this form of after-the-war activity.

"When in France I often was struck with the camaraderie between officers and their men. I have seen General Gouraud—an officer with only one arm, and with one leg shorter than the other—single out some man in the trenches who apparently was feeling down on his luck. Perhaps he would slap him on the shoulder and say, 'Old chap, keep up good heart—you know all this is depending on you! Your country has confidence in you!' It seemed to me that it was a good thing for the officer to feel in that way, and also for the soldier to feel, indeed, that the whole thing was depending on him.

"One time in this city—it was a wet, stormy day—I was coming out upon the avenue, with its usual parade of motor cars and with the sidewalks filled with well-dressed people. I overheard a remark from one of a little group of soldiers who did not know I was there. He said, 'Look at the show! No one cares about us now. We haven't a place to sleep to-night. Is this the bunch we fought the war for?'

"That chance remark certainly gave me much occasion for thought, as it should every American. I felt that everything possible ought to be done to prevent any such feeling among our returned soldiers. They ought to feel that to-day, even after the war, their officers do entertain for them a feeling of human sympathy and understanding, and that the people of America have not forgotten them."

Civil Morale

"AT FIRST the new soldier was perhaps irritated, then perhaps a little bit dazed at his new life. For a time perhaps he lost personal initiative. The actual fighting on the Front gave him back his initiative. Then after the armistice came the let-down—the men only wanted to get back home. When they did get back home they themselves were a little changed, and they found life and conditions also changed. There was a problem of very grave sort suggested by the chance remark of the service man standing on the street.

"In this city at that time a widely scattered form of war aid was in existence, but it seemed that it might be better organized and put on a better and more systematic footing, so that time and money might be saved and duplication of effort avoided. With the aid of Col. Halstead Dorey, who acted as executive secretary, assisted by Lieut. Col. John S. Bonner, representatives of the various great war-work societies and of organized labor, we merged the work of all the welfare societies into a bureau for the soldiers, sailors and marines. In this work we had the cordial aid of the Association of Commerce and of many able business men. A powerful organization has grown out of this and the bureau now occupies six floors of an office building in this city and has a large personnel of excellent quality. Our plans, when perfected, received the keen attention of Assistant Secretary of War Col. Arthur Wood, who came out to us with a body of thirty-three picked officers, selected from all branches and representing the flower of our Army. These after studying the system employed in this central office were scattered to points all over the country to engage in similar work. Our own work went on so well here that we have had interested visitors from London and points all the way across to California. This interchange of ideas was beneficial on both sides.

"The bureau of soldiers, sailors and marines, made up of welfare bodies and civic associations, is identified also with the military and naval departments of the United States, and its handling is in the care of men of military training. A general meeting is held each month, which the commanding officer attends.

"What we want to do is to establish a good civil morale. We want to give back to these returned soldiers their confidence in their Government. We want them to feel that we can get for them the quickest sort of aid from Washington when that is needed, and indeed want to stand *in loco parentis* to them until they get settled down.

(Continued on Page 32)

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Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

"We circularize all the men in the hospitals, addressing each individually in an informal and pleasant way, and offering such aid as the man just discharged from the hospital is most apt to need—offering to help him get a job, help him find records lost in the confusion of the big job of straightening things after the war, help him take care of things which have been lost or overlooked or entangled in some way.

"We have married, divorced and buried soldiers, got them out of jail, got them jobs, got them clothing, looked after their war-risk insurance, their bonuses and their back pay—in short have done about everything we could to be of service to the service man. We want to give the returned man a real feeling of responsibility in the affairs of his country—the feeling that the old French general expressed when he said, 'This whole thing rests on you, my boy.' We want the returned soldier to get back his nerve and to feel that he has friends, and we want to get him where he can help himself.

"Since we opened this bureau we have placed 40,000 men in employment, more than ninety per cent of all who have asked for such aid. In this city there are about 3000 returned soldiers not yet employed. No industrial miracle has been wrought. Always there must be a fitting-in process. Some employers make the mistake of hiring service men on sympathy only, which is bad from both viewpoints. The process of proper adjustment of all these factors takes time. My official aids tell me that on an average four interviews are required for each man, so it would seem that there have been about 160,000 talks on a personal basis with these men who have come to the bureau. We have not considered any place where the pay was less than eighteen dollars a week. Sometimes we have secured a place paying as much as $6000 a year.

"To all these restless soldiers, some of them almost like children, morose and unsettled, not knowing what they want, we have tried to offer understanding and intelligent aid. The men sometimes offer the most widely different reasons for not wanting to go back home or to their old places in life. A soldier has been known to say that he has told a lie to his mother and is ashamed to go back home for that reason. We have to show that man that cowardice of any kind is bad for him and bad for everything. We try always to reach the manhood in a man. It is personal understanding which is offered rather than any maudlin sympathy or any undue amount of praise for a duty done. For the kind of a man slangily known as a 'regular fellow' there is available from his officers a genuine interest and concern, amounting almost to affection, which will attach all through his civil life. The Army has had to be an army, but the Army does not forget. Pluck and a disposition to win are the qualities which make good everywhere. We look for these in the returned soldier."

Cupid's Busy Evening

"TO REPEAT, no miracle has been done, just a great amount of hard and faithful work by the personnel of this bureau. Not more than half the service men got their old jobs back. It was hard for our men to face the changed America which they found on their return. Prices for everything were doubled, and many of these young men, just starting out in life, found it doubly hard now to start all over again on their return from overseas. My associates have secured more than 5000 bonuses for returned men, have looked after insurance, Liberty Bond purchases, allotments, back pay, lost discharge papers, all sorts of things—the bureau has spent on an average more than $600 a day for clothing alone.

"Meals, lodging and other accommodations have been furnished—a medical emergency department, for instance, has been maintained. In midsummer those registered for employment would sometimes amount to 2000 in a week, but this number had dropped to something like 400 a week toward the close of last November.

"Governor Lowden was so good as to issue a special proclamation establishing December first as Job Census Day. This proclamation was sent out to the commercial associations all over the state. With the governor's proclamation we used a system of follow-up letters, in which work we were helped generously by large business concerns. This, together with the coal strike, brought in for one week 4246 applications, a total of more than 10,000 for the month of last December.

"Unsettled labor and industrial conditions have made all this work more difficult, but the bureau aids have stuck to their work, and all the great civic organizations of this portion of the country have united in this endeavor to teach the returned soldier that indeed this whole thing depends on him.

"We know that these men will give as good account of themselves in civil life as they did in the field. Nothing beat them there and nothing can beat them here. We cannot do miracles, but we can be of service.

"In only one instance, it is believed, have our efforts been met with resentment or disapproval on the part of the public. It is true that the telephone company practically has forbidden us the freedom of its offices. On one occasion we invited some 200 telephone girls out to a dance given for returned army and navy men. About 200 of these young ladies, or practically 100 per cent, were married as a result of that ball, and hence left their jobs at the telephone company, where they were much needed. If this would seem to indicate any overefficiency on the part of the bureau it should be charged only to the zeal of the conducting personnel.

"We hope and believe that the American soldier soon will begin to lessen his protests over his experiences in the Army and that eventually he will feel entirely assured that the people of this country were worth fighting for. That remark of the returned soldier on the avenue, who stood looking at the passing throngs, always has remained deep in my own mind as a matter of concern. Out of that remark this bureau grew. It is only a stepping-stone from soldier to civilian."

There has always been distinction about army life, because the tests for admission are hard. The life in large part has to be its own reward, and for many or all the best men of the Regular Army there is something in it which money cannot buy, some sort of feeling of service or of patriotism of which army men never speak. The pay, even with certain privileges and perquisites attendant, never has been high, and now it is not increased. This fact alone must create much dissatisfaction with the profession, which not all men, even in officers' uniform, can afford. In Washington I knew many majors who were paying more for their house rent alone than their pay came to, and many captains paid more for their hotel rooms than their monthly vouchers would cash—thanks to the gentle Washington profiteering artists, than whom no country ever produced better.

As not all officers have outside personal incomes to enable them to break even and live as an American officer ought to live, it seemed fair enough to ask what the army men themselves think and say about it. I talked with an officer in the morale section, a major of infantry, who offered some dispassionate facts perhaps not widely known on this very proposition:

"Over two thousand officers have resigned from the Regular Army since November, 1918. This represents twenty-six per cent of the officers of the coast artillery, twenty-five per cent of the officers of the field artillery, twenty per cent of the cavalry, twenty per cent of the infantry, fourteen per cent of the engineers, and fifty per cent of the army surgeons. These alarming losses are in the Regular, not the National Army, it should be understood.

"These men entered the Army to make it a career and did not enter it merely for the war. The majority of these men are officers who led their platoons, companies, battalions and regiments at Château-Thierry, the Second Marne, along the Vesle, St.-Mihiel and the Argonne Forest. Their loss is irreparable. They can never be replaced. The training which they received on the bloody fields of France, in the greatest war history has recorded, could not be acquired elsewhere. This is the best blood of the Army. Why are they leaving the Army? For the simple reason that they find it impossible to live on their pay."

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Wheel-Chair Floats at the Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Wholesale Resignations

"THE PRESENT scale of army pay went into effect in 1908. During this eleven-year period the cost of living has more than doubled. To-day the pay of a major has only the purchasing power that the pay of a first lieutenant had in 1908, and the first lieutenant's $1700 will buy to-day only what $816 bought in 1908. In other words, the economic change has reduced the pay of the Army one-half, and the richest government on earth has not lent a hand to stay the demoralizing process, as Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Argentina and other countries have.

"It must be understood that the army officer must buy his own food, uniforms and arms, and to-day he pays fifty-five cents for a ration that cost him twenty cents in 1908. He has to pay seventy dollars for the same uniform that in 1908 he could purchase for thirty-five dollars, and so it goes.

"Resignations in the Army and Navy continue. Unless something is done, and done speedily, to give army and navy officers pay sufficient to meet the present high cost of living the Army will be demoralized to such an extent that it will take many, many years to overcome the harm which has been done. In our next war the American people will pay in blood for this short-sighted policy."

None of the men I had talked with had come back with a scratch. For the most part they told about the same story. I didn't seem to be getting much action, and somehow what I heard did not leave me feeling comfortable. I thought I would go see some soldiers who had something to kick about. I resolved to go to a military hospital. I admit that it was with certain misgivings that, after hearing a monotonous repetition of personal grouches from discharged soldiers, I thought I would go and talk with some not yet discharged and not yet cured of the ills of war. In our town we perhaps have in different places some four thousand wounded service men under the care of the Government, not dischargeable until they have had what is termed their maximum treatment—that is to say, until Uncle Sam shall have done everything which he thinks he can do to make them whole again before he sends them back to civil life. I concluded to go out to Fort Sheridan Hospital, where there are some three thousand ill and wounded soldiers under treatment. My visit gave me such an insight into the real heart of the American soldier, opened up so many new viewpoints, made me so ashamed of every kick I ever made at anything in all my life, taught me so much, gave me so new and full a picture of war and, what is more, so deep a look into the soul of man, that I would not in any circumstances have been denied the experience.

(Continued on Page 34)

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(Continued from Page 32)

In the morning I wandered down to the waiting room of the electric railroad. There were several people in the anteroom. Off in one corner, huddled up against the end of the seat, was a young man in the uniform. His head dropped a little and he did not look about very much, even though there were a number of pretty girls passing here and there. Neither did they look at him.

I went over and spoke to him, seeing that he was going out on the same train to the hospital. His right leg stuck out stiff in front of him. I saw that a wire frame ran from the bottom of his shoe up under his trouser leg.

"How are you, neighbor?" I said to him. "How are you getting on?"

"I can't kick," said he with a feeble attempt at a smile for his jest. "Paralyzed from the knee down."

I did not ask him how he got hurt. I asked him what state he came from. He said Kentucky. He had been a teacher in a high school down there and he thought he would go back. He told me something of his story.

He had had a leg broken below the knee and they put it in a cast and went away and left it. The leg swelled in the cast and had no relief. Gangrene set in. When they took off the cast they picked off most of the leg in pieces. The nerves were cut across. All control of the leg, foot and ankle was gone.

"But I've got my knee yet," said the doughboy quietly. "That's something. Five operations. They've let me come downtown for a little change. This is Thursday. On Saturday I am going on the table again—they're going to try to see if they can unite those nerves. My captain in the medical corps tells me it's no use, and I know it's no use, but my major says to try it, so I'm going on the table again. It's a lot better than if you don't have your knee left. You don't know how much a fellow needs his knee."

I did not offer to help this young man as he walked up the icy step by the use of two crutches—he could not stand alone otherwise. I talked with him on the train going out. He was quiet, not sullen, not morose. He never smiled. I did not ask him his name and would not print it if I knew it.

Among the trees, surrounded with a wide carpet of clean white snow at the time, with the vast ice field of the lake beyond it, lay the military post which of late has been turned into a great hospital. Countless long one-storied wooden buildings reached here and there, connected by covered chutes or hallways. My school-teacher with the crutches courteously showed me the headquarters, showed me the nearest Red Cross office and so bade me good morning. As I write these lines he will just about be back from his sixth operation, in bed and taking his last chance. This will be his maximum treatment. I don't know how he came out. He was one of the men who volunteered.

An Atmosphere of Acceptance

WITHOUT using any letter of introduction—for that was the way I first wanted it—I opened the door of the nearest Red Cross building and went in. I found myself in a large, cheerful and well-furnished room, with abundant chairs and tables, some flowers, a little desk, some books here and there. At the rear there was a stage. Some music was going on. In a corner of the room I heard a phonograph. After a time a slim girl came out and danced. A young lady played at the piano. One or two boys came up and sang.

There was not a sound man in this room. Some few could walk, almost none could do so without a cane. Some needed one crutch, many needed two. Here and there was an arm bound across the chest. Many legs stuck out stiffly in front of the chairs where their owners sat. It was very quiet. Some games of checkers and cards were going on. You had a feeling of a subdued atmosphere, but the truth of it was that it was not an atmosphere of brooding, of melancholy, of despair. Men spoke quietly here and there. There was no excitement, no confusion, no gayety. But it was not hopelessness that you felt. I would not call it resignedness. I suppose about as good a word as you can get for it is acceptance. Call it an atmosphere of acceptance if you like—you cannot understand it in any case until you go there and feel it for yourself. There was an unspeakable feeling of august dignity in that room.

So here was the war! Round me were the men who had been on the firing line in France—in the Argonne, on the Meuse, the Vesle, at Château-Thierry, St.-Mihiel. Never had I met an assemblage that smote to the soul like this.

Crippled, maimed unspeakably many of them, in some marvelous way they had been brought back here, all the way to our town, to finish their remaking into men. And the feeling you got was that they were men. They were not patients, not cripples. This was not a hospital at all, but an army club. The last thing one of these men would do would be to call attention to himself or his injury. He was still a man and wanted to be treated as such.

A clean-cut young chap with one leg and a crutch pointed out the door of the Red Cross office and told me the names of the ladies in charge there. I need not give the name of either of these, nor of any of their assistants, nor of any of their superiors who have this work in charge. These women did not gumshoe round or mope or droop. They smiled. "These boys are wonderful—they are marvelous—they are splendid!" That was what they said. When a woman's eye shines while she says these things you know she is telling you the truth.

The government reconstruction aide, the lady whom I first met at the desk, sat down and wrote the names of some of the men she wanted me to see—men who had suffered terrible injuries.

"Go talk to them yourself," she said, "and see what you can learn." She hesitated just a little bit, being a lady of tact and of acquaintance with many things. "Some people come here," she said, "who go in for sentiment. I have known men visitors who wanted to pray. A lot of women want to shed tears, want to ask all sorts of questions of the boys. It isn't being done. They don't like that sort of thing. They are awfully proud."

I told her she need not have apprehension of my praying or slobbering, and she turned me loose with a guide to show me the wards and cots.

Why Do Men Volunteer?

WHILE we talked there came into the room a young man in full uniform with the insignia of second lieutenant. He was tall, strongly built, of good proportions, looked well in his uniform. His eye and skin were clear. He walked with a stick and limped very perceptibly. His face was very grave and dignified. Almost none of these men smiled very much. They were no longer boys. They had gained that strange poise which comes to men who have been through war. They would never be young again. There is something very impressive in this to the man who goes among the occupants of hospital wards—the strange quiet dignity of it all. It is not weakness that you meet, but strength. It is not despair, but calm that you feel. It is acceptance—in short, it is life.

It chanced that my young lieutenant had heard of me, wandering round in the West somewhere, so we drew off together and had a long talk while another slim girl was dancing on the stage. He spoke very modestly, as they all do. I shall try to summarize his story:

He was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman in an Eastern city, but the spirit of adventure took him West after a couple of years in the university. He became a twister on the range—that is to say, a professional bronco-buster. He rode in Montana, Wyoming, Oregon, Nevada, wherever he happened to wander; did odd jobs, took to prospecting. As he talked you could see the old story of youth on its great adventure of living, passing from this to that, enjoying to the full all of the sweet wild life of the real West. And it must have been the real West this man saw, because he voiced my own contempt of the faked and phony West

Thus, drifting in the good old fashion, my young man wanted to go hunting as well as prospecting. He got up to Seward, Alaska, passed the Turn Again Arm, pushed on up to the base of the big Alaskan peninsula and concluded to accumulate himself a couple of grizzlies. He fell in with an old sourdough who told him he could show him a place where he once saw fifteen of these brown grizzlies in one bunch. So they hunted together, and I could fill many a column with our hunting talk alone, for we had stories to swap about Alaska. The end of this story, however, is that when my young man got back to the settlements he heard that we were at war. He went down to Anchorage, Alaska, where there was a regular-army post, and joined the Regular Army as a private.

I never could determine how much actual patriotism there was in the heart of any volunteer. I used to try to ask myself why it was that I so much wanted to get to the Front. Was it any real love of country; or was it just a love of adventure; or was it some sort of an excitement such as that which makes a moth want to fly into the fire? I never could figure it out for myself and I don't know that my young friend ever did for himself. "I wanted to go," was all he said about that.

So he went. Four days before the armistice he got caught by two machine-gun bullets, one which hit him through the upper arm and one which broke both the bones of a leg just above the ankle. He still was wearing the blouse that he had on when he was hit. The bullet hole in the arm had been neatly sewed up. He made a great attempt at walking, declaring that his limp was just a habit, that he did not have to limp, that he did not have to use a cane. I learned elsewhere that the ankle wound was not yet healed. He had been in the hospital for something like fourteen months. He wants to get back to work. He says he can twist 'em again. Pressed hard, this young man admitted he would like to learn to write. I rather believe that he can and will. I think the next war book will be written by some private soldier, probably years hence.

Finding that I had a man of more than average intelligence, I talked with my young adventurer at considerable length. He said he thought the vocational training which the boys got at the hospital was a lot of help. He thought also that many of them would need their disability money. In the Regular Army an officer may be retired on three-fourths pay for any disability received while in line of duty. The present system of disability pay he thought was based on eighty dollars a month for all ranks, a per cent of that being given each month, according to the extent of the injury. Say that a man has a stiff knee; it might net him on a per cent basis about five dollars a month. He thought that there had been a great deal of confusion in the war-risk bureau.

I asked him what he thought about the general kick against the army life. "They all kick," said he. "Any good soldier has got to kick or he wouldn't be a good soldier. He's got to have character of his own."

Little by little my man began to talk about the actual business on the firing line. He had been in the artillery.

"Say, it was grand when our guns opened up with the big barrage at the first Argonne advance! Our American-manned artillery was there, miles of it, wheel to wheel, and the French guns standing just as thick, under their men, ahead of us and behind us. When we opened up together everything went to trembling. There was a sort of mist that morning, but you could read and figure by the red blaze of the guns. It wasn't noise that you heard—it was pressure that you felt."

Of any kind of personal heroism my man knew nothing or would say nothing.

"You don't bring back impressions of that," he said. "There's nothing to figure from. Men couldn't tell what they did, or why. Once when we were cleaning up one bunch of machine-gun pits fifteen Germans came out, hands up. They were smiling—I suppose glad it was over for them, or maybe smiling they didn't know why. There was one big red-headed chap, one of our boys, dirty and savage enough looking to have eaten a Prussian alive. What did he do? Why, he slapped every one of those German prisoners on the shoulder as he came out, and you'd have thought they were his best friends, though they'd been killing us not two minutes before. A man gets keyed up. He doesn't know what he is going to do or what he is doing. You get used to a great many things, of course, and the best thing to do to keep from figuring whether you are going to get scared or not is just to keep busy. I'll say we were busy. Look here."

He shyly showed me carbon copies of two barrage sheets which he once had figured out to send back to the artillery in the rear. It was as precise, as military and mathematical as if done in the classroom.

The Adventures of Otto

"OUR advance sometimes might be part on a plain, part up a hillside," he explained; "you have to figure it so that the barrage will fall on the curve of the hillside on a straight line, so that the fellows can follow along behind. Sometimes I have sat and figured barrage late in the night—the second night—until I would go to sleep and my head would fall down. My nose would strike on the paper and that would wake me up. Then you go at it again."

I asked my man what was the longest he had gone without anything to eat, and he said three days. When he was shot he was left on the field and was reported as dead. I saw a letter from this man's colonel—an old regular-army man—written to him not so very long ago. If anyone thinks that all regular-army colonels are precise, cold-blooded machines he has another think coming. The letter of this colonel to this second lieutenant was as kindly a thing as you ever would see pass between men. The colonel told the second lieutenant how glad he was to learn that after all he was not dead, and he spoke of other things.

Another whom I saw we will call Otto. He came from Kansas and enlisted in Iowa. He has been in bed for fourteen months and we shall not say how much longer he may need to remain there. I saw Otto because the nurses are so proud of him. They took me up to the little room where he was sitting up on a wheel chair. He sat up straight, his dark hair brushed back, his eyes clear and bright, and you never heard a whimper from him. Yet this is what happened to Otto while you and I stayed home.

It was in the Argonne and just a little, a very little while before the armistice. Otto says it was shrapnel that caught him, but the other fellows say that that is a common name for high explosive, which is worse. He was going forward when it caught him—through the thigh, high up. Long ago they took his leg off at the hip joint.

"You see, she doesn't heal for some reason," said Otto with the impartial air of the investigator. "Something wrong along the bone, so she doesn't heal. But we've got splendid drainage. I'm going to be all right. I can ride on the seat of a tractor. I wish land wasn't three hundred dollars an acre where I came from."

"And you could drive a team?" said I.

Otto looked at me straight.

"No. Right arm about gone."

(Continued on Page 159)

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MODEL 19 ELECTRIC CLEANER

Don't Buy on Faith

—We'll send the Premier to your home and show you what it does

THERE is too great a difference in vacuum cleaners to buy hastily. In appearance they may seem much the same. In their work—how different!

Watching a store demonstration, cannot tell the story. All makes of cleaners take up dust and gather up some thread and lint.

So we ask you to let your dealer send a Premier to your home, where the demonstrator will quickly prove some most astonishing facts.

Weighs less than 12 pounds but does a giant's work

The demonstrator will first explain why power need not depend upon weight. How the little Premier, light as a toy, can perform a giant's work.

He will prove to you that the mission of brushes, whether of bristles or rubber, is only to dislodge and 'pick up' threads and hair. That the real work of dust-getting must be done by suction.

Let him tell you why the Premier is made of aluminum—that featherweight metal used for the bodies of fine motor cars. How the Premier has a General Electric motor—a name which guarantees the worth of everything electrical.

How it is sold with a year's guarantee—backed by Premier personal service.

When he has explained the fundamentals of the Premier—both as to its work and its construction—then it is time to watch some Premier specialties.

Dust your floor with the Premier

Now the demonstrator will show you how the Premier dusts your hardwood floors by suction. How it will gather up dust and lint quicker, more thoroughly and far more easily than the old fashioned dust mop.

Dust woodwork with the Premier

Picture mouldings, chandeliers, pictures, radiators, screens, window sashes and sills—dust them all with the Premier. There is an attachment for this work and the demonstrator will show you how.

Clean furs with the Premier

And all your other clothes as well. The process is safe and simple, the work is quick, easy and thorough. It saves many trips to the cleaner. Just ask the demonstrator. He will explain.

Sold with a year's guarantee backed by special service

The Premier Electric Cleaner is guaranteed for a full year. Every owner has the telephone number of a nearby Premier Service Station. Call them when in doubt as to usage or adjustment.

Best of all—a moderate price

The Electric Vacuum Cleaner Company has the largest factory employed in the exclusive manufacture of Vacuum Cleaners. This vast daylight plant, with its hundreds of employees, has an enormous output. Such volume naturally reduces cost.

Thus the Premier is moderate priced although its efficiency should command the highest price. The terms of payment put it in reach of every housewife. All can afford a Premier. Arrange for your dealer to demonstrate in your home today.

Premiers are made in two models—two types—one with suction driven brush, the other with power driven brush. Your dealer will show you both.

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., Inc.
Cleveland, Ohio
(Formerly The Frantz Premier Co.)
Exclusive Canadian Distributors:
Canadian General Electric Company, Limited
Toronto, Ontario, and Branches

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

PHOTO BY MCDONALD PHOTO CO., LOS ANGELES

A Typical Gold-Mining Camp in a Western State

The Sad Plight of Gold

DURING the year 1919 the consumption of gold in the arts totaled $80,338,000, or $21,850,000 more gold than was produced by all the mines and placer workings that year. There is good reason to believe that during the present year the newly produced gold will fail to satisfy the manufacturing and trade requirements of the world by more than $40,000,000. Unless some remedy is provided very soon the monetary gold reserve of this and other countries will become so seriously depleted that difficulties of an important nature will be sure to rise. Without a large supply of the yellow metal it will be impossible for the United States to maintain her domestic and international financial position.

A recent investigation showed that compared with the minerals production of 1870 the yearly output of petroleum has increased nearly seventy-five-fold, copper fourteen-fold, iron sevenfold, coal about sixfold and gold only threefold. This indicates that the yellow metal has not kept pace with the other great mineral products on which our American industries are based. The fact that gold is not so largely consumed and accumulates as time goes on does not largely lessen the seriousness of the present situation. A recent government report states that bank deposits and railway mileage have been in closer accord with the outputs of minerals than with the growth of population. The output of gold has not only failed to increase in the same ratio as that of other minerals but is now showing a material decline. The Federal Government appropriations for the advancement of agricultural purposes for the year 1916 were $31,087,407. The appropriations for mining for this same year were $1,537,820.

The future of gold mining is more than problematical. As each month passes more mines close. One of the largest mines in the United States suspended operations the latter part of last year. Let no one believe that the closing of a mine is a trifling incident. When a property of this kind shuts down it suffers great deterioration. If it is a deep mine it will likely fill with water and the cost of removing this may be so great as to cause the permanent abandonment of the whole property, even though there may be a considerable tonnage of excellent ore remaining in the ground unmined. Many of the gold mines that are still hopefully operating are in a dangerous condition from forced neglect in the way of replacing rotten timbers that have long since passed the stage of usefulness. The operation of a mine differs radically from that of a manufacturing plant. The latter can be closed down and later reopened without serious damage.

In order that we may reëstablish the gold standard as the basis of world intercourse it is essential that gold mining shall continue in normal fashion. To do this it is necessary that prospecting, exploration and development shall be carried on continually. Such activities demand that the investment put in them may be made upon terms fairly competitive with other industries. Vice President Roberts, of the National City Bank of New York, says: "I fear that a low production of gold and an unfavorable outlook for the industry at a time when credit is being curtailed and prices lowered will have the effect of reviving all the monetary heresies of the past. We want to stand by the gold standard; it is the sheet anchor of enduring prosperity; but the gold standard requires a healthy gold-mining industry to sustain it. It is a hardship on the mine owners that the consumers of gold in jewelry and other manufactures should be supplied at less than the cost of production."

During the war the Secretary of the Treasury said: "I fully appreciate that with the rising cost of raw material and labor and with a fixed value for their output the gold mines are facing difficult conditions. I should be sorry, however, if for this reason there was any relaxation in the effort to produce gold. At no time has this country so much required the largest possible production of the yellow metal as at present."

As everyone knows, the prices of all commodities have advanced except that of the ounce of gold, which as the standard of value has a fixed price of $20.67, a gold dollar containing 25.8 grains of standard gold, or 23.22 grains of pure gold.

Practically all economists now concur in the belief that inflation has been the cause and not the effect of high prices. The great variation in compensation for services rendered by different groups of American workmen at the present time is chiefly due to the depreciation in the purchasing power of the gold dollar. If inflation has been the cause of our troubles deflation is the cure. Wise men tell us that the application of the remedy must be a slow process. We must not contract credit without contracting our currency, or we only accentuate our ills. Such curtailment as must come will have to operate gradually over a period of years in order to permit industry to adjust itself without at the same time causing a loss of production. And speaking of production, it might be well by way of passing to call attention to the fact that though the value of raw materials and manufactured articles produced in this country during the year 1919 was the greatest in history, the physical volume proved to be smaller than any year since 1916.

One of our statisticians figures that a man with an income of $2000 in 1913 found on October 31, 1919, that this income had automatically been reduced in purchasing power to $870 in terms of all commodities. The economic stress placed upon the gold-mining industry operates in exactly the same way as upon the man just mentioned. The price of gold has remained stationary at $20.67 an ounce, while its purchasing power, based upon the above index numbers, declined from $21.31 in December, 1914, to nine dollars in October, 1919. To this extent the price of commodities has become disassociated from the gold standard.

Less than a century ago the whole world produced only $25,000,000 worth of gold. By 1900 the production had increased to $300,000,000 yearly, while in 1915 the total output of gold from all the mines of the world reached a maximum production of $469,000,000. By 1918 the gold output had declined to $381,000,000, a loss of nearly nineteen per cent as compared with the maximum production, while in 1919 the best estimate places the gold production of the world at only $350,000,000. From the foregoing figures it is evident that the world's output of the yellow metal has fallen off $119,000,000, or 25.4 per cent, in four years. The gold production of the United States during this time declined from $101,000,000 to $58,500,000.

Let us also keep in mind that there is a considerable waste of gold, which always acts as a real factor to keep down the supply. An expert in coinage states that in the course of one year's ordinary use a five-dollar gold piece loses 1.5 per cent of its weight. The total loss in this way by all the gold coin in the world amounts to many millions of dollars every year. A quantity of gold is lost in burning buildings and some goes down with every ship that sinks. Such countries as India and China contain millions of hoarders who swallow up millions of dollars' worth of gold that never again sees the light of civilization, once it has been stored in the hiding places of the Orient.

One of the leading papers of the jewelry trade tells us that the mania for purchasing gold in the form of jewelry and other manufactures is rapidly increasing. In the first ten months of the year 1913 the sales of jewelers' bars by the United States Assay Office in New York aggregated $31,523,964; for the first ten months of 1919 they aggregated $48,568,698. This same authority further states that, though we are the chief gold-producing country of the world, the consumption of the yellow metal in the arts in the United States this year will exceed the nation's total production. We are further informed that America has procured the services of approximately ninety per cent of the expert gold and silver workers who were engaged in this business throughout the world prior to the war. It is estimated that in the neighborhood of 250 gold and silver smiths have come to the United States recently from the nations of Europe. These men are adding millions to the country's productive value in jewelry, and have made the United States the great center of this industry.

What, therefore, is the solution of the problem? This is the question I asked H. N. Lawrie, chief of the Precious Metals Division of the American Mining Congress, the

other day. His reply was about as follows: "I am of course opposed to any change in the present gold standard and unit of value for the monetary transactions of this and other civilized countries.

"The members of the American Mining Congress recently expressed themselves as favoring an excise upon manufactured gold and a premium to the producer of new gold. Under the proposed plan, which would be operative for a period of five years, there would be a premium of ten dollars per fine ounce for all gold produced in the United States and its possessions. Such payments would be made out of funds to be provided by an excise of fifty cents a pennyweight—ten dollars an ounce—on the use, manufacture or sale of gold in the United States for other than coinage or monetary purposes. It is our further suggestion that after five years from the passage of such legislation the premium and excise so to be provided shall be adjusted in accordance with the rise or fall in commodity prices as compared with the average for the five-year period herein referred to. This readjustment and excise would be made each year and until such time as the premium and excise can be abandoned on account of the restoration of a price level which will maintain the normal production of new gold in the United States to meet all industrial requirements of the arts and trades.

"Based on the estimated production of new gold and the domestic consumption of gold in the trades for 1919, the premium to be paid under this plan would be $29,000,000, and the excise income $33,000,000, a balance in favor of income of $4,000,000. This makes it plain that the Government would be relieved of all premium cost. Five years has been suggested as the duration of the premium and ten dollars as the amount per ounce, because producers feel that this sum would be no more than sufficient to insure the production of gold to satisfy anticipated trade requirements under present economic conditions. It is also the belief of mining men that a period of less than five years would not be a satisfactory basis on which to invest large sums of money in the development of new ore reserves.

"With such a plan the manufacturer of gold would have the advantage of knowing that he would be supplied with a sufficient quantity of the yellow metal to meet his requirements at a definite and fixed cost to him. He would also know that all his competitors would have to purchase their gold at the same price he would have to pay himself."

Whatever may be the outcome of the efforts being made by Mr. Lawrie and his associates in the American Mining Congress, by bankers, government officials and other interested persons, one thing stands forth, and that is the fact that continued delay is producing a more unhealthy situation as the months pass.

The Bread Conveyors in a Big Bakery

The World's Wheat Deficit

THE various peoples of the earth can be divided into two classes—the bread eaters and the rice eaters. The latter were once the leaders of civilization, but for two thousand years the bread eaters have been forging further ahead, and to-day wheat is the great cereal food of the most progressive nations on earth. The Japanese, who were once rice eaters, are fast becoming a bread-eating people. They have been quick to grasp the advantages of a wheat diet, and have learned that the character of a nation is affected by the character of the food the people consume.

Since bread is now the chief food of the leading nations its future is a matter of concern to everyone. Here in the United States corn is our greatest crop, but wheat is the one cereal most vital to human existence. A survey of recent government figures indicates that the average American family spends approximately one-tenth of its food money for flour and derives a little more than one-fourth of its energy from this product. Based on present prices in an eastern market, ten cents will now buy about 1600 calories of bread, 750 calories of cheese, 660 calories of milk, 600 calories of ham, 280 calories of beef, 255 calories of eggs and eighty-five calories of oysters. The questions arise: Should we eat more bread, and how much are we going to be obliged to pay for what we do consume?

The 1919 wheat crop amounts to something like 941,000,000 bushels. Of this, 210,000,000 is spring wheat, which includes the production of the states of Minnesota, Montana, North and South Dakota, and a small output from the Pacific Coast. From this spring wheat we must deduct about 30,000,000 bushels of durum wheat, which can't be used to manufacture flour for bread making. Therefore we have left 180,000,000 bushels of spring, or hard, wheat for milling purposes. The last crop of winter wheat amounted to 731,000,000 bushels, of which approximately 54,000,000 bushels must be set aside to provide seed for this year's crop. In like manner it is necessary to set aside 31,000,000 bushels of the spring-wheat crop for seed purposes. One of the leading authorities estimates that of the winter-wheat crop only 265,000,000 bushels is hard wheat demanded for making bread. If this is the case it is evident that the last wheat crop was made up of about fifty per cent hard wheat and fifty per cent soft wheat. Since the former variety is the grade that is most desired for baking bread, and as the present demand is about seventy per cent for hard wheat and thirty per cent for the softer grade, it is not surprising that the price of the former includes a heavy premium. This situation will also act to prevent any decline in the price of those grades of flour suitable for baking bread.

Our average wheat crop for the last ten years has totaled less than 750,000,000 bushels. The largest crop ever produced in this country was gathered in 1915 and amounted to 1,025,801,000 bushels. It is plain therefore that notwithstanding the record acreage planted last year and the government guaranty of $2.26 a bushel, the output of wheat, though higher than the average production, was less than has been already produced. If the European nations demand 800,000,000 bushels to cover their needs, as is forecast, it is certain that no surplus will be left from the world's last wheat crop to carry forward as a factor of safety against next year's emergencies. We have before us therefore a known condition that practically insures a wheat deficit in certain parts of the world in the immediate future. Furthermore there is no great likelihood of any improvement in this particular situation until conditions in Russia are settled and this latter nation again comes forward with her rye and wheat production of more than 1,000,000,000 bushels a year. Therefore, whether the Government fixes a price on wheat or not, we may as well abandon all hope of cheap flour for some time to come.

This does not exactly mean that the price of a loaf of bread must remain at the present level if wheat continues to sell at $2.26 or even more per bushel. At the price mentioned the farmer receives about 3.7 cents a pound for his wheat. A bushel of wheat weighing about sixty pounds will make something like forty-four pounds of flour. However, a loaf of bread contains other ingredients than flour, so that a bushel of wheat—sixty pounds—will make approximately sixty loaves of bread each weighing a pound. If the farmer gets less than four cents a pound for his wheat and the baker receives fourteen cents for a pound loaf of bread it is quite evident that there is a considerable margin allowed for transportation, storage, milling and baking. In the face of such figures there are a lot of people who believe that with the present world food shortage every possible encouragement should be given to the wheat producer and every effort should be made to bring about lower prices for the finished article through effecting economies in handling and manufacture. Last year our American farmers planted 12,000,000 acres more of wheat than were sowed the year before, and more than thirty million acres in excess of the area planted two years ago, yet after shipping to foreign nations even a part of what these countries demand we are confronted with a shortage in our domestic markets.

In the matter of the high cost of living that now prevails one solution lies in a wiser selection of the food products we consume. Of all the principal wheat-producing nations the per capita consumption of this cereal is least in the United States. Argentina, with a wheat production of about 250,000,000 bushels annually, consumes approximately 650 pounds of wheat and wheat flour per person per year. France consumes 575 pounds; Italy 475 pounds; United Kingdom 425 pounds, and the United States about 375 pounds, or approximately a pound of wheat per person per day. Of this consumption here in America about six-tenths of a pound per person per day is eaten in the form of bread.

What the people of the nation eat is as much a matter of habit as of taste. Only too often we encourage a desire for the things we should not afford, and permit ourselves to cultivate an indifference toward foods that are not only more nutritious but that are easily within our means. Bread is without a doubt the cheapest and most healthful food that can be produced for human consumption. One reason why it is not more popular is because the art of baking has not been developed in our homes and bakeries to the extent it should have been. Science has now come to the rescue, and the art of baking is being ordered by the chemist in the laboratory and the engineer who designs complicated machinery to supplant hand methods and hit-or-miss guessing.

In the baking of really good bread nothing can be left to chance. Recently I visited one of the largest and most modern baking establishments in the country. Here a loaf of bread was produced that was practically never touched by human hands from the time the process started until the finished loaf carefully wrapped in paper was ready for delivery to the consumer. In certain departments every effort was made to prevent even the opening of a door in order that there should be no slight change in the humidity or temperature in the room where the operation was being carried forward. In due respect to that greatest of all American institutions, the old-fashioned mother, there is a lot of bunk about the excellence of much of our home-cooked bread. The household cook generally puts her ingredients together by measure—by cupful or by quart as occasion demands. About fifty per cent of the time she puts in her flour and other parts by guess, and does not know—or at least does not take into account—that flour, which forms the largest proportion of bread, constantly varies in weight and baking qualities. The character of wheat varies from year to year and from one district to another, so that not even the best brands of flour are always exactly the same. The modern baker has learned this fact from experience, and therefore is aware that the only reliable standard of measure is weight. We shall not get perfect bread in our homes until the scales is substituted for the measure. Another drawback to home baking is the lack of knowledge of the average cook concerning the temperature in the oven of the kitchen range that is used. Bread that is insufficiently baked is a health menace.

In every grain of wheat there is almost a complete ration of raw food to meet the needs of the human body. Sometimes a little sugar or fat is added to the ingredients that go to make bread, and frequently milk is substituted for part of the water. Though these materials contribute to the nutritive value of bread, they are used in such small quantities that the food value of a pound of bread differs but little from that of the flour used in making it.

(Concluded on Page 100)

The credit man is human, too

FEW men can deceive him—the credit man. He apparently works by hard and fast rules. Yet he is quite as human as the rest of us; and it is part of his work to discover the little things—the purely personal things—which serve to indicate the character of the man.

Take business stationery. The credit man quickly discerns, among his letters, the quality bond with its business-like *look* and *feel*. Paper like Systems Bond carries an unfailing message—unspoken—of soundness, of substantiality. With the credit man, as with others, *the immediate impression scores.*

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG U S PAT OFF

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Mr. Davis (on the Left) and His Subject

A Biography Written Backward

By Robert H. Davis

ONE of the objects of this biography is to withhold as long as possible from the reader the name and birthplace of the subject. A biography, in order to be chronologically correct, should be written upside down—that is to say, beginning at the present day and arriving in conclusion at the birthday of the biograph-ed.

He weighs at present two hundred and sixty-five pounds flat and unencumbered.

His idea of a perfect year is to spend the winter in the village of Newtonville, Massachusetts, grinding out novels, forty per cent of which deal with the sea; the balance with the annals of the poor; stories of strong men fierce in their love making, noble and exalted in their sense of right and wrong. None of his characters has a bank account. He loves poverty.

He spends the summer in Belfast, Maine, where he uses up several cottages during the season. His habit is, after laying strong hands upon a summer shack, to put in a shower bath somewhere about the middle of the property and then turn it loose upon his vast person until the entire house breaks up and becomes flotsam in Penobscot Bay. He can be heard taking a shower two miles away; in a fair wind, three to five.

He has a pronounced contempt for one suit of clothes made out of the same material.

When he desires to go anywhere he strolls into a neighbor's garage, selects a tin car, jumps in and kicks the gas with both feet. His long suit in rapid transit is to cut through vegetable gardens, corrals and plowed fields. He treats an automobile like most people treat cows, driving it with threats. He is never distressed by tire trouble. The average automobile in his hands has four blow-outs the first mile, after which it rolls along on the rims.

While hunting and fishing in the summer he wears a heavy corduroy coat, thick canvas knickerbockers and rubber boots. A hot session with a drove of mosquitoes on a bass pond is perfectly satisfactory to him

(Concluded on Page 53)

The Author of The Drums of Jeopardy

Harold MacGrath (An Autobiography)

WHEN I was eighteen I became a journalist. I worked six months for nothing. Then they gave me six dollars the week. After that, why, I was a newspaper man. I worked in Syracuse, Albany, Chicago, New York. I covered murders, robberies, real-estate deals, the produce markets, fires, charity balls, sports, funerals and weddings, drama, church fairs, hotel arrivals. I edited the country news between whiles. Often as a dramatic critic I never saw the last act of a play, because the country-news page had to be made up at eleven. I used to complain, but nobody minded my complaints. Anybody could write up a play, but it took skill to blast the hope of the country correspondent, who was always reporting his own doings to pad out space. Sandwiched adroitly between the larger items I often found something like this:

J. H. White was in Adams yesterday.
James H. White has returned home.
James Henderson White has cut his second crop of alfalfa.

One day I discovered that I could write jokes and verses. Note that I made the discovery. The owner of the Syracuse Herald was a good sport, so he gave me a colyum on the editorial page and bade me go to it. Ever see the straw shooting out of a thresher? That's the way I shot out the stuff. When the pile got high enough I would divide it into four or five batches, turn it over to the copy boy, together with a quarter, and vanish. A. W. O. L.

My old friend, F. P. A., of the Conning Tower, is far cleverer than I was. He pats his friends on the back and they write the colyum for him. I was afraid that if I let any of my friends help me out they might help me out of the job entirely.

Soon I plucked up nerve enough to send some of the stuff down to Tom Masson, of Life, and Harry Leon Wilson, when he was editor of Puck. When that bunch of yellow flimsy came in Cousin Egbert tells me he used to throw up his mitts and cancel all luncheon engagements. Ten or twelve poems, fifty or sixty dialogues and fifteen or twenty sketches. He had to wade through them all, for there was always something in the batch worth at least fifty cents.

(Continued on Page 53)

Hal G. Evarts (An Autobiography)

THE life story of a writer would be incomplete without some reference to his first work. At the age of eleven I came into the possession of a large notebook, presumably

(Concluded on Page 53)

The Evarts Home is in the Heart of the Game Country

IF there's any one thing, more than another, that the average American family likes in a motor car, it is reliability.

We sometimes think that this is the real secret of the tremendous hold which the Hupmobile has on the American people.

That seems to be the thing they settle on in summing up why they so much admire the car.

RED NIGHT

By GARET GARRETT

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ANTHONY GAULT, capitalist, art collector, philanthropist and solitary, was about to pass his evening. The room consecrated to this rite was wide and deep, lighted by reflection and perfectly still. No sound could penetrate its brocade-covered walls. Cigars, soda, Scotch, cubed ice and glasses had noiselessly appeared on the table at his left. In front of him burned the most expensive grate fire in all New York, if you counted the cost of the setting. An evening paper lay where he could reach it without looking.

Nothing could be wanting. Yet something was very wrong. The master of all this preciously appointed comfort was himself transfixed with ill ease. An alarm had seized his mind and arrested his body in the act of letting itself into an immense blue-velvet chair. For what seemed a very long time he had been tense and rigid in a bent posture between sitting and standing, with his knees flexed, his head and shoulders thrown forward.

The distressing idea was not reminiscent. It was premonitory, dynamic and pressing. Only his eyes moved, and they moved elliptically from side to side as the eyes of a crouched animal do when all the senses are fused in the one sovereign emotion of self-preservation. He was sixty-five. His head was very large and covered evenly with close-cut gray hair. His shoulders were wide in proportion to his head; the body was small and wedgelike, ending in small hands and feet. The total effect of the figure even in that position was a suggestion of great power—not physical vigor or strength of cunning, though these were not felt to be wanting, but the power of will and imagination in high tension.

What Anthony Gault sensed at this instant was the most improbable and unexpected thing that could possibly happen—the presence in that room of a mortal enemy.

He did not fear enemies. He had many that were powerful and unforgiving. But this was a certain one, an anarchist, who would kill him not for any normal motive of personal revenge but out of a kind of ghastly vanity, for the satisfaction of being able to say that he had at last succeeded where once he had failed.

Twenty-five years had elapsed since the first encounter. Anthony Gault then was the adamant figure on the side of the employers in a savage struggle with a radical labor organization mainly composed of alien elements. His life was repeatedly threatened and his associates took care to keep him well guarded, but one day the unused hall door to his private office opened and a shot was fired point-blank. It hit him in the leg. He rose, rushed bare-handed at his assailant and grappled with him, and though two more shots took effect, one in the side and one in the arm, he had the man down when help arrived, and was after all not seriously injured.

The would-be assassin was a young anarchist who called himself Jacob Mygatt. His sentence was twenty-five years.

This historic incident was one of a dastardly series that culminated in the Haymarket outrage at Chicago and caused a sudden eclipse of anarchism and all related doctrines of violence. Public indifference changed to horror. Revolutionary activities were ruthlessly repressed by law. Mygatt's cult was publicly heard of no more for a long time. But evil festers in hiding and occasion returns to all things. Gradually with the importation of foreign ideas along with hordes of European workers radical activities revived and were increasingly tolerated. Then the war brought the whole crew to light again. Anarchism espoused pro-German pacifism and preached its doctrines openly, so that by the time Mygatt's sentence came to an end it was possible for him to be received by his own like a hero. Since then he had been going up and down the land spreading sedition defiantly. The newspapers reporting his speeches and his doings continually referred to him as the man who shot Anthony Gault. From time to time by way of explanation to the new generation they would retell the story of the shooting, invariably, of course, to the discredit of Mygatt—not only that he was a would-be assassin who shot a man from the back but that he was besides a weak and cowardly bungler. Just as a job of killing it had been beneath the contempt of the lowest gunman on New York's East Side.

And this was the man whose dreadful presence in the doorway at his back Anthony Gault acutely apprehended as he was in the act of sitting down to pass his evening. He had not seen him. He was not conscious of having heard him. But he had sensed him—and he was not one whose senses played him loose tricks. It may have been the sense of smell. He had never forgotten the smell of the man he had grappled with. Often it returned to him reminiscently, though never so poignantly as just now. Yet he was not sure.

He was not afraid to turn and look. The impulse to do so had been checked in time by the thought that if the man were really there it would be fatal to look. He would shoot the instant he was recognized—but not until then. He would want his victim to know that it was he, Mygatt, who did it. His vanity would require that.

In one flash of thought Gault considered all the possibilities of physical action and rejected them. For example, one—to ring for Cragin, the valet—would probably be fatal to both Cragin and himself. It was four steps to the bell. This was a case in which the mind alone could save its habitat. (Continued on Page 44)

He Spoke Quietly Over the Back of His Chair, Saying, "If That is You, Jacob Mygatt, Come In"—and Held His Breath

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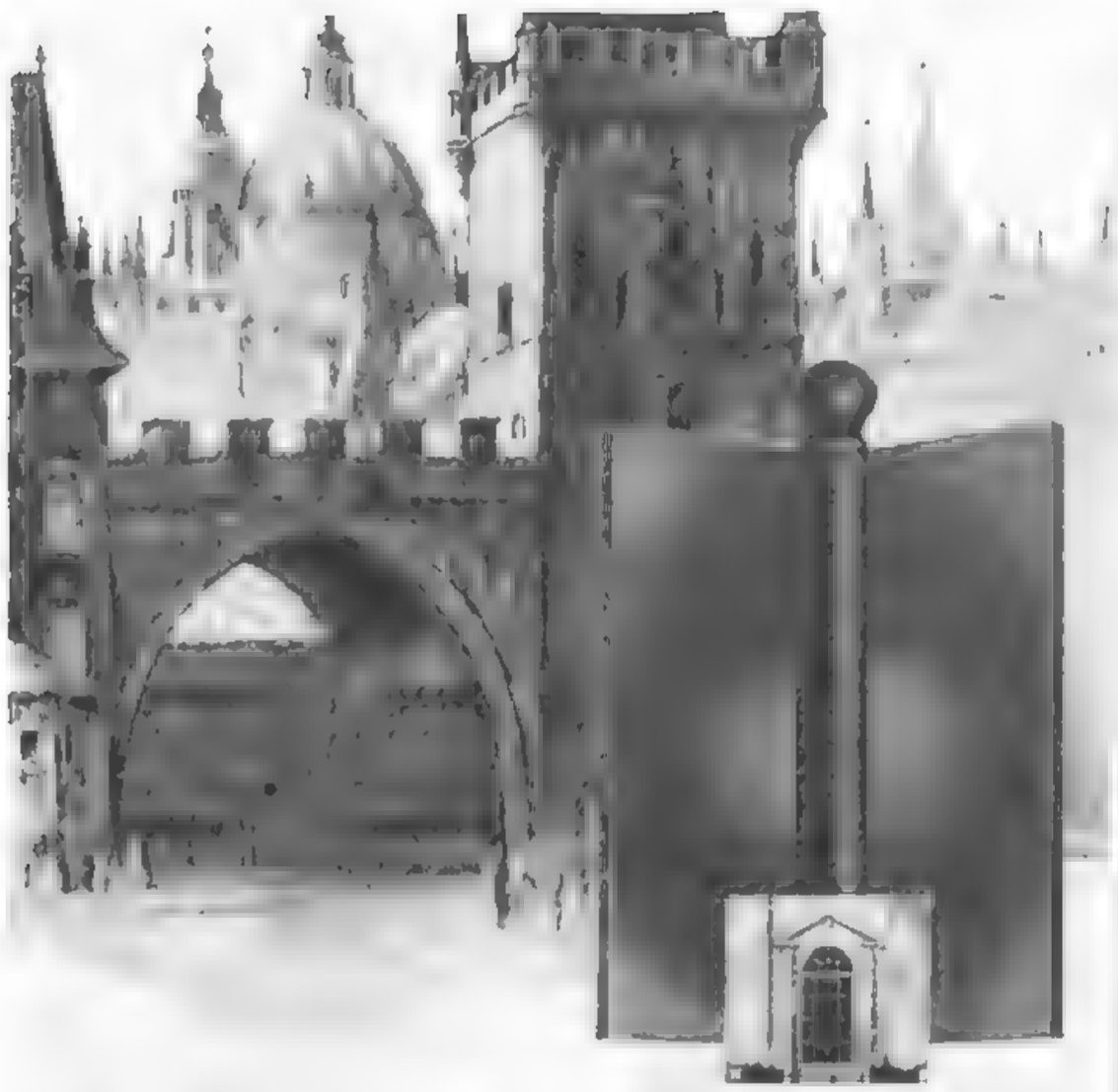

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(Continued from Page 42)

When the saving reflexes are of the motor variety, as in flight or combat, one's behavior under stress is automatic or, as we say, instinctive. When the defense is undertaken by the mind, what happens is that one makes an instantaneous draft upon the whole life sum of knowledge and experience under a kind of enormous compression. And thus Anthony Gault's mind produced a plan complete in its principles, like an idea, with only the details to be created according to circumstances.

The first problem was one of supreme difficulty. That was how to confirm or disprove his apprehension of the would-be assassin's presence; and, if it were proved, then to deflect the edge of his purpose by surprise—all at one stroke.

The solution that presented itself was bold and simple. Having seized it, Anthony Gault's delft-blue eyes were still. His figure relaxed. He sat down and spoke quietly over the back of his chair, saying "If that is you, Jacob Mygatt, come in"—and held his breath. Curiously he had never in his life uttered that name before.

For many seconds he could hear the beat of his own heart and nothing else. The suspense would have turned a weaker man cold. Then there was a sound, not of footsteps but of the faint creaking of a shoe—of one only. As it located itself to Gault's senses he made out that the person approaching, instead of coming straight from behind, had gone a detour and would arrive obliquely on the other side of the table to the left. The creaking of the shoe ceased. There was no other sound.

Gault, sitting deep in his chair with his ankles crossed, continued to look steadily into the fire in the grate and spoke again:

"Mygatt," he asked, "how do you account for the fact that your trade is so unsuccessful?"

The response was immediate. The voice came, as Gault expected, from the other side of the table, about eight feet away. Without a certain egoistic and vexed inflection which was characteristic, it might not have been an unpleasing voice.

"What do you mean by my trade?" it asked testily.

Gault looked at him then. It was Mygatt—now past fifty and a much grosser figure than when Gault faced him that other time. He was soft, with the softness of things that lack resiliency. The tissues of his face were fallen. He wore glasses over protuberant dark eyes in which the pupils were indistinguishable, the whites a little red. About his body there was that sensual, voluptuous kind of looseness, especially in the dimpled flexibility of the joints, which so often denotes the man who lives by emotion without deeds.

Though he flushed under Gault's intense regard, he returned it defiantly.

"Call it what you like," Gault answered calmly. "Your trade and mine are alike in one respect. They are hard to define. Or I should have said in two respects. The other is that we do not work with our hands, do we? What I mean by your trade is what you work at, what you have worked at all your life, the thing you are working at this instant. The radical papers call it revolution. Why does it never succeed? Is it that only the unsuccessful engage in it? Are you not a lot of bunglers really?"

"Cynicism ill becomes a man in your situation," Mygatt retorted, his voice growing stronger as his feelings began to rise. "A number of reasons are about to be removed."

The last word he emphasized significantly, like a red judgment. All the while he stood with his hands deep in the side pockets of his blue-serge coat. The left arm was still, but the right twitched with nerves and the hand in that pocket clutched something awkward and heavy.

Gault noticed this. He was aware, too, that he had gone a little too near associating a murderous thought with its physical act.

"I understand," he said, nodding his head up and down. "But before I am removed I will answer my own question. It will interest you."

"Bunglers!" sneered Mygatt, returning to the word that stung. The twitching of the right arm increased. "To-morrow the world may judge whether we know what you call our trade. The fame of this night will go down through all time. It will be celebrated by the oppressed as a festival. This is red night. One hundred reasons why the revolution has not succeeded will have ceased to exist by daylight."

The right arm was now quiet. His mind was busy with the picture.

"The strangest things will happen," he went on. "Kin will rise against kin. The houses of aristocracy will be seized from within. The servants of the rich are with us. How did I, Mygatt, enter the house of the great Gault?"

"How did you?" asked Gault, willing to keep him in this line.

"How?" said Mygatt. "I was admitted by a comrade—one who is weary of selling his dignity to you for gold. Menial service is at an end."

"Not so loud, please," Gault requested politely. "You are addressing a very private audience. It's a wonder your comrade hasn't poisoned me. I should perhaps have preferred that form of removal. However, the rich may not choose"

His mind for the instant was not on what he was saying, but on what Mygatt had just said. If it were true that he had been admitted by an accomplice, a traitorous servant, then he would probably know a good deal about the customs of the household.

He would know, perhaps, one of the inviolable rules, which was that no servant should intrude upon Gault's evening solitude by so much as looking in. Cragin reappeared always at eleven-thirty, but never before unless summoned. This made the situation in one way more difficult, and in another way more manageable. It made the possibility of accidental rescue nil. But it made it easier to engage Mygatt in conversation. Gault's only hope was to save himself and he knew with what materials he had to work.

"I don't know," he continued, "how thoughtfully you have planned your red night. Therefore, I speak without knowledge of the details. But I know the principles that govern success in large affairs and I can tell you that you are not in the way of success."

Mygatt regarded him with deep suspicion. Curiosity prevailed and he asked: "Why not?"

"You know that I have made a great deal of money in the mining business," said Gault. "I reorganized the industry, made it over on modern lines and I was successful—not as you think, but as capitalists think. Waive that point. I'm illustrating an argument. I had no money to begin with. I was born poor—as you were. All I had ——"

"You got by the sweat of other men's faces," Mygatt said, interrupting.

"That has nothing to do with what I'm saying," Gault continued. "All I had, let us say, was an idea that there was money to be made in mining. Now suppose with that idea in my head I had gone to work in a mine as a miner. Do you think I should ever have got rich?"

Mygatt snorted disgustedly.

"Are you saying the A B C's?" he asked. "Where is the point?"

"Your answer means no. One never could get rich that way, of course. The point is this: A revolution in certain respects is like a mining business or any other large and complex undertaking. It must be conceived, organized, directed and executed. It requires unremitting thought and imagination at the head. Now you are interested in revolution as I was in mining. You have an idea that there will be much benefit for the race in revolution. You are one of its leaders—the chief leader, I have heard. You are to the revolution much more than I ever was to the coal industry—more the brains of it, I mean—its Robespierre in embryo. And yet here you are mining coal yourself."

"I don't get it," said Mygatt vaguely.

"What I mean," said Gault, "is that instead of using your master intelligence exclusively to direct this cataclysmic event you are out helping to execute it. The execution should be the work of subordinates. It may be very democratic, all of you doing the same disagreeable work—if it is disagreeable—but it isn't organization. It won't succeed."

"It is possible that I have a personal interest in one item of the work," said Mygatt with a ghastly air.

"In my removal," said Gault understandingly. "I had thought of that. Yet it isn't a valid excuse. If the revolution is so important to the human race its success ought not to be jeopardized for any reason of personal vanity or private satisfaction."

"Do you fancy it is jeopardized at this moment in my person?" asked Mygatt.

(Continued on Page 46)

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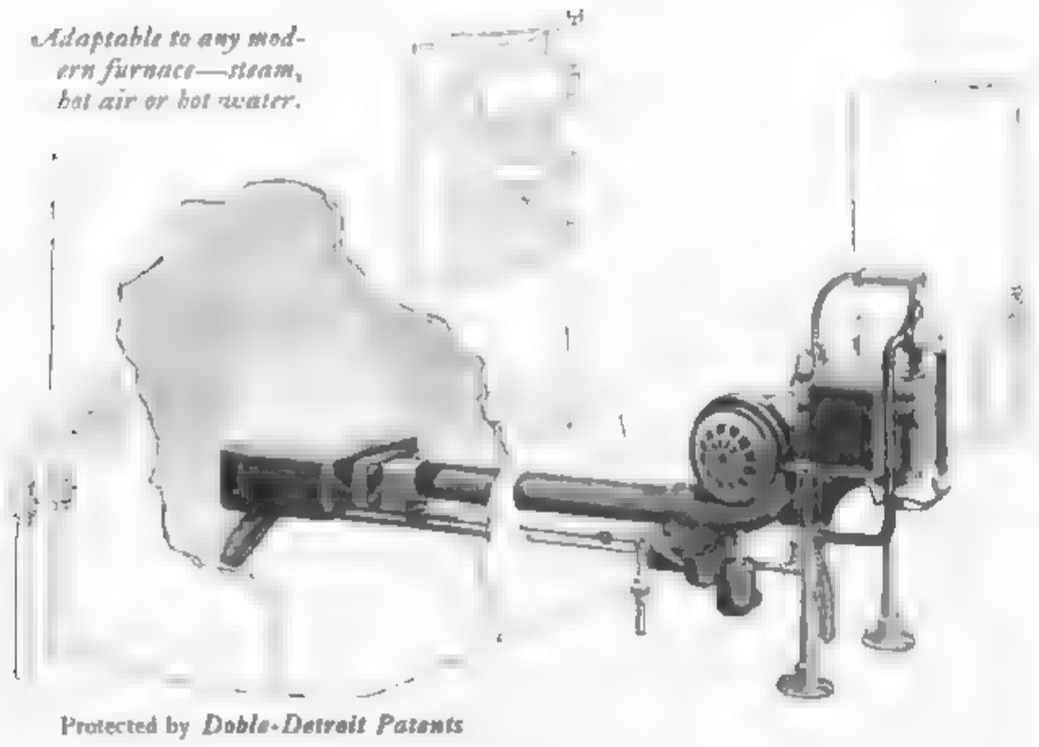

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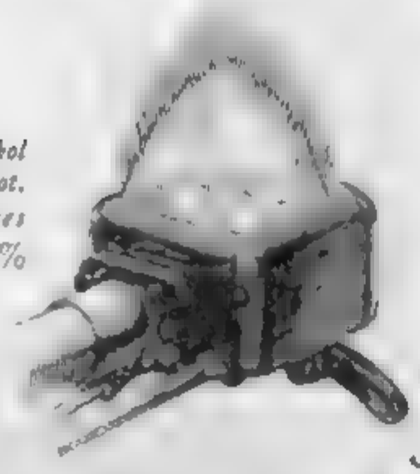

Ask your architect

(Continued from Page 44)

"No, not that," said Gault quickly. "You are at this instant perhaps safer than any other red—I mean no disrespect; I understand the term is not one of opprobrium—than any other red in the world. It's the principle I'm trying to illustrate. At the same time I cannot help wondering why I am honored in this special manner by the head of the revolution. It couldn't have been thought a particularly difficult job, or a very pressing one. I should think there were many other reasons more formidable and active than I am. Not that I beg leniency for myself. I merely wonder why."

This was not what Gault had started to say. In the midst of his thought he realized that it veered to a dangerous line. So he rounded off and would have taken a new direction, but before he could get started Mygatt broke forth in a frenzy of self-justification. The right arm became tense again.

"You are the anaconda of the whole reptilian system," he declaimed, his voice shrill and thin with excitement. "You are the richest of them all. You are more cunning, more resourceful in the ways of predatory capital; more imaginative and more dangerously concealed than any of the others. You are the archenemy of human liberty. I know you now as I knew you twenty-five years ago."

"If you think so," said Gault, breaking in quietly at one of the high periods, "you will have some respect for the two things more I have to say."

The long breath Mygatt had taken to push his philippic to its fatal climax stopped in him.

He was being swindled and knew not how to help it. In his imagination he had dramatized this scene very differently. The victim should respond to torture like a normal human being. He should quake and protest. The reality was a disgusting disappointment—so far. However, he was not yet through. He wiped the corners of his mouth and listened incredulously.

"I can tell you why your revolution will fail," said Gault, "which is the same as to tell you how to make it succeed."

"It will have to be very interesting," said Mygatt.

"It will be," said Gault. "The subject appeals to my passion for complex things. In my idle moments I have successfully conducted many imaginary revolutions. No human enterprise is more difficult. We have to distinguish between, first, a political revolution, which succeeds—when it does—because the means for bringing itself to pass are unique in the occasion, and, second, the industrial revolution, which always fails because the leaders rely upon the occasion and neglect the means to success which lie outside of it."

Mygatt interrupted petulantly.

"Words, words!" he said. "It will have to be more interesting than that."

He spoke as a man with business pressing.

"That is it!" said Gault, unexpectedly more aggressive, with a bitter note in his tone. "That's it! You are all so emotionally absorbed in the drama and delirium of revolution that you haven't any time to think. So you fail. The means to a successful political revolution are emotional. You cut off one man's head and put up another in his place. Very simple and naïve! The technic comes down from the age of the golden bough. You employ the same archaic technic in your industrial revolution and you fail because the means to success in that kind of undertaking are modern and scientific. In a political revolution you attack an isolate object that is easily destroyed. In the other you attack ideas and forces which cannot be destroyed and which you will not take the trouble to understand. Without knowing it you follow the tragic example of the craftsmen of a past age, who, all owning their simple tools, attacked every labor-saving device that appeared. What happened? Did they destroy the labor-saving inventions? No. But by refusing to accept them they lost control of the means of production. Hence capitalism."

Mygatt was now listening.

"Suppose," Gault continued after a very slight pause, "suppose your red night is fully realized. Suppose all the obstacles are removed. What will happen to-morrow?"

"To-morrow," said Mygatt with a little start like a man who has caught himself loitering on the way, "at sunrise the people will take over the means of production and come into possession of all wealth. That is what will happen."

"Yes," said Gault scornfully. "You will lead your horde three times round the golden city, then blow on your trumpets and the walls will fall and spill out all the wealth of capitalism. Silly stuff! I warn you. The treasures you will grab up greedily are worthless. The precious things you will either not see at all or trample ignorantly underfoot. I am not to witness the fulfillment of this prediction. I shall have been removed. You, perhaps, as the people's dictator, will live in what I am pleased to call my house. I recommend it. You will find it not uncomfortable, except that a dictator is nowhere safe and no retreat—as you see—is quite inaccessible. But you might live here the rest of your life, or until the people in their fickleness were minded to remove one dictator and prefer another, and never suspect that in this room there had been all the time a nameless, noiseless thing you could lift in your two hands, the power of which to serve you would have been equal to ten armies."

Mygatt took in as much of the room as he could without losing sight of Gault.

"If you mean money," he said, "it will be worthless."

Gault ignored that witless observation.

"Have you never wondered," he asked, "at so many of your plans getting found out? You are much more intelligent than the police. Yet your most carefully laid undertakings are so often upset by secret-service operatives or local plain-clothes men that I should think you would be either very superstitious or hopelessly distrustful of each other. Have you wondered why?"

"Why?" asked Mygatt.

"The explanation is in that ebony case," said Gault, indicating a black box two feet square mounted on rubber-tired wheels standing at the side of the mantel nearest Mygatt. "It is a marvelous mechanism, though in the purely scientific sense more wonderful than wireless telegraphy only because it is unfamiliar. I don't know what one might call it. Since it isn't for commercial purposes it needs no name. There are only a few of them in the world—all secretly owned. It is an instrument attuned to detached ears which may be any distance away or in any position except under water. They must be in the ether of the air. The ear is itself a very simple thing—no larger than your two hands flat together. It is easily concealed, like a listening-in device. It can hear through walls. If you found it you would wonder what kind of toy it was and kick it aside without another thought. A conversation above a whisper within fifty feet of that ear, wherever it is, will be reproduced by the instrument in the ebony box. Do you see what it means? You have only to employ four or five trained operatives to conceal ears in the right places, and then as for having access to knowledge of men's intentions you might be Satan himself. The power such information gives you to control events is unlimited."

"And you have been spying on us with that thing," said Mygatt, not as an interrogation but in a low avenging tone meant to sound like a homicidal conclusion. Yet he was unable to conceal his interest and curiosity.

Gault's play upon the intruder's emotions was now reaching the critical phase. Mygatt's credulity from this point would have to be put upon heavily. If it should snap or fail for one instant the game would be lost. There was no line of retreat. One way to disarm his suspicion was to give him the clew to a vision of power.

"I'll show you in a minute," said Gault. "I will show you something to astonish you. But I want to illustrate the main point. The significant fact is that this instrument has been in my possession and not in yours. Its power has been used against your enterprise. You have been fighting it unawares. Think what you could have done with it on your side. If the things you believe about capital and capitalism were true and you were able to prove them by this authentic means your revolution would be unanimously supported by the people. Your greatest difficulty is that people in general do not believe what you allege without proof. Now how do you account for the fact that all the scientific forces, of which this is but one example, are always on the other side—to be used against you?"

"The wealth you dishonestly wring from other men's toil has enabled you to command inventive genius for wicked purposes," Mygatt answered.

(Concluded on Page 49)

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(Concluded from Page 46)

His words were violent, but he uttered them in an absent tone. The vision was taking effect; his eyes kept straying to the ebony box.

"Not at all that," said Gault. "The money it represents is nominal. The treasury of any labor union could afford it. You spend more money in six months for stupid pamphlets than the inventor got out of that discovery. He is dead. The explanation is that you have not the patience and forethought to find and capture what I call the scientific means. You employ archaic weapons in a modern world and they break in your hands against invisible forces. And because people see you do this over and over they instinctively distrust you to manage their complex industrial affairs. Hence the record of your abortive attempts to bring off an industrial revolution."

After a full period Gault added: "It is one of the treasures that will be trampled underfoot and lost. I have told you what it is and therefore you might try to save it, but if you had it in your possession it would be worthless. It is a dumb power in the hands of one who has not the secret of raising its voice."

"What were you going to show me?" Mygatt asked.

"Yes," said Gault. "About your red night. I have said it would come to nothing and I wish to prove it to you by the fact. I have that much vanity of prediction. Would you know what is happening this minute outside—anywhere? Would you have some authentic and private news of your enterprise? Would you like to hear what is transacting this instant at the desk of the chief of the secret service? How interesting—to see one's own play while acting in it! Pull that ebony box over here under the light. It moves easily. You won't have to open anything. It is seen through the glass."

Stirring for the first time, Gault sat forward on the edge of his chair and held out both hands toward the ebony case, moving his fingers impatiently with a bring-it-here gesture.

Pretending not to have hesitated, as that would seem to betray a lack of courage, Mygatt moved over to the ebony case, nudged it with one knee, then got behind it and trundled it into the light at the end of the table, taking care not to lose sight of Gault and being careful at the end not to come too close. He took a position behind the case which enabled him to look through the glass and keep Gault in direct line of vision at the same time. And not once did he remove the right hand from the bulging coat pocket.

What Mygatt saw through the glass was a wonderful and most complicated assembly of disks, spheres and cylinders, all revolving joyously in a vacuum like a miniature universe. Gault was sure he had never seen anything like it before, for the simple reason that there had never been anything like it in the world and would never be again.

Its history was sentimental. There was a boy with whom he had extravagantly exchanged vows of everlasting brotherhood. Unlike most friendships of the kind, this one lasted and became Gault's most precious possession on earth. They set out upon life's highway side by side. The friend was a mechanical genius of the highest promise, always thinking of inventions that should make them both rich, but at thirty he lost his reason. His delusion was that perpetual motion could be mechanically produced. There was nothing else the matter with him. The alienists whom Gault consulted said if his friend were humored in the mad idea he could live a long and happy life. Thereupon Gault provided him with a mechanical laboratory, kept him in funds and pretended to believe in what he was doing.

Twenty-five years the inventor worked on his perpetual-motion machine, dining once a week with Gault through all that time, perfectly confident that in the end his discovery would repay everything. On the day he imparted the initial impulse to his machine he expired in a delirium of joy. Gault was with him when it happened. Three weeks afterward he went to the laboratory and the machine was still running. It was then he thought of having it mounted in an ebony case. And it had never stopped, because once in three weeks he gave it a fresh impulse.

"Well, where is its voice?" asked Mygatt.

"I'll show you," said Gault. "But isn't it fascinating? I can't look at it without getting a bit excited. So now let's hear what is going on. The master key to release its voice you'll find, please, in that little inlaid box down there at the end of the table. Be careful to hold it level."

As he said this Gault screwed round in his chair and pointed out the object.

The table was ten feet long and the box Gault desired was at the extreme other end. Mygatt, still very cautious, brought the box, carrying it by the top.

"Press the silver button," said Gault, "and the lid will fly open. There! And the second reason, as I was going to say, for the failure—press it hard! The second reason for the failure of maybe you are not pressing it straight in—your industrial revolution—no, no! Here!"

The last word was spoken with intense exasperation at Mygatt's awkwardness. He was nervous, and besides he was trying to open the box with one hand.

Rising as he spoke, Gault reached for it. Mygatt released it and stepped back.

"The second reason for the failure of your industrial revolution," said Gault for the third time, "is ——"

At that instant he touched a secret spring in the old Italian dueling pistol case, the lid popped open and he raised his hand with a silver-mounted weapon pointed blank at Mygatt's chest.

"—— that you practice killing," Gault concluded in an unchanged voice. "It ruins your trade."

Fear held Mygatt's body still, but the emotion that filled his face was that of rage.

Gault held him steadily under the aim of the pistol and a look of withering contempt and spoke not another word. He stepped backward to the bell and rang once. When Cragin appeared he said: "Come up behind that man and take him round the middle. Be careful to hold his arms tight—low down. He has a revolver in his right coat pocket."

Cragin was a large and powerful Irishman. Seizing Mygatt according to directions, he looked round him at Gault, saying: "How often have I told you, sir, to keep those pistols loaded?"

"I'm ringing for the other servants," said Gault. "Disarm him when they come and turn him over to the police."

Three servants, all men, were already there. Gault put down the empty weapon and walked steadily out.

"I'll be with you in an instant, sir," Cragin called after him.

Under big headlines the newspapers the next morning reported what was evidently a concerted attempt on the part of the reds to perform an orgy of assassination. Fortunately the plot had miscarried. Bomb outrages occurred in five cities simultaneously. One public building was wrecked and several private residences were damaged, but there were so far as known only three fatalities—a night watchman, an unknown woman and a man believed by the gruesome traces to have been one of the bombers. Such was the harvest of red night.

Also it was reported that a number of arrests had been made by the police and that one of the persons taken was Jacob Mygatt, the notorious anarchist, who only a few months before had finished a long sentence for shooting Anthony Gault.

By a dramatic coincidence the afternoon papers of the same day had the news of the death of Anthony Gault. He had died very late in the night of heart failure.

The Gault will was the following sensation. It disposed of the largest private fortune that had been yet revealed by death—and all of it, save for a number of unimportant personal bequests, was left to public uses. He had no direct heirs. The largest single item was $500,000,000 for the endowment of chemical and physical research on a scale never before imagined, with only this one condition—namely, that there be inscribed above the portal these words:

"Science is the true revolutionist.
The laboratory is a citadel of liberty."

Can You Drive the Ford with Your Hands at 10:20?

Hands on the wheel in the position of 10:20—this is the grip most experienced motorists prefer. Ease, with security and maximum leverage, are combined in it.

Now try it on your Ford. In spite of yourself, you'll find the joggle of the wheel shifting your hands to 9:15.

There's the source of arm strain in driving—the thing that tires your wrists and shoulders when you drive.

Every irregularity in the road, every stone rolled over by the front wheels; every jounce and jolt, every vibration, is transmitted up the steering post—you have to drive in the unnatural position of 9:15 to keep your car in the road. This the Balcrank Stabilizer corrects.

The Balcrank Stabilizer takes up the wobble and holds the front wheels in their course. It intercepts the backlash before it reaches your steering wheel, enabling you to handle your car with the same ease and smoothness that attends the driving of heavier, more costly machines. The vibrations that weary your arms are made impossible.

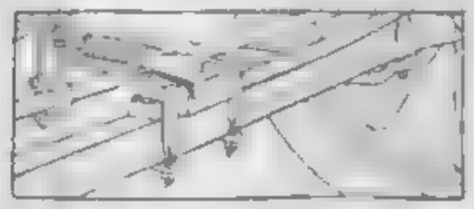
Most of all, it makes your car immensely safer to ride in—a new steadiness is given the front wheels—tricky swerving is prevented—your machine straightens out of its own accord after you've rounded a corner.

The cost of a Balcrank Stabilizer is only $6.75—and you regain your investment in a few weeks in added safety, and in tires saved. See your nearest accessory dealer today, or if you prefer, write direct to us.

The Cincinnati Ball Crank Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

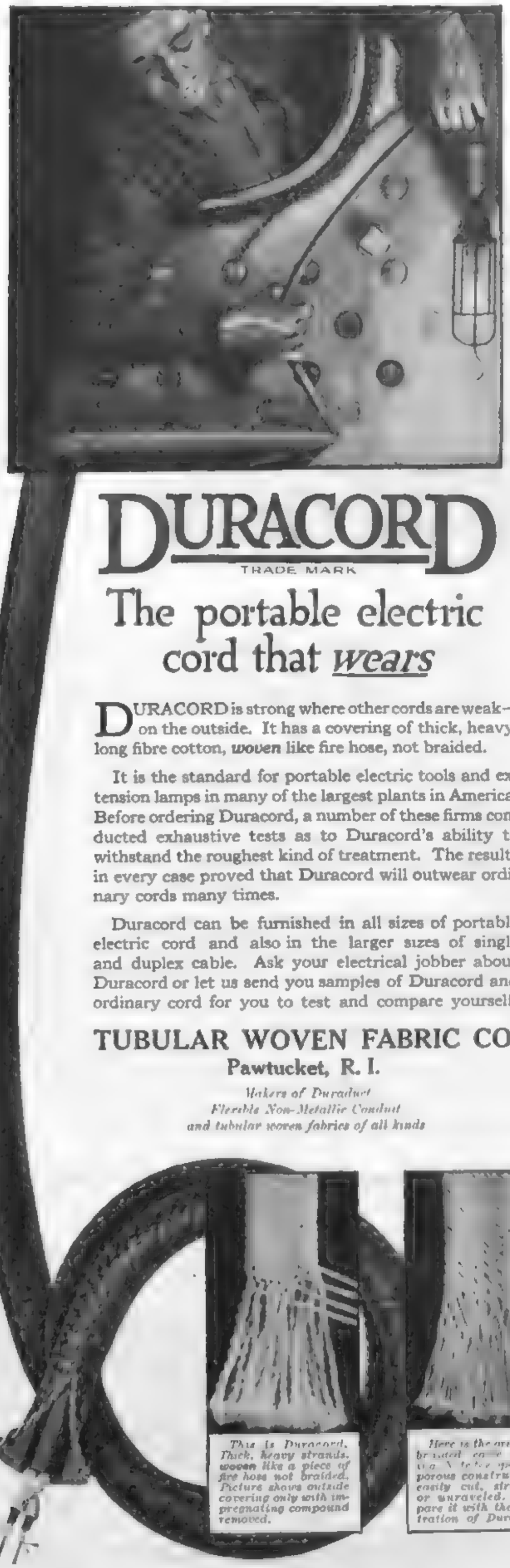
The Balcrank Stabilizer is a mechanical example not expensive to get it center. Made of finest Bessemer steel stock.

It attaches to the front axle and tie rod, strengthening the entire steering mechanism. Can be fitted to car with monkey wrench, in ten minutes. No holes to bore, or machine work to do.



BALCRANK STABILIZER

FOR FORDS AND OTHER LIGHT CARS



DURACORD
TRADE MARK

The portable electric cord that *wears*

DURACORD is strong where other cords are weak—on the outside. It has a covering of thick, heavy, long fibre cotton, *woven* like fire hose, not braided.

It is the standard for portable electric tools and extension lamps in many of the largest plants in America. Before ordering Duracord, a number of these firms conducted exhaustive tests as to Duracord's ability to withstand the roughest kind of treatment. The results in every case proved that Duracord will outwear ordinary cords many times.

Duracord can be furnished in all sizes of portable electric cord and also in the larger sizes of single and duplex cable. Ask your electrical jobber about Duracord or let us send you samples of Duracord and ordinary cord for you to test and compare yourself.

TUBULAR WOVEN FABRIC CO.
Pawtucket, R. I.

Makers of Duraduct
Flexible Non-Metallic Conduit
and tubular woven fabrics of all kinds

This is Duracord. Thick, heavy strands, woven like a piece of fire hose not braided. Picture shows outside covering only with impregnating compound removed.

Here is the ordinary braided cord cover[illegible] porous construction easily cut, stretched or unraveled. Compare it with the illustration of Duracord.

HERBERT STRONG

By ROBERT QUILLEN

OAKVALE was divided against itself. The division began in an earlier generation, when men settled their differences without regard for law, and shed blood to carry an argument. In that ancient day the town possessed but one meat market and this was owned by a very giant of a man named Adams—a hard man, dour, silent, with a bull neck and the disposition of a rattlesnake. Adams bought beef cattle and hogs from the farmers in the neighborhood and retailed the meat to people in town. It was a profitable business and he was considered a prominent citizen.

Hiram Jenkins lived in a house on the outer rim of the village and tended a few acres of land that extended beyond the corporate limits. Here he pastured a cow and kept a few shotes. He owned several large farms in the country round about, but had rented them and retired to take his ease.

One day in the early summer one of Jenkins' shotes coveted a turnip that had been tossed to the cow. The cow held orthodox views concerning property rights and tossed the shote on her horns. Jenkins heard the shote's squeal and reached the lot in time to split its throat—an act of mercy, no doubt, but prompted by the desire to make pork of what was near to being carrion.

Had the thing happened in the fall of the year Jenkins would have salted down the meat for his own use, but the weather was warm and the village meat market offered the only hope of salvage. To the market he went, the shote, disemboweled and freshly scalded, sprawling in a wheelbarrow.

Adams was suspicious. Here was a shote too lean for butchering, killed out of season by a man who had no assurance that he would be able to dispose of the meat. He asked questions. The answers were not to his liking and in the end he hotly affirmed the thing he had at first suspected, that the shote had come to its end by natural means and that Jenkins was peddling carrion to avoid the loss of a few dollars. Blows followed, and as a sequel both men appeared before a village purveyor of justice and were fined to pay for their sins.

The shote was buried in the garden, where his carcass could enrich the soil for the growing of other turnips, but the feud he brought into being lived on to embitter the life of a community.

There were men who held that contact with horns, with or without subsequent throat splitting, did not unfit pork for use as food; and others who maintained as stubbornly that a shote was unfit for human consumption except it died on its feet in an orthodox way with a pistol ball in its brain. The village divided for the sake of argument and became an Adams faction and a Jenkins faction. The poison got into the churches and the school and was carried to the polls at the annual election of village officials.

Adams and Jenkins went to their graves and a second generation followed them. The third generation did not know the story of the shote. It knew only that the village was divided into factions and that the existence of factions impeded progress and made life unpleasant. Men of one faction attended the church supported by men of another, and even went the length of buying goods from a member of the other faction, but in matters political quarter was neither asked nor given and a village election uncovered whatever of evil there was in men's natures and became an orgy of bitter personalities.

There was one man in Oakvale who took no part in factional fights. He was neutral because he saw no reason for the existence of factions, and saw in their existence a reason for the town's lack of growth and prosperity.

Herbert Strong was the work of his own hands. Left an orphan he had worked his way through high school and college, learned the hardware business by clerking in a city store during vacation periods, and returned to his native town to establish with borrowed capital a hardware business of his own.

He was successful because he knew his trade. His store was open and his floor swept before the village was awake; his windows were the last on Main Street to darken. His stock was small, but comprehensive, and the thing he did not have on his shelves he would get in the next express. He served, but he was not servile. Men respected him because he respected himself and did his job well; and forgot to wonder why he did not side with one faction or the other.

Herbert Strong did not have a monopoly of the hardware business. There was in Oakvale a cooperative store, incorporated under the laws of the state, and the shares of stock were almost equally divided between the members of the opposing factions. The store served the purpose for which it was established. Those who held stock bought their clothing, hardware, groceries and drugs at cost, and the store was patronized by hundreds who had no interest in its affairs. Yet it was not a successful business, for it was a prey to politics.

When the Jenkins faction could find a way to win the hearts of the minority stockholders who were the balance of power a Jenkins man was elected manager of the store and he in turn selected Jenkins adherents to serve behind the counters. Salaries were high, for money paid to Jenkins salesmen would be kept from the pockets of Adams stockholders.

When members of the Adams faction stole away the hearts of the fence riders an Adams man was put in charge of the store and Jenkins clerks were ousted despite their experience and ability, if any. Making a success of the business was a matter little considered. The important thing was to get control for the sake of the salaries.

One year when the Adams faction had control of the store a stockholder glanced casually over the books and began to make notes concerning the store's indebtedness. As he added the column of figures set down in his notebook a beam of intelligence penetrated the veil of factional prejudice that darkened his wits and he began to have symptoms of an idea.

The idea matured and as tribute to its worth there gathered in the town hall the next day every man and every woman who held stock in the coöperative store. There was a coolness in the air unrelated to the season of the year, and each person present had come resolved to shelve personalities while considering profits.

He who brought forth the idea served as chairman.

Said he: "We are stockholders in a corporation. The business of the corporation is to serve us as cheaply as possible and profit us as much as possible. We have been using the store as a political plaything. We've had a lot of fun out of it, perhaps; but the business has gone to thunder. We are served at cost, but waste and bad management put the cost higher year by year. Now we are in debt up to our eyebrows, and if we don't use a little common sense the whole thing will go to smash.

"Personally I am fed up on two-by-four politics. It has occurred to me that the word 'politics' would serve as a first-class synonym for 'foolishness.' I believe I could get along with a little less politics and a little larger balance in the bank. Shelving politics may work a hardship on the boys who have been loafing round the store all these years, growing fat at our expense, but they can learn to plow for a living if they can't learn to sell goods.

"One year we had a store manager who had previously failed to make a decent living as a dentist, and the next year we had one who didn't know the difference between calico and satin. We have been a bunch of suckers, but I'm through. I've sworn off. I shall not bite again until death do us part, gentle Annie.

"There's a man in this town who knows the retail game. We have all watched his rise and we know that he has sense. He is a business man and a hustler. He doesn't belong to either faction. He's square and clean, and if we can persuade him to quit his private affairs and take over the job of running this corporation there will be some chance of saving the pieces. The chair is willing to entertain a motion that Herbert Strong be invited to pull us out of a hole."

Thus Herbert Strong became the big man of Oakvale, and none regret the passing of the old system save those who once held soft jobs because of their adherence to a cause that was dead, and now must sweat to get their victuals.

"Go Ye Into all the World"

Thirty-One Denominations are going Together

OUT of the war the Christian Churches emerged with a new sense of the urgency of their Master's command.

"We must go forward," they said. And each denomination planned its own "Forward Movement" to deepen the spiritual life of its members and equip itself with money and power.

Then came the greater thought: "It is not enough for us to go forward. We must be sure that there is no waste of effort; that every man and dollar do their utmost in service.

"We must go forward *together.*"

So the Interchurch World Movement was formed, a clearing house through which thirty-one great denominations—without sacrificing their identity in any way—can coöperate in the service of Jesus Christ.

A Survey That Every Business Man Must Admire

FOR more than a year trained experts have been at work making a scientific survey of the whole world, and of America county by county.

The churches, for the first time in their history, have the full facts.

They *know* where America is overchurched and where underchurched.

They *know* exactly how they can cooperate in the foreign mission fields to produce the largest results in international education, international health and international good-will.

No business man can study those surveys without the conviction that here is a Movement with its feet planted on the solid ground of fact, and a vision broad enough to survey the Church's whole task.

Each Member Now Gives Less Than 3c a Day

ON the basis of this survey the cooperating denominations will unite in a simultaneous financial campaign in the week of April 25–May 2.

The amounts asked for are large in the aggregate; they are small when divided among the church members of the nation.

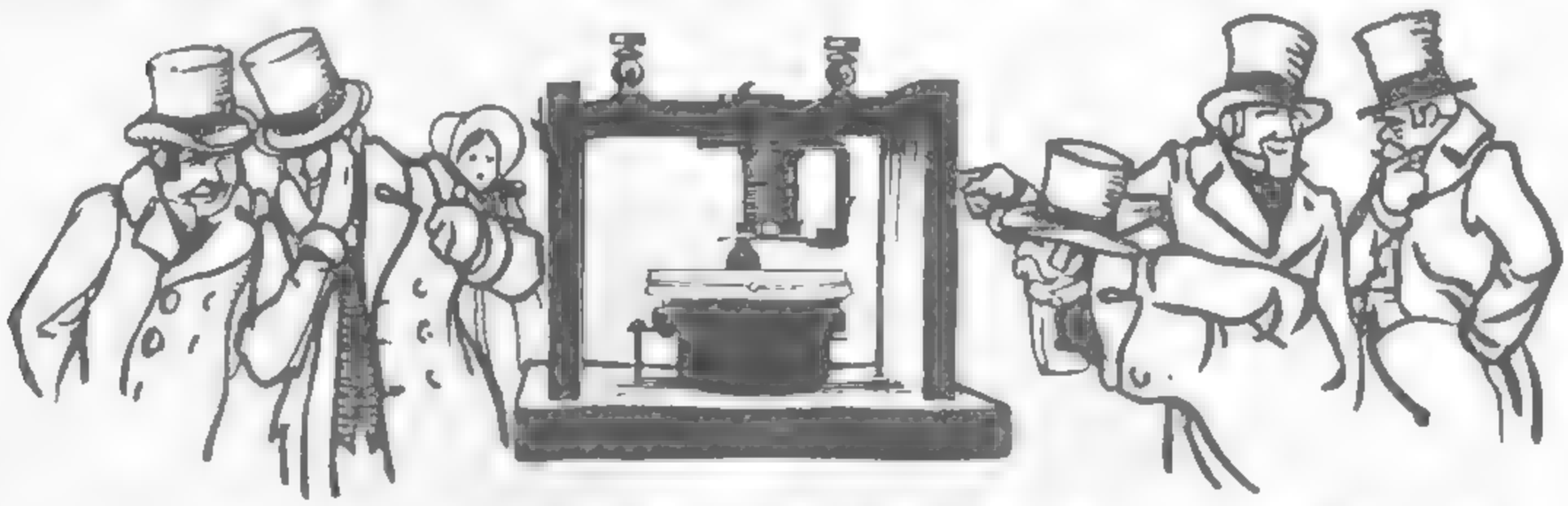
The average contribution per member for all church purposes is less than 3 cents a day. Nothing for the richest nation in the world to be proud of, is it? The program of the Movement calls not for large gifts from few, but for larger thinking and giving on the part of all.

When your church calls upon you, give—and give from your heart as well as from your pocketbook.

The INTERCHURCH World Movement
of North America

45 West 18th Street, New York

Time dispels our old illusions-



COFFEE

comes into its own

Gradually our old "bugaboos" pass away. Who of this day can realize that the Telephone was first received with jibes and jeers? It was called a *"plaything"*.

Even coffee,–this rarest of Nature's gifts,–is sometimes assailed by people of super-sensitive *nerves* and overwrought *digestions*.

Our food fancies are many and *curious*. Red meat is too rich for the blood of some. Tomatoes contain too much acid. Milk is said to produce biliousness in adults,—but it is fine for *children!*

If we accept the general condemnation of foods because of individual prejudices or disabilities, there may come a time when we shall have nothing to eat! What then?

The real truth is—the use of coffee brings the greatest good to the greatest number. Coffee makes normal people more *normal*. Coffee makes healthy people more *healthy*.

Brazil is noted for its large coffee production. Its people are inveterate coffee drinkers,—yet uniformly robust and *healthy*.

Coffee is now, and ever will be, the world's popular beverage. Drink good, pure, clean, wholesome coffee. Get the *goodness* of the genuine taste. There is no *substitute*.

SIGNIFICANT—*The London Lancet—that eminent medical authority—states: "The effect of coffee upon the vital centres after a meal makes it valuable as an aid to digestion."*

Copyright 1920 by the Joint Coffee Trade Publicity Committee of the United States

Be Thankful *for* COFFEE!

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 40)

A Biography Written Backward

provided he catches one fish. Humidity stimulates him. When a fog rolls in from the Atlantic he dons a light linen shirt, a pair of Palm Beach trousers and smokes a box of Connecticut-wrapped cigars in silence and contentment. All climates look alike to him.

He can't pass a ship-chandler's junk shop without buying some relic of the sea.

He has a passion for conversation with farmers, old settlers and the grizzled gentry generally.

He prefers to pick his friends rather than to have them pick him. Moreover, he has the power to isolate himself even in a crowd.

When autumn falls he takes a ten-gauge shotgun, a 30–30 rifle and goes on the trail of the woodcock, the moose and the black-tailed deer. He is perfectly satisfied to return from the trip with a large black and blue spot on his right shoulder.

He spent six years of his life on a Boston newspaper.

His father's father was one of the Welsh settlers in Southern Ohio in the log-cabin days. His father is a newspaper editor, and has been American consul in Cardiff, Wales. His mother is a niece of General Longstreet.

His wife is the daughter of an English-woman and a New England sea captain of the China trade. She is his inspiration for his stories of the sea. They have two boys in the skinned-knees and no-hat period.

The very fine thing about this man is the expression that comes into his face when he looks at his wife or speaks of his mother.

In Macon, Mississippi, March 7, 1889, born, was BEN AMES WILLIAMS.

Hal G. Evarts

intended for the neat and legible setting down of illustrative examples in all lines of study, the same to be used as models throughout the school term and to be graded at the end of it. I had all the inclinations of an amateur naturalist and each page in the new book was promptly headed with the name of some bird, the migratory and nesting habits and all other bits of information pertaining to each one being faithfully recorded. All was well till grading time. The one bright spot in the harsh days that followed was the fact that the precious book was sent to my family as evidence of unprecedented backsliding from the studious paths of grace, and so, through devious channels, came once more into my keeping. The pages were filled during the following four years.

The last entry had to do with an amazingly heavy flight of mallards that winged down from the North in a certain fall. My family traveled in far countries and I went A. W. O. L. to investigate the ducks, scrawled one last sentence and closed the book with no thought that it would be fifteen years before I looked on it again. When a boat is heavily laden with a tent, bed roll, grub box and two dozen steel traps it is much more satisfactory to travel with the current than against it, and my course lay downstream.

After four years I rejoined the family circle and led a rational business life for three-quarters of a decade before having another lapse and starting a fur farm in a mountain valley near the Yellowstone Park. Red, cross and silver foxes, skunks and mink were installed in a series of wooden, wire and concrete pens of varying sizes, the whole of it covering a number of acres. This was in the heart of the game country and there was ample opportunity for observing wild animals as well as those in my pens.

A box of my youthful treasures was sent to my three-year-old son. A few hours after its arrival I noted scraps of paper scattered widely downwind, and investigation proved them to be the last tattered fragments of the old book. One of the few pages remaining intact held that final entry concerning the mallard flight that had played so large a part in the termination of my school career. Except for six months on a Kansas newspaper I had done no writing since, and perhaps it was the recollection of all that the old book had meant to me that led me to write another.

The following winter was exceptionally long and bitter and I sent my family out to spend the worst four months in a milder clime. There was unlimited time for writing and the new work was started where the old left off, undertaken at first merely as a means to while away long evenings, but carried on later through a sense of pique roused by the mediocrity of the initial efforts and a determination to improve on them for my own satisfaction. The absorbing interest that the old book had held for me was revived through persistence till it came to center in the new; and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST lived up to its policy of holding out a helping hand to the unknown author.

Harold MacGrath

Of course all this time my mother knew that eventually I was going to put it all over C. Dickens. My father was tolerantly cynical until I laid my first book on his knees. Then he ran out into the yard and called in the neighbors. That kind of a thrill comes only once. I was twenty-nine then.

The ancient tale of toting a manuscript from pillar to post is hearsay to me. I check up this good fortune against my newspaper experience. By the time I found out that I could spin readable yarns I possessed a fair idea how to attack the job. I had the newspaper man's directness of approach.

My first story was accepted one week after it went into the mail bag. I was discovered by David Grayson, better known to his friends as Ray Stannard Baker. He was then literary adviser of the S. S. McClure newspaper syndicate. I often wonder if I have disappointed that kindly, considerate man.

The Doubleday, McClure Co. published the book. I had a good deal of capital indoor sport figuring on the backs of envelopes what my first royalty check would be. My letter of resignation from the Syracuse Herald staff was about to be delivered when I received that check. It was for seven dollars and ninety-seven cents. Rumor in the home town still insists that I took a champagne bath in the proceeds of my first royalty check. Truth is, I didn't even get my feet wet.

Financial success came with The Man on the Box. I became a best seller when popular novels ran into the hundred thousands. I saw Henry E. Dixey cavort through three acts based upon that story. I saw my name on billboards, elevated stations, in surface cars, on ash cans, building material, vans, in windows—all over New York. I had arrived. But there's a lot to that word that I was blissfully unaware of then. Still I have created some big holes in the spruce forests—pulp for paper to manufacture my books. How simple it was in those happy times! You put a rapier into the hands of an engaging swashbuckler, who pinked a few rogues in midriff, and shortly your publishers would bring the pushcart to your front door with a hundred thousand dollars in it. Some day when I think of it I'm going to look up that word midriff. Hanged if I know what it is!

After The Man on the Box the going was easy. Maybe it was too easy. I don't know. Anyhow, I have few regrets. I had a lot of fun writing those tales. It kept me young, if you want the truth.

I work hard and I play hard. I write a yarn over at least four times and then I am never satisfied, which may be a hopeful sign.

No use trying to dodge it, I'm frankly a romancer. I'm always writing about people and things as I'd like them to be. And yet I never wrote a tale the basis of which was not actual fact—some bizarre, whimsical fact. The unusual appeals to me strongly, perhaps because at heart I'm an adventurer. Thus my business primarily is to lead the heroine through more or less exciting episodes to the altar. If afterward she throws the dishes at hubby's head that is no affair of mine. By that time I'm off for Singapore or some other interesting place. Sherbets and amber-mouthed hookahs and Shah Abbas rugs and Scheherazade peering discreetly through the latticed window of the haremlik!

I am intensely fond of good music—Beethoven, Chopin, Grieg, Rubinstein, *et al.* Syncopated jazz causes me to howl along with my dog. There is a Carlo Dolci in the Pitti Galleria in Florence that I'd rather own than all the Rubens in the Louvre. My favorite book is The Life of Benvenuto Cellini. My favorite story is The Three Musketeers. I love old furniture, rugs, tapestries; my home is full of

"No Wicks to Trim—No Chimney to Wash—No Smoke, No Soot, No Odor—

"And no daily fussing with greasy dripping oil to keep this lamp going. You see, *this* lamp is a Coleman Quick-Lite.

"It makes and burns its own gas from common motor gasoline—one of the cleanest of all lighting fuels.

"You can use your Quick-Lite two or three hours every night for a whole week *on one filling*.

"Just think what it means to you in time and labor saved and trouble avoided to have one of these handy lamps in your home.

Coleman Quick-Lite

"The Sunshine of the Night"

"You can see for yourself what a wonderful light it gives—300 candle power of pure white brilliance—steady and strong. That's a lot of light—brighter than 20 old style oil lamps. It doesn't hurt or strain your eyes any. Because the light of the Quick-Lite is *natural*—a soft, even, restful light—no glare or flicker about it; just the light for an evening's reading or sewing, or for just 'visiting.'

"Lights with Matches"

"As a merchant, I have my choice of practically all kinds of lamps, but I have never used, never seen, never sold as fine a home lamp as the Coleman Quick-Lite. It's safe. Can't spill fuel or explode even if tipped over. The cost to use it is only a trifle more than a cent a night. Use it one evening and you'll appreciate what a pleasure and comfort the Quick Lite will be in your home."

15,000 merchants sell Coleman Quick Lite Lamps, Lanterns and Lighting Plants. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

Style CQ-329
U.S. Price, $9.50
Canada, $13.50

A beautiful lamp built of durable brass, heavily nickeled and highly polished. Universal Shade Holder fits many different styles of shades.

The Coleman Lamp Co.

Wichita St. Paul
Dallas Toledo Los Angeles
Atlanta Chicago

Why Stropping Improves Safety Razor Blades

A safety razor blade is made of highly tempered steel of just as high quality as the finest old style razor blade.

The cutting edge, which is very thin, is composed of infinitesimal teeth invisible to the eye. When perfectly aligned, these little teeth form a smooth, keen cutting edge. If they would stay in alignment, stropping would be unnecessary. As it is, contact with the beard forces them out of alignment. Even changes in temperature cause expansion or contraction which differently affect these teeth. That is why new blades are improved by stropping.

If you will strop your double edge blades with a Twinplex Stropper, you will notice a wonderful difference in the quality of the shave you get. The best way is to start with a new blade. Strop it before the first shave, and both before and after each succeeding shave—just as a barber does.

One blade, if stropped regularly, will give you delightfully smooth shaves almost indefinitely.

Twinplex operates with the accuracy of a watch. It strops both edges at once, turns the blade over and strops the other side—the correct principle of stropping.

Twinplex is sold on 30 days' trial and a 10 year service guarantee. Price—$5.00 in satin lined, nickel, or leather case. Sold also in variety of cases holding Stropper and razor; also Stropper, razor, brush and soap.

Nearly a million men have found shaving comfort with Twinplex. Write for free booklet.

Twinplex Sales Company
1651 Locust St., St. Louis
239 Fulton St., New York—591 Catherine St., Montreal

Twinplex Stropper

them. And every chair and rug and tapestry has a little story of adventure which only my wife and I know. I love the open if there is plenty of water about. Not even the spice gardens at Kandy, Ceylon, are as sweet to me as a land blow over the clover fields of the Great Lakes country.

When I'm not gallivanting round the queer places of the world I spend the summer at Cape Vincent, New York, at the source of the noble St. Lawrence River. And there my guide—Capt. Jim Stanley, a retired deep-sea sailor and a rare naturalist—and I swap stories about the strange water fronts we two have seen. And sometimes when the pesky sou'west isn't blowing too hard I catch a bass.

I have seen strange places—Europe, Africa, Asia! I have felt the bite of a typhoon, the swinging monotony of endless calms. Lordy but I love the sea! I have felt my hair rise up on end at the sound of the desert tomtoms in the night. From night prowling in old Florence to the burning ghats of Benares; from the dance halls of the Smyrna water front to the gardens of the mikado. Some of you who read this may recall the little green parrakeet I described in a story in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST last winter. That bird was mine. I picked him up in the dust of Jaipur and carried him 13,000 miles, across India, up and down Burma and Malacca, across China and Japan—home. I'm a restless individual. I went round the world once on the flip of a coin. And just as soon as these troublous times subside I'm going round again. I've just got to get back to Udaipur to watch—from the rim of the fighting pit, you may be sure—the wild pig come down at eventide for the maharaja's corn, with the big boars squealing and fighting in rivalry and the wild peacock screaming and fluttering on the milling backs!

I have had in my two palms fabulous pink pearls, emeralds, pigeon-blood rubies and sapphires. I have always been more or less mad about precious stones—not to wear, but to feast my eyes upon, to touch and to play with. When I was in Delhi I fairly lived in the Chandni Chowk, which is or was the Maiden Lane of all India.

Emeralds! A very little thing starts a story sometimes. There was that window in Settepassi's shop on the Ponte Vecchio in Florence in the spring of 1914. A diamond necklace. I didn't care about the diamonds—but the pendant! It was an emerald about the size of a half dollar and about half an inch thick; polished of course. Day after day on returning from the Pitti Galleria I would stop and flatten my nose against that window. From that beautiful green stone eventually came The Drums of Jeopardy.

I have had some of my boyhood dreams come true; I have ridden elephants through jungles. I have seen prowling tigers on the station platforms in the night—from the safety of my car window! Once my wife wanted to bring home a baby elephant that was for sale at Prome in Burma. But I argued her out of it, with hay at twenty-two dollars the ton. I have found cobras on the cement floor of my shower bath in Mandalay. Not being a duly accredited amateur, I can't claim the standing high jump. I have been robbed by guides and monkeys and ringed-neck crows and hotel keepers. I have been stranded in Egypt and Japan. But oh, I have seen things!

Small wonder then with all these wonderful panoramas to draw upon before the wood fire that I should sometimes dip my quill into rainbows instead of sober ink.

And now alas! I come to it; the inescapable. I am forty-eight, having been born in Syracuse, New York, in 1871, on a September morn. I still live in Syracuse, which speaks well for my courage. And I conclude in paraphrase that an author is not without profit save in his own home town.

THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS

(Continued from Page 4)

an unfortunate effect on American business. American business men can buy whatever they want in Paris, and they are buying in large quantities. But for a French business man to buy in America when he has to pay ten francs for an American dollar with which to do his buying is almost as agonizing as it would be to jab a knife into him and twist it round a couple of times. So he isn't doing it. The result, argue the French, is inevitable. French business men will buy from America only those things which they absolutely must have. Other things they will buy from Germany and Czechoslovakia and Poland and Austria, where the currency is even more depreciated than the French currency. Eventually America will wake up to find herself, as bankers say, holding the sack, and in the sack there will be no foreign trade or anything else.

The argument is thoroughly sound, and the only answer to it is for American financiers and business men to see that France gets enough credits so that she can supply herself with sufficient raw materials to produce a maximum of goods for export. As soon as she is exporting to America as much as she is importing that mysterious thing known as the balance of trade will be stabilized, as the business men like to remark in their piquant jargon—or do they say that it is equalized? Maybe they say that the balance of trade will be balanced—or adjusted. At any rate there will be as much going out as there is coming in, and consequently the demand for French money and for American money with which to pay for the goods will be equal, and therefore neither one will be worth more than the other. The French franc will be as valuable as it was in the glad free days before the war, and trade relations between France and America will be all that could be desired.

As in most of the civilized countries of the world, the laboring classes in France are about as well off as anybody. Parisian laborers are making very large sums of money in many cases. It is not unusual for a taxicab driver to make from 100 to 120 francs a day. Knife grinders, who are organized in a syndicate, or superunion, and who have certain streets allotted to them, drag down from sixty to eighty francs a day. The average laborer is paid from 150 to 200 francs a week.

The more refined clerk and white-collar man, however, are not so fortunate. A salesman in a department store will only get fifty francs a week, plus one per cent on his sales; and salesgirls receive thirty-seven francs fifty centimes a week, plus one per cent on their sales. A stenographer earns seventy-five francs a week, and if she knows one foreign language she will be paid 125 francs a week. Bookkeepers average 120 francs a week and cashiers average 150 francs a week. Generally speaking, the earnings of the middle class have a little more than doubled, while the laborers' wages have tripled, quadrupled and quintupled.

Prices in many cases have outstripped the leaps which laborers' wages have taken. Back in 1914 a dozen eggs could be bought for a little more than one franc. Last winter they were nearly ten. Butter in 1914 stood at one and a half francs a pound, and last winter it went to eight francs. A liter of wine used to cost half a franc; last winter it cost two. Beer used to cost thirty centimes a liter; last year it cost a franc a liter. A chicken cost five francs before the war and is now flapping along at twenty-five francs. Men's clothes have tripled in price, as have women's garments.

The standard of living has risen, however, and France's reputation for thrift is being severely jolted by her workmen. As a matter of fact, the French laborer has usually been about as thrifty as a Russian sailor who has just had seven drinks of Japanese-Scotch whisky in the American bar on the Nagasaki water front. That is what the economists would call the negation of thrift.

The two curses of the French workman have always been alcohol and improvidence. He is not an habitual souse, but he takes a small snifter every hour or so, and sometimes there comes a day when he beats his wife fiercely, attacks the furniture with an ax and has to be led away to a psychopathic ward. As for his thriftlessness, that is usually ingrained in him from the generations of workmen from whom he is descended. He has the idea that since he was born a workman he must remain one; that it is as useless for him to save as it would be for him to try to play a piano. Frequently the laborer has been a peasant who broke away from his village because he wanted to get to the intoxicating whirl of city life; so

(Continued on Page 57)

The A.B.C. *of Thrift*

What is thrift? Thrift is the buying of the greatest values for the least money. It is something far more than the avoidance of extravagance. Kresge thrift principles consist of cutting to a minimum the three costs determining the price of merchandise—the production—the cost of handling—and the cost of selling to you.

A The Kresge Company buys in immense quantities. Quantity production means a lower price per unit. You share this advantage. That is thrift.

B The Kresge system of handling merchandise does away with waste. There is no lost energy, no lost time and unnecessary labor. You do not pay the extra amount usually added to take care of wastage. Again, thrift governs your purchases.

C The Kresge method of selling also reduces the price of merchandise. There is no waiting for sales slips and no "charge" accounts.

The Kresge Stores are built on these thrift principles. They buy—operate—and sell on a thrift basis. The profit on each article is extremely small. Success is possible only thru millions of sales.

In these stores, in the principal cities of the country, you will find the same assortment of good merchandise, such as you use and need every day. A few departments are Candy, Toilet Articles, Ribbons, Hosiery, Dry Goods, Notions, Hardware and Kitchenware.

The values which are offered are only possible because the Kresge system has made them so. The Kresge Stores offer you a splendid opportunity for the practice of thrift.

S. S. KRESGE *Stores*

5¢-10¢-15¢ *Red Front*

25¢-50¢-$1.00 *Green Front*

PAIGE

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

IN the used car markets of the nation you will find the proof or disproof of automobile quality.

There, intrinsic worth and hidden weakness are revealed side by side—and valued in terms of dollars and cents.

Investigate the Paige on this basis and you will find that our product enjoys a rating that is unexcelled in the industry.

New or old, a Paige is ALWAYS a preferred investment and worthy of the confidence that is so universally reposed in it.

There are eight Paige models with open and enclosed bodies. Each is a distinctive creation and, in its field, "The Most Beautiful Car in America."

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

Manufacturers of Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

(Continued from Page 54)

when he gets within speaking distance of the intoxicating whirl he jumps in with both feet and participates in the whirling with great vigor and *élan*.

A young Frenchman of my acquaintance asked me if I wanted to see something rather snappy in the line of amusements. I said that if it was really there with the old punch and would give me a thrill he could lead on. He replied that the Parisian workmen were crazy about it and that it was packed to the doors every night. It sounded all right, so we started off for an evening of riotous enjoyment. He led me up to Montmartre, and after casting round for about ten minutes he located this place that the Parisian workmen were crazy about. It had a soiled and stodgy entrance with a couple of ghostly green lights burning outside, and there were large numbers of workmen gladly parting with five francs apiece in order to enter. We joined them.

The interior of the amusement palace was walled with canvas painted to represent the inside of a burial vault. Coffins were ranged up and down the room, and on each side of each coffin was a wooden bench. When the benches were filled with a gay throng of some two hundred amusement seekers two men dressed as undertaker's assistants came round and stuck lighted wax tapers into holes in the coffins. Another undertaker's assistant pointed out various *objets d'art* on the walls—objects such as imitation skulls and shin bones—and assured everybody in a sepulchral voice that it was an awful place. Still another undertaker came round with thimble-sized glasses of beer and demanded a franc in payment for each one, while a head undertaker delivered a lecture stating that everyone who drank the beer would die instantly. It was terribly thrilling and exciting.

After remaining in this tomb for ten minutes the occupants were requested to pass without crowding into a second tomb, where a lady would be kind enough to die for them. So we rose and passed blithely into the second tomb. Here a woman was placed in a coffin and by an artful arrangement of mirrors was made to look as though she changed into a skeleton. She was then changed back again. After that the audience was passed out into the open air, greatly edified by the twenty minutes of breezy entertainment. The main entrance was thronged with more workmen, each one panting to separate himself from five francs in order to be spiritually elevated by this absorbing spectacle.

Le Boxing and Le Skating

A former captain in the French Army, who is to-day occupying a well-paid professional position, was making moan about comparative salaries.

"Last Sunday evening," said he, "I went to the theater. The play was a good one and I was dressed in le smoking. In the seats in front of me was a workman with his wife. His hands were black and his hair was dirty, but he had paid forty francs for his two seats. Before the war such a sight would never have been seen. To-day it is common. The workingmen are earning as much as, if not more than, the well-paid professional man. And they are spending it as fast as they make it."

The standard of living has risen enormously for the Parisian workers during the past two or three years. Before the war department-store girls usually wore the cheapest of footgear—cotton stockings, felt shoes, frequently wooden sabots. To-day the bulk of them wear silk stockings, which cost twenty-five francs a pair at the minimum. In the public markets one can see workmen's wives, hatless but wearing silk stockings, buying chickens at twenty-five and thirty francs apiece without a thought of bargaining. Alongside them will be the wives of middle-class workers wearing hats and cotton stockings and carrying that eloquent badge of respectability, a net bag. They will bargain and barter for chickens, and will usually turn to something else, because they are unable to pay the price.

The thrifty people of France have been the middle-class folk, and to-day their luck has deserted them. They are forced to clutch each franc so tightly that the figure of Liberty groans aloud. In the old days the middle-class folk usually shot for a mark of 50,000 francs. This they invested in real estate and bonds so that they would have an income of 2500 francs a year; and on the 2500 francs they lived comfortably. To-day the 2500 francs doesn't get them very far. And incomes that used to be 2500 francs dwindled pitifully during the years of the war, for there was a moratorium, and the thrifty middle-class folk who had sunk their hard-earned francs in real estate received no rents at all until the end of last October.

The thrifty French people who are trying to exist on the interest which their once-sufficient capital is bringing in are perilously close to starving.

I referred a short way back to the Frenchman who went to the theater garbed in le smoking. Le smoking is the Parisian way of saying smoking jacket, or dinner coat. One of the things that Paris can't forget is its habit of taking an English noun, attaching an "ing" to the end of it and thinking that the result is eminently correct. When a Parisian wishes to refer in a distinctly American manner to a long walk he calls it a footing. A place where a dance is held is known as un dancing. A brisk ten-round bout is graced with the title of le boxing. When he sets out for a bit of ground-and-lofty tumbling on roller skates he leaves word that he is off for le skating. Le skating is where he goes, and le skating is also what he indulges in, just as he goes to un dancing to have le dancing.

This method of expression seems to have become a mania with the Parisians. Unless they are restrained by some strong hand they will soon begin to speak of a kitchen as le cooking, of a bath as le washing, of a suit of pajamas as le sleeping, of a chair as un sitting, and so on. The ultimate result might be an effective pidgin French in which a Frenchman and an Englishman, with the assistance of a number of Delsartean gestures, might be able to carry on a conversation without any real knowledge of each other's language, but when foreigners attempted to master the hybrid expressions it would probably necessitate frequent enlargements of leading madhouses.

Fighting and Kissing

The Parisians have become passionate devotees of le boxing. Every time un boxing is staged in Paris a large and enthusiastic crowd turns out. There is a belief in certain circles that the Parisian has an odd habit of fighting with his feet and of biting in clinches. After viewing a few examples of le boxing in Paris, however, I am in a position to state that the average French boxer is more generous in the use of his fists than the average American boxer, and that his sole aim in life, while indulging in le boxing, is to hit his opponent as frequently as possible in a given period of time. And French fighters, I don't mind saying, are pretty good sports. Not infrequently a couple of boxers who have been mauling each other's features for a matter of ten rounds will, when the gong rings, embrace affectionately and exchange kisses. Of course this is not the conventional manner of finishing a fight from an American standpoint. It is even possible that if somebody had raised Mr. Willard from the floor at the close of his recent set-to with Mr. Dempsey and had held him up while Mr. Dempsey kissed him there might have been boorish persons in the vicinity who would have jeered at the proceeding and even given vent to catcalls and other low sounds. But in Paris such an ending to a fight is regarded as nothing out of the ordinary, and anyone who ventured to make sport of it would be viciously hissed.

Among the things which Paris hasn't forgotten is the knack of making feminine garb in such manner that every male eye which encounters it is arrested, not to say put out. Some of the feminine apparel which was produced in Paris last winter was the most arresting thing that I had ever happened to witness. Paris, I know, is not New York, nor does anybody want it to be, and comparisons are odious and all that sort of thing. Yet I cannot refrain from remarking that some of the Parisian gowns which I saw in leading dressmaking establishments were so arresting in their nature that if they had appeared on any stage in New York the whole show would have been pinched at once. And I have never heard the New York stage accused of being either prudish or puritanical.

I was led to several of these establishments by an accommodating young woman who was known to all of them and who assured the respective creation creators that I was there in the interests of science and not for the purpose of stealing their styles. Otherwise I would have been

Those 3 Chops

Would Buy a 60-Dish Package of Delicious Quaker Oats

That's a rather big fact to consider.

The 35-cent package of Quaker Oats will make 60 liberal dishes. The 35-cent chops will serve but three.

So with meats or eggs or fish.

The 35 cents, which buys a 60-dish package of Quaker Oats, doesn't go far in meat foods.

It would buy you, for instance, seven eggs

Yet the oat dish, as nutriment, is vastly superior. It is nearly a complete food—almost the ideal food. And the 35-cent package contains as many calories as seven pounds of round steak.

Some 35-Cent Foods

Based on Prices at this Writing

35 Cents
Buys a 60-Dish Package of Quaker Oats

35 Cents
Buys Only Seven Eggs

35 Cents
Buys About Enough Meat to Serve Five

Each dollar spent for Quaker Oats buys as much nutrition as $10 spent for meat, eggs and fish on the average

You get ten for one, based on calories per dollar. See the table below.

The 35-cent package of Quaker Oats yields 6221 calories, the energy measure of food value. Note what that same nutrition costs in other necessary foods at this writing.

This argues for Quaker Oats breakfasts. Serve other foods at dinner, for you need variety. But start the day with this supreme food, and this money-saving dish. Everybody needs it every day.

Cost of 6221 Calories

In Quaker Oats	$0.35
In Average Meats	2.89
In Average Fish	3.12
In Eggs	3.75
In Vegetables, from	68c to 4.70

Quaker Oats

From Queen Grains Only

In Quaker Oats you get flakes made from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel

They make the oat dish doubly inviting, and without extra cost.

15c and 35c per package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

3411

Emery Shirts

The Authentic Mode

Men who know the art of dress are wearers of EMERY Shirts.

Correct fashioning, distinctive patterns and colorings offer a longed-for inspiration to critical dressers.

You, who demand exclusiveness in apparel, will find in EMERY Shirts those inbred niceties of making that prompt the well-groomed man to look for the name—Emery—when he buys shirts.

L. G. S. Pajamas

Equaling in every way the supreme quality of EMERY Shirts, these pajamas are luxuriously comfortable.

W. M. STEPPACHER & BRO., INC.
Philadelphia

made to feel like a soiled and insignificant member of Coal Passers' Local Number Seventeen who had by mistake stumbled into the Union League Club and called hoarsely for an onion sandwich. The Paris dressmakers are greatly troubled by the fiends in human shape who enter their establishments, gaze for a moment at a 2000-franc creation and then go back to little shops on side streets and reproduce the same creation for a matter of 500 francs. They are also somewhat irked by the persons who come there and hang round for the sole purpose of seeing a good show for nothing. Consequently every strange face is viewed with suspicion and alarm.

Having been vouched for, I was allowed to sit magnificently at one end of a large opulent room walled with mirrors and permeated with such a strong odor of perfumery that a hatful of air from it would have entirely changed the odor of the average small-town movie theater. As is well known, drastic measures are needed to change the atmosphere of such a place, but a little of the air from that dressmaking establishment would have done it.

One by one the manikins pranced out, stepping high and holding the hands just the way the fashion artists draw them. I couldn't get over the feeling that instead of flexing the wrists gracefully and allowing their fingers to trail loosely in the air the manikins should have held their dresses on with both hands. In many cases the dresses had no backs and were cut down below the waistline.

Fashion Notes of Real Interest

Though this matter is a rather delicate one, I feel called on in the interests of truth to point out that when a dress has no back and also has a deep incision cut down from the waistline there can be no garments of any sort worn beneath the dress without being exposed to the naked eye, due to the fact—so far as my imperfect technical knowledge permits me to speak—that undergarments must be fastened round the waist in order to remain in the position in which they were designed to remain. I mention this because last winter was a cold winter in Paris and coal was scarce. The fact that frail and beautiful women traveled round with nothing under their dresses, and with scarcely any dresses to boot, is a comprehensive commentary on the amount of punishment that a woman will endure in order to be in style. I would greatly admire to see a man's tailor attempt to introduce some sort of style in dress suits that would make it necessary for the men who use them to throw away their coats, waistcoats, shirts and undergarments and roam round wearing nothing else but what that left them. That tailor's chances of preserving his soundness of body would, I believe, be slim.

In one of the best-known dressmaking establishments in Paris—which is to say one of the best known in the world—a manikin was brought out in a dress which had nothing above the waist, front or back, but eight strands of rhinestones. The rhinestones—four strands on each side—ran from the waist in back over each shoulder and down to the waist in front. They were slender strands—and that's all there was above the waist. I told several friends about it.

"Of course," they all said, "there was a little chiffon or something in addition."

But there wasn't. There was nothing but those strings of rhinestones. And the dress ended about two inches below the knee. The thing was both ludicrous and disgusting. It reminded one of that old old story which is ascribed to Sam Jones, the revivalist. He came home from a dinner party one night. His wife, who was ill, hadn't accompanied him. "Well," said she, prepared to get an entertaining earful, "what did the women wear?"

Jones gazed contemplatively at the ceiling and scratched his chin.

"My dear," said he, "I don't know. I didn't look under the table."

The chief saleslad es in these establishments were pressed to give an honest opinion concerning the beauty of such garments. All of them at first insisted vehemently that they were *très chic*—oh, *très, très chic!* Close questioning, however, forced them to admit that no lady would wear many of them as they were exhibited. In all their unconcealed chicness they were sometimes worn by persons whose judgment was somewhat impaired by their desire to create a sensation, or by individuals who felt that an unrestricted exposure of their charms was a distinct business asset. But the true lady felt obliged to fill in a few of the widest expanses of nothingness with several yards of chiffon and even to let down the skirts a few feet.

For the benefit of womenfolk in America who follow the rise and fall in the heights of dress backs with the same keen interest with which menfolk follow the rise and fall of United States Steel I may say that the Parisian dress weevils predict a marked decrease in the amount of flesh that will be exposed in the future. Not many weeks ago, as I understand it, a dress that had anything above the waist in back was considered a bit dowdy, though some of the leaders in dress creation permitted a small butterfly or bluebird or Parmachene Belle fly to be painted on the flesh just under the left shoulder or on the right of a dimple in the small of the back.

To-day, however, a wisp of tulle or an unobtrusive string of beads may be passed over the shoulder without rousing adverse comment, and it is believed on the Rue de la Paix that this wisp or string may in time grow greatly in size, until evening gowns have again developed a near or rudimentary back. This change will be due in part to the loud and ear-splitting protests which are voiced by the men who attend le dancing with young women who wear the gowns which have nothing above the waist but powder. After dancing with them the young men find that their smokings look very much as though they have been left overnight in a flour barrel, and after every dance they are forced to retire to the coat room and be brushed off by several attendants. It will also be due to the fact that tough and hardy as the feminine constitution is known to be, it is not sufficiently tough and hardy to endure sitting through a long dinner in a drafty room if the upper part of the body is entirely exposed without developing severe and unlovely cases of goose flesh.

The million and a half Americans who are expected in Paris during the summer months will find that Paris hasn't forgotten her entrancing and unique methods of doing business. They will, I predict, be ravished by the methods which obtain in the perfumery stores. The amount of the old jazz which a Parisian uses in selling one small bottle of perfumery is sufficient to sell an entire perfumery factory to an unwilling Vermonter. Some of them adopt the hushed or adoring method of selling, while others prefer the blatant or squirt-gun method, in which the prospective purchaser receives a charge of perfumery in the face as soon as he steps over the threshold.

Perfumery Jazz

When one enters an establishment which uses the first method he finds himself in a chastely simple room with nothing in it to distract the eye. Two severely plain chairs flank a rich but unobtrusive table, while the carpet and the hangings melt into the soft coloring of the woodwork. All is harmony and restfulness. One enters and sits. There is nothing, as one might say, stirring. There is no perfumery in sight. One becomes wrapped in profound contemplation. He forgets all about perfumes and has hot flushes over the thought that he may have made a mistake in exchanging his dollars at the rate of ten francs twenty centimes for each dollar. Possibly if he had hunted farther he might have got ten francs forty, or even ten francs sixty. Ye gods! Would it be better to exchange all his dollars to-morrow or to wait a week? Or would it be better—suddenly the hangings are pushed aside. A mysterious personage with a magnificent black beard reminiscent of a luxuriant juniper bush enters the room dramatically. Ha! Monsieur! Would monsieur perhaps then care to examine a perfume?

Monsieur is tempted to reply that he is there for the purpose of buying a load of top dressing for his Maine hop garden, but he refrains. Yes, he would care to examine a perfume. Bring it on then, but yes.

The mysterious personage withdraws. In a moment he returns with a small box. He holds it in the air and gazes at it as though it held the ashes of a lost love. He opens it tenderly and extracts a small bottle. The small bottle he places in the exact center of the large table. Then he backs off a few steps and gazes proudly at monsieur—as proudly as though he had done something wonderful. One expects

(Continued on Page 60)

We Protect Our Customers By Using Toledo Scales

No Springs Honest Weight

A Significant Sign Displayed in Thousands of Stores

HAVE you observed the scale in the store where you trade?

The scale is the only fixture in the store in which you are financially interested. It measures out the pounds and ounces you receive for your dollars and cents.

Wherever the Toledo Scale is used, exact justice is assured. It contains no springs, and is not affected, as spring scales are, by changes in temperature. It is a pendulum scale measuring gravity with gravity itself, the achievement of twenty years' experience in building springless automatic scales exclusively.

For these reasons and to inspire the confidence of the public and to assure the continued good-will of their customers, thousands of merchants advertise by signs, conspicuously displayed in their stores, that *they* protect *their* customers by using Toledo Scales—No Springs—Honest Weight.

THERE are more than one hundred styles and sizes of Toledo Scales to weigh everything from an ounce of spice to thirty tons of steel—scales for stores, offices, shipping rooms, warehouses, mills and factories.

Toledo Scale Company, Toledo, Ohio

Canadian Factory, Windsor, Ontario

Largest Automatic Scale Manufacturers in the World

Branch Offices and Service Stations in sixty-nine cities in the United States and Canada

Others in thirty-four foreign countries

TOLEDO SCALES

NO SPRINGS ~ HONEST WEIGHT

(Continued from Page 58)

him to crow, as though he had laid it. One is impressed. The bottle must be worth at least a million dollars. What is it, then?

Ah! It is the latest novelty—it is the most recent creation! Marvelous! Exquisite! And the name! *Ah, oui!* The name! "Let Him Not Forget This Moment." That is its name—"Let Him Not Forget This Moment." The personage kisses his hand at the bottle. He rolls up his eyes. He is choked with emotion. *Ah, oui!* Well, what does this "Let Him Not Forget This Moment" smell like, then? Crack it open or something. Give us a smell of the stuff, no?

The personage bows his head, elevating his shoulders and hands in token of surrender. He pushes back a panel in the wall and extracts a small pad of suède leather. Standing before monsieur he flaps it back and forth so that it misses monsieur's nose by an inch at each flap. The air is permeated with sweetness. The personage's eyes roll up again. He flaps with one hand, and with the other hand he throws a kiss at the ceiling. Ah! Delicious! Ravishing! A perfume of all perfumes most rare, most entrancing, most unequaled, most——

Yes, yes, yes, yes, then! But let's have a look at some others! Is that the only perfume there is on the premises? And how much is it? How much, yes?

Ah yes! Eh, well, it is four dollars and eighty cents.

Four dollars and eighty cents! From the arduous toil which the personage has put into his selling talk it seemed impossible that he could afford to let it go for a cent under three hundred. Four dollars and eighty cents! *Eh, bien!* Well, bring on some others.

So the personage brings them out one by one. He works himself into a frenzy over each bottle. His beard trembles and his eyes roll up and he kisses his hand constantly. One gets a whiff of "The Love of a Thousand Years," and of "Give Me Your Lips," and of "You Must Come Back to Me," as well as of several others. And after the personage has worn himself to a frazzle one buys one bottle of "Let Him Not Forget This Moment" at four dollars and eighty cents and is ushered out with much ceremony.

The other variety of perfumery shop is not so ceremonious and there is more action. One smells them for yards when approaching. Beautiful salesladies are observed flitting about among glittering bottles of pleasing shape. One enters, murmuring disjointedly of perfumes. One of the beautiful salesladies rushes up bearing a quart bottle with an atomizer attachment. She shoots from the hip, catching the prospective purchaser full in the chest. As he backs away she seizes another bottle from a table and lets him have another charge in the face. As he mops it from his eyes she picks up another bottle and sprays him all over. Unless forcibly restrained she keeps on with this program indefinitely.

Never the Same Again

I entered one of these shops after a long study of the bottles in the window. Evidently I had been spotted as a good prospect before I entered, for when I opened the door a saleslady was awaiting me with an atomizer loaded with "Kisses From the Heart." As she shot I ducked my head and the load hit the top of my hat.

I have dragged that hat into Germany, and down the Rhine, and through Berlin, and across the Polish frontier. It has rolled round in freight cars and second-class coaches loaded with odorous Poles, German and Polish and Austrian hat boys have dropped it on the floor. It has passed through Czechoslovakia customs officials and weathered several snowstorms and rainstorms; and it still retains a seductive scent which is sometimes embarrassing. From this it may be seen that if one permits the saleswomen of the squirt-gun school of perfumery shops to follow their natural bent and bring all their atomizers into action one will be months in getting over it. Skilled Parisian statisticians have figured that for every five-dollar sale the squirt-gun school of shops squirt away enough perfumery to scent three regiments of infantry and a machine-gun company.

The department stores of Paris, too, have customs which catch the fancy. One enters a department store, for example, to purchase six inches of ribbon. Others, too, are at the ribbon counter, all determined to buy. There is a great deal of pushing and an occasional scream as the emotions of a purchaser become too much for her. The ribbon salesman, too, is suffering. His counter is open on all sides, so that the purchasers must assemble round it. Every person who passes the ribbon counter steps on a purchaser and bumps into the ribbon clerk, who races tirelessly round and round his small domain. At intervals he spies someone who has decided on a purchase. Pouncing on her he leads her away and stands her up against a wall with instructions to remain until he returns. Soon he returns with another purchaser and stands her against the wall beside the first one. A third is added to the line, and a fourth, and sometimes even a fifth. Then he takes from each one the bit of ribbon that she has purchased and leads the line to the cash window.

Paris cash windows are usually located on the most populous aisles in the stores. All purchasers must go to them in order to pay their money, so that as they stand waiting and waiting and waiting—and waiting—to finish their business they are bumped and pushed and shoved and stepped on with the utmost freedom. Hundreds of people attempt to walk up their backs. It is nerve racking to a degree. Nay, it is nerve wrecking to several degrees. In the scale of nerve rack I should say that paying a Parisian department-store cashier was about the tenth degree. Trying to see an important business man or government official is in the neighborhood of the twentieth degree, while calling somebody on a Parisian telephone is about the thirty-second degree. The thirty-third, or master's degree, should, I believe, be unqualifiedly bestowed on the task of procuring from the police of Paris a police permit to leave France. This last proceeding can be depended on to rack every nerve to the limit, with enough rack left over to keep the nerves on edge for the next few days. These matters, however, I will touch on at greater length in another place.

Overlooked by Eugène Sue

After a Parisian department-store salesman has kept his little flock standing in front of the cashier's desk until almost everyone in the store has had a chance to kick them or push them he gets back the packages which he had handed over to the cashier to be wrapped up. Though the contents of the packages are naturally concealed by the wrappings, some peculiar gift of second-sight, which has evidently been abnormally developed by years of practice, enables the salesman to give each purchaser the proper package. This, to me, is one of the darkest mysteries of the French nation. I am thoroughly familiar with that edifying book by the late Eugène Sue entitled The Mysteries of Paris, but I am free to state that Mr. Sue overlooked a highly baffling mystery when he failed to touch on the wonderful success of the French salesman at projecting his mental vision through three thicknesses of wrapping paper.

Another thing that the Parisian cannot forget is his aversion to the checking system. He regards a check on the greatest banks in the world with as much loathing and horror as he would display if he were confronted by the deadly cobra. If he has known a man for years and knows that he has enough money to buy the Eiffel Tower and a private Alp he might consent with great reluctance to accept a check, provided it were for less than twenty-seven dollars. But even then he will rush it to the bank and get the money with all possible speed. He cannot regard a check as money.

An American friend of mine had been trading with a Parisian tailor for years. One morning last winter he dropped into the tailoring establishment to pay his bill. In his pocket he had insufficient funds, so he wrote out a check on a large Paris bank. The head of the firm picked it up gingerly and viewed it with deep disapprobation. Heaven then, what is it that it is, that there? The American was disgusted.

"Look here, George," said he, "you've been getting my money for years. You know that I've got enough to buy your whole shop a dozen times over. You know that I shall be here for months. You know this check is on a good bank. What's wrong with you, anyhow? That's money I've given you. It isn't just a piece of paper—it's money. Can't you get that into the old bean?"

The head of the firm elevated his eyebrows despairingly, shrugged his shoulders and thanked his American customer, who stalked off down the street in a somewhat fretful state. He walked straight from the tailor's to his bank, stopping only to look in one shop window. He went to the paying teller's window to draw some money. In the line ahead of him was a small boy with a check. The American got a look at it over the boy's shoulder. It was his own check which he had just given to the tailor. The tailor had been filled with so much distrust of it that he couldn't wait a minute before getting his money on it. And though he had an account at a near-by bank the thought of depositing the check to his own account never occurred to him. The American went right back and read the tailor the riot act, but it's certain that the tailor distrusts a check as much to-day as he ever did.

There is another unfathomable matter that Mr. Sue failed to include in his Mysteries of Paris, and that is the reason for the manner in which Parisian theaters sell their theater tickets. One doesn't buy a ticket and walk in. Heaven, but no! In my crude American way I rushed into a theater late one night, slapped down sixteen francs and received a pink slip of tissue paper entitling me to a seat in next to the last row. Holding it prominently in my left hand, I made for the door leading to the orchestra.

Sacred! Sacred name of a name, in fact! What is it that I go to do truly! A strong doorkeeper leaped at me with cries and pushed me away. Attendants within cried out in alarm and sprang to face me. There were distant shouts, and one attendant ran down from the balcony. The entire lobby was in a turmoil. At length, seeing that I meant no harm, the doorkeeper relaxed and took me by the arm and led me where I should have gone.

In the center of the lobby was a high desklike arrangement very similar to a judge's bench. Behind the desk sat three grave men in uniform. I stood before the tribunal and was regarded severely. I handed my pink slip to the judge in the center. He scrutinized it closely and went into a private conference over it with the judge at his right. Then the judge at his left was called into the conference. They took notes in ledgers and conferred again. There seemed to be some doubts in their minds as to whether I should be acquitted or sentenced to thirty days in jail. At length I was acquitted, whereat I presented the pink slip to the doorkeeper and was allowed to enter the theater.

I sought the reason for this formality. Why did the three judges sit on all tickets? What did they do to them? Nobody knew. The consensus of opinion was that they merely looked at the tickets. But why was it necessary? Why employ three judges; why not allow the ticket seller and the doorkeeper to do the looking? Why use five men when two would answer the purpose? The answer was not forthcoming. It is one of the mysteries of Paris.

The Habits of Paris Water

There are minor mysteries. Why, for example, does the water never boil in Parisian restaurants before half past four in the afternoon? And why does every Parisian always assure you that any part of Paris to which you may wish to go is a ten-minute walk? And what leads so many venerable Parisians to think that they can catch fish from the banks of the Seine? You can, as the saying goes, search me. I have tried in many a Parisian restaurant to get a bit of tea at four or at a quarter of four or at twenty minutes after four. My efforts have been fruitless. One is assured that the water boils at half past four and at no time prior to that. Call the head waiter, call the manager, call the proprietor. They know the habits of that water, and far be it from them to make any alterations in a fixed habit. It boils at half past four. Then one can have tea, but not before then.

Why should this be? Ask the water. It does no good to ask anyone else. Nor is it of any use to try to discover why all distances in Paris are ten-minute walks in Parisian minds. It is my belief that if one were to stop a Parisian on the street and ask him how long it would take to walk to London he would automatically reply: "Ten minutes." In order to cover in ten minutes most of the footings which Parisians say can be footed in ten minutes one would need legs at least twenty feet long and would have to run more than three-quarters of the way.

Those drab and morose figures that fish eternally up and down the banks of the Seine are the leading exemplars of the facts that hope springs eternal within the human breast and that Paris may smile but that she doesn't forget. Probably all of these fishermen have heard a report that somebody once caught a fish in the Seine. In fact I myself know a newspaper man who knows a newspaper man who is said to have seen a fisherman walking proudly home along the quays of Paris with a fish seven inches long which he had taken from the Seine after years of patient endeavor. He was followed by a cheering crowd, and ever and anon a brother fisherman came up from the river bank to kiss the successful hero and to fondle his prize. According to the rumor, all the fins and most of the tail of the fish were worn off by the repeated handling. This may or may not be true. The fisherman may have bought the fish, or he may have stolen somebody's pet goldfish in order to create a sensation. I have watched hundreds of these Seine fishermen and questioned many of them, but I never ran across one who had a fish on his person.

But How They Can Cook!

There is little doubt that one of the reasons why the Emperor Julian was so riotously enthusiastic about Paris back in the fourth century was the tasty manner in which his Parisian cook served up the meals. If Julian should come back to earth to-day I rather fancy he would hunt up the nearest policeman and ask him whether that little restaurant that specialized in fillets of sole Marguery was still doing business. And the policeman would curl his mustache and flirt his little white baton in the air and reply that it was a ten-minute walk by way of the Pont Neuf. Then Julian, I like to think, would ask about the place that used to specialize in snails with chopped onions; and the one that invented *bœuf à la mode;* and the one that made the chiffonade dressing that would put your eye out; and the little place that made pressed duck famous; and the hole in the wall where they used to build a Mocha cake with a frosting two inches thick. When he paused to swallow hard, because of the moisture with which the mere mention of these delicacies filled his mouth, the policeman would also swallow hard and point north, south, east and west with his little white baton and assure Julian that every one of them was still doing business and that it was only a ten-minute walk to whichever one he cared to visit.

Whether her cooks try with horse meat, frog's legs, snails or the more conventional foods, such as *œufs* and *bifteck*, they perform great feats with the aid of sauces. The cooks of Merry England are masters of the art of making anything taste like nothing, but the cooks of that dear Paris are adepts at making nothing taste like something. Given a piece of ancient carpet or the remnants of a McClellan saddle, they can lard it with fat and soak it in oil and season it and garnish it and explode its tissues and rub it with garlic and cook it with several mysterious matters for hours and then serve it with a dark-brown sauce that makes one burst into low but ecstatic moans, and one will be as contented with it as though he were eating the choicest products of a game preserve.

And the snails! *Ah, oui!* The snails! The Parisians have been known to consume as many as seventy tons of snails in one day. There must be at least thirty snails to a pound, and it is a generally accepted fact that there are two thousand pounds to a ton. Yet the simple and tireless Parisians do away with seventy of those tons in one day. My faith! Not to say *Mon Dieu!*

I asked French friends about the snail. What does it taste like, then? And is it not a repellent viand—yes, no? Exasperated cries rent the air at these questions. Sacred and a couple of sacred blues! Had I never tasted the snail? Zut, then! It would be necessary that I partake immediately. So we went forth upon the boulevards and strolled past the bead-bag shops, and the near-jewelry shops with the rhinestone buckles, and the almost-tortoise-shell in the windows, and the lingerie shops, and the shops that sell suggestive hooks. We worked over into the better districts, where the perfumery palaces exude odors which make those of Araby the Blest smell like a bunch of dried grass, and where the jewelry shops blaze with diamonds large enough to place beneath hens for the purpose of stimulating them to produce something similar in size,

(Concluded on Page 63)

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL ART-RUGS

A dream come true—

EVERY woman has a cherished dream of color effects and color harmonies in her home. Some get no further than the dream, because they think its realization is beyond the length of their purse.

But the woman who has discovered Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs has made a dream come true.

She finds the blues and tans and rose shades in patterns that express the best art of rug designing.

She discovers, too, that these rugs are easy to buy, easy to lay and easy to clean, but not easy to wear out. Long life is their long suit.

They Cost Very Little

Their cost is surprisingly low; a 7½x9 foot rug, for instance, costs but $11.85.

They lie flat on the floor and need no fastening. They do not "kick-up" or curl.

They are especially suited to rooms where cleaning must be frequent because so many little feet run in and out all day long. A damp cloth revives the colors in a few minutes.

Look for the Gold Seal

And—Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rugs *are guaranteed*. In these days of perilous shopping an honest guarantee has especial significance. It means that you may be sure of honest materials and honest workmanship.

The Gold Seal is pasted on the face of every Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rug and on every two yards of the roll floor-covering.

Be sure to look for this Gold Seal. It is your *insurance* against substitution, and your protection against imitations. The Gold Seal means exactly what it says: "Satisfaction guaranteed or your money will be refunded."

Patterns for Every Room

Your dealer will gladly show you the complete assortment of patterns among which you are sure to find appropriate rugs for every room.

3	x 4½	feet $2.40	7½ x 9	feet	$11.85
3	x 6	feet 3.20	9 x 9	feet	14.25
6	x 9	feet 9.75	9 x 10½	feet	16.60
	9 x 12	feet $19.00			

Prices in the Far West and South average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

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PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
DALLAS MONTREAL MINNEAPOLIS

FWD TRUCKS

Made in Clintonville, Wisconsin

For Every 3-Ton Trucking Job in the World

PUT the FWD on any 3-ton trucking job in the world—and its outstanding success is its economy.

It does more work on the same fuel. It saves 44 square feet truck area, making it easier to handle in crowded quarters. It steers with exceptional ease. It saves 21% on tire equipment. It reduces upkeep costs.

But all these advantages are summed up in the fact that—

Economy Dominates All Other FWD Features

Write for Literature

The Four Wheel Drive Auto Co.
Clintonville, Wisconsin
Canadian Factory: Kitchener, Ontario

(Concluded from Page 60)

and where the dressmaking establishments bear names as familiar as those of any of humanity's benefactors, not excluding Madame Curie, John Stuart Mill or Phillips Brooks. Such, as the more profound thinkers are wont to remark, is life.

And at length we came to our restaurant, fronting on the stream of traffic which threatened momentarily to inundate the careless gendarme with his little imperial who stood waving his little white baton at the *retroussé* hoods of the Marne taxicabs. Outside the restaurant all Paris was laughing, but inside everyone was giving his undivided attention to the highly important question of ordering his meal and eating it.

This is a very serious matter with the Parisian. He thinks nothing of devoting half an hour to the mere consideration of what to eat. He goes into repeated conferences with the waiter, and frequently the head waiter and manager are summoned in order to pass on some delicate point, such as whether an omelet with Périgord truffles should be prepared in olive oil, according to the Provence school of cooking, or in goose fat, according to the Bordeaux school. This, it may well be believed, is a situation which calls for the most profound thought and the rarest judgment. *Ah, oui!* For if anything happens so that the omelet goes wrong everyone's entire day will be ruined.

If a Frenchman is giving a lunch and one of the dishes isn't good the host's first thought is of suicide. Life is no longer worth living. You think I jest? Look you: There was a person named Vatel, who was steward to the Prince of Condé. The king was coming to dinner with the prince and Vatel had ordered the food. Everything came except the fish. Dinner time drew on and still the fish came not. The king arrived. No fish! *Mon Dieu! Sacré nom d'un chien!* Name of a name of a name of a name of a name! The dinner started. There was no fish. Vatel, responsible for this awful thing, went out in the garden and fell on his sword. Death before dishonor! *Ah, oui!*

Adventures in Snail-Eating

My French friends had a perfectly terrible time over the wine. The waiter was warned not to bring it too cold. He was told explicitly and about eight different times that it must not be too cold. When it came on, resting on its side in its little basket, my host seized it and felt it all over. *Ciel!* Name of a name! How about that temperature, Jean? Cold, what? Has that imbecile, that descendant of a race of imbeciles, brought it too cold? But yes! Oh, *Dieu!* Clouds gathered over the party. The waiter was summoned. The storm burst. What had he done, then? Why must he ruin the lives of persons who had not harmed him? That wine there! Oh, oh, oh, oh! Sacred name of a green pig! What horror! Away with it, creature! Repair the damage if it is possible!

Yes, if anything goes wrong at a French repast there's liable to be a scene.

When the snails were brought on my every move was watched with intense eagerness. If I had found the snails not good all would have been lost. One of my hosts would have beaten the proprietor to death and set fire to the restaurant, while the other would have gone out and insulted the chef most foully and set him to stew in one of his own stewpans. But I found them good and all was well.

The French snail is a trifle larger than an English walnut. There are farms for them in France. About half a million first-quality snails are raised on an acre. They are fed once a day on cabbages and on bran soaked in wine. They are cooked in various ways, but the school which advocates filling the shell with a sauce made of chopped onions, pepper, a very mild vinegar and olive oil is probably in the lead. One clutches each shell with a pair of small tongs, plunges a long two-tined fork into it and hauls the snail gently from his lodging. It's a good dish somewhat leathery, but good. Those who shudder at eating snails but who devour such foods as raw oysters and ripe Roquefort cheese without a quiver are beyond the comprehension of the Parisian.

The restaurants of Paris seem very inexpensive to Americans just now. At Duval's—the cheap chain restaurants—one can have an excellent lunch of, say, a soup, an omelet, two vegetables, bread and butter, a bottle of white wine, a salad, a pat of delicious cream cheese, a large saucer of jam and coffee for eight or nine francs, which is between seventy-five and ninety cents. Or one can roll over to one of the more expensive restaurants and have a dinner for two people with a bottle of fine wine for five dollars.

It is an affecting spectacle to see an American fresh from America receive his first bottle of wine in a Parisian café. He does everything but kiss the bottle. And by the time he has finished with it he is usually shedding bitter tears over the piteous condition of the people in America, where prohibition is in force, so that everyone has to drink very bad liquor, which is more than apt to poison him severely or drive him to some insane excess. These things seem cheap to Americans, I repeat, but they don't seem so cheap to the French, for the nine francs which look like ninety cents to an American look like a dollar and eighty cents to a Frenchman, for he figures a franc still to be worth twenty cents. It is an odd situation.

Diplomacy on the Cheap

Since the Frenchman figures the value of the franc at twenty cents instead of at ten cents or less, some very choice parcels of real estate may be picked up at half price—from our standpoint. I mention this fact because our embassy and our consulate in Paris bear about the same relation to the embassies and consulates of other nations that a dog house bears to the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts. That simile may be a trifle stretched, but not much. The United States to-day has the respect and the sometimes-unwilling admiration of every nation in the world. It is the world's greatest financial power. Yet our diplomats and our consular agents are wretchedly underpaid and our embassies and our consulates are located in rented buildings on frowzy and undesirable streets. We financed the Allies in the war, but our legislators for some dark and abstruse reason refuse to finance our own representatives in the proper manner.

Paris has never been able to forget her telephone system. I am very fond of Paris and I like the Parisians. I would not for the world hurt their feelings. I hope that they will realize that I am casting no aspersions on the French nation or the French people when I say that the French telephone is a very awful thing. One shouts "allo" into it by the hour without getting any results at all. All Americans in Paris assured me that every foreigner used the same methods when he was particularly anxious to speak with a man. He first spent half an hour trying to telephone, working himself into a terrible rage which threw his digestive apparatus into disorder and probably deducted a few years from his life. Then he put on his hat and coat, flung himself downstairs, hunted up a taxicab, went to see the man in person and found that he had gone out. Some people are urging a law which will make it compulsory to do away with all telephones and rely entirely on messengers and telegrams. As I have remarked elsewhere, however, the French are a simple and a tireless people, and I am sure that they will demonstrate their tirelessness by continuing to telephone.

The Parisians have one jest, or wheeze, round which all their comic papers, their farces and their musical comedies live and move and have their being. They never forget it for a moment and they are tireless in their use of it. I don't know whether there were any comic papers in Paris when the Emperor Julian was in control, but if there were they were founded solely on this one jest. Every time it appears in a French farce the audience shrieks with laughter. Men, women, and children of the tenderest years all find it deliciously amusing. Eliminate that one jape and an enormous number of French plays and magazines would be forced out of business.

And beards! The Parisians have never forgotten their penchant for raising magnificent beards. Though the Russians have built up a great reputation for beard production, they are the veriest tyros beside the Parisians. The Parisian beard is not just something which is permitted to grow on the chin. It is a work of art; a carefully cultivated, nobly planned, artistically developed, richly nourished thicket. It is pruned, of course, in various shapes, but the favorite shape is the chatelaine-bag, or haystack, variety. It spreads out in a gorgeous black mass, concealing the collar, the cravat and the opening at the top of the vest. In many ways it is reminiscent of the Imperial Valley of California, where the farmers are reputed to raise nine crops a year. The amount of care expended on these beards daily is enormous, and as a rule no Parisian permits himself to have one unless he is in a position to spend at least an hour every morning currycombing it, trimming the edges with a pair of pruning shears and going over and over it with an oily rag to make it shine.

Readers of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson will recall that in certain of the South Sea Islands one of the most valuable forms of currency was old men's beards. If a few glossy-black Parisian beards could have been exported to the South Seas the bottom would have fallen out of the South Sea rate of exchange with a deafening crash, and an old man's beard which would once have purchased an entire farm would have been insufficient to buy a pack of carrots. The Parisian beard makes every other beard look like thirty heller in Austrian money, which is about the low-water mark of worthlessness, unless one wishes to quibble, in which case it could be said that twenty-five heller in Austrian money is even lower.

Paris has always had a reputation for nocturnal gayety. Supposedly she has always been the wildest of the European cities. As a matter of fact, I think there is scarcely a European city which isn't wilder. This is particularly so at present, for Paris is observing the regulations and closing up like a clam at half past eleven. Berlin, on the contrary, pretends to live up to the regulations which the coal shortage requires, but doesn't do it. Paris behaves herself and Berlin runs wild.

It is a pleasant thing for the world at large that Paris isn't forgetful. The things which she remembers are usually pleasant when the memory lingers on them, but there is one notable exception. If she could forget her system—or at least nine-tenths of her system—of making every visitor in Paris appear at the Préfecture of Police in order to get a police permit to leave the country she would make the world a less profane place in which to live. As things were arranged last winter, a person could get a card of identity and a passport visé entitling him to leave the country by spending an entire day at the Préfecture of Police in person. One had to have an identity card in order to stay in Paris. And one had to have a visé to get out. A brilliant idea occurred to me. I would refuse to take out an identity card, and when I was ready to leave the country I would hunt up a policeman and tell him that my identity card was not. Then they would eject me from the country. Fortunately I learned just in time that my failure to have a card would have cost me a little matter of four or five hundred francs and that I would then have to stay in France until I got one.

Kehnebonque, Mainz

The Préfecture of Police is a ten-minute walk, of course. Most of the places in it, moreover, are ten-minute walks from each other. The chief desire of the officials in the Préfecture of Police when issuing a card of identity seems to be to discover where the suspected foreigner was born. They lay great stress on it. The spade-bearded person who cross-examined me was greatly intrigued by learning that I was born in Kennebunk, Maine. He wrote it down Kehnebonque, Mainz. I assume that this information in this particular form will be of extreme value to the French authorities. He put it all down in a large ledger, and he seemed so eager for all possible information that I persuaded him to write down also that I was born in a house whose barn has an elm tree growing out of it. He had to get an interpreter in order to get it all straight and we all got very excited trying to catch each other's drift. I think that the vital information about the tree now appears correctly on the French records.

The real tribulations, however, arrive when one sets out to get a visé. Visitors to this particular part of the Préfecture of Police are received from nine until twelve o'clock and from fourteen to sixteen o'clock. If one gets caught in a jam between nine and twelve he has to stick right there until the employees come back at fourteen, or even until quarter past fourteen, unless he wants the job to spoil two days instead of one. All of the passport officials are excitable. One goes to Staircase D, where three underlings smell of one's passport and look at it upside down, and then with wild shouts and hand wavings instruct one to proceed to another underling at the end of the corridor.

After waiting one hour for this underling one finds that his only job is to clutch his head with his hand despairingly and tell one to go over to Porte B. At Porte B one waits patiently and finally gets the ear of an official. *Ah, oui! Le passeport!* Well, it is not exactly his job. Rest *ici*, then, and soon someone will appear.

So one waits, and at the end of another hour someone with a spreading black beard indeed appears. He enters notes on Kehnebonque, Mainz, in various ledgers, shouting excited orders to a corps of assistants while doing so. Then after mislaying a couple of priceless documents and almost going mad with perturbation he gets out a battery of rubber stamps and begins firing at will, in addition to starting an intelligence section hunting through the files in order to find out whether a person living in a house whose barn has a tree growing out of it is of any immediate menace to the French Republic. And at about five minutes before sixteen, when one is on the verge of assaulting someone with extreme ferocity and violence, one gets his visé.

The Parisians moan with horror over the visé situation. They claim that the recent decrease in the death rate is due entirely to the difficulties of getting passports to the great beyond.

Frenchmen Will Stay at Home

At the Préfecture of Police one encounters all the emigrants from Poland and other Central European countries who are heading for America. Poland is furnishing the bulk of those who pass through Paris, and more than ninety per cent of them are Hebrews. All of them have suffered incredible hardships in coming as far as Paris, due to the frightful travel conditions in Central Europe. I talked with a number of them and, though they showed no inclination to turn back themselves, they were strongly of the opinion that anyone who tried to travel anywhere at the present time was in for the most harrowing experience of his life. Their appearance tended to bear out their statements, for their clothes were in such shape as to be of slight economic interest except to a rag collector, while the odor which clung to them was of the sort which is usually described as strong enough to knock you over. It really wasn't strong enough to do that, but it was sufficiently powerful to make almost anyone a bit ill.

The French themselves are not emigrating to America this year, or next year, or in any of the next few years, so far as it is possible to learn. There is plenty of work for them to do in France, and they seem to want to stay there and do it. In every other country in the world, apparently, the rank and file of the people have but one all-powerful desire. They want to emigrate. They want to emigrate to America if they can, but almost any place will do. France is the single exception. People in Paris who have studied the matter deeply declare that if all wartime restrictions were removed to-morrow so that emigrants could enter the United States as freely as in 1914, France would send us not more than half the small number which she sent us yearly before the war.

Paris smiles, as I have remarked before, but she doesn't forget. Just at present she seems to be doing her best to forget that she ever loved the American Army, but she won't forget it, any more than she has forgotten all the other things. And she won't forget that Germany wanted to take her in a Prussian grip and squeeze her to the point of death, and was on the verge of doing it. She will also bear in mind that Germany will try it again in only a few years, as years go. If she seems a trifle hard on some of her neighbors at this writing it's because she remembers what her neighbors planned to do and what they will once more attempt to do when the time is ripe.

Heigh-ho! Those snub-nosed taxicabs, and the Eiffel Tower rising out of the gray mists of early morning! Those bead bags and that glittering imitation jewelry! Those boulevards, golden in the afternoon sunlight! Those exciting odors of strange and wonderful perfumes! Those neat and Gallic maidens with the snapping black eyes which roam and roam! Those beards! Those cooking! Those wine! That dear Paris! *Ah, oui!*

GRANT SIX

"Lines Where Beauty Lingers"

YOUR first impression that the Grant Six is an unusually smart car, is not only confirmed but intensified, when you begin to compare it with others. Every line in the body of the Grant Six is "a line where beauty lingers." There is complete harmony of form and function which satisfies the most critical.

The expectations which so fine a body must arouse are more than met in the mechanical refinement of the car. The motor is of the overhead-valve type continuously developed and perfected by Grant engineers over a period of years until it now possesses a flexibility and responsiveness which give new pleasure to driving.

By the use of the longest springs ever employed in a car of 116-inch wheel base, the Grant Six achieves a degree of riding comfort seldom met with in light sixes.

Operation of the Grant Six is nearly effortless. It steers with astonishing ease, the clutch engages with velvet smoothness, the gears shift silently and with only a touch of the long, ball-end gear shift lever. And the operation of the brakes is so smooth and positive that it gives a feeling of security which is a great help in tight places.

If you have had previous experience with light sixes, this new Grant Six will delight and astonish you. It has beauty, it has riding comfort, it has power, it has speed—yet it is economical in every sense. It is far beyond anything you ever expected in a car of so moderate a price.

There is a Grant Six dealer in your town or near you. If you do not know who he is, write the factory for his name and for the new catalog of all Grant Six models.

Five Passenger Touring Car.	$1,595
Three Passenger Roadster ..	1,595
Five Passenger Sedan	2,450
Four Passenger Coupé	2,450

All prices f. o. b. factory.

GRANT MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, CLEVELAND, OHIO

THE HAMMER

(Continued from Page 13)

activities seemed unable to lighten, a dim desire for something warmer and more personal than the fellowship of a common cause. He enjoyed the thought that Calvin liked him enough to want his society. But he refused the invitations in order to devote his summer leisure to the unpaid service of an organization dedicated to the devastation of the vineyard and the rye field, and aided its endeavors with a lively relish and no small success.

At twenty-four Calvin was in business for himself as a real-estate dealer, was already becoming a personage in Binchester, and had conceived and fathered the Bigger-Binchester Movement. To an indomitable optimism he added a certain canny thrift which prevented him from reinvesting all his profits as he made them. But he lived and breathed for the single purpose of magnifying the city of his adoption and chanting its glories in party-colored inks and display type. He styled himself with frank pride as the best little booster that ever came down the pike to the livest, finest little city on the map.

It was at this stage in his son's career that Doctor Stark embarked on a Russian campaign, with the fraternity system of Mariposa as its Moscow. When the dust of that battle lifted the chair of Greek and Latin was temporarily vacant, and its late incumbent, at fifty-six, contemplated a financial crisis considerably more ominous than any of those through which his red star had led him. A stiff-necked pride forbade his appealing to Calvin until he had spent what was left of his small savings in an attempt to find another position. He arrived at Binchester so much after the fashion of the gentleman who did not enjoy husks that Calvin had the grace to make no allusions whatever to the parable.

He welcomed his father warmly, insisted on providing him with clothes and pocket money, rented a larger apartment so that the doctor could have room for his battered library, and declared with a bluff intolerance of contradiction that he would do all the supporting the Stark family might thereafter require. Nor did he once take on his lips that most ungracious of all speeches which reminds the listener of a prophecy which time has justified.

At first Doctor Stark informed himself that he had misjudged Calvin from the beginning, that his son though deplorably unorthodox in certain respects was essentially sound in the vital things. It was only after some weeks of their new fellowship that he began to harbor an unworthy suspicion of a secondary motive behind his welcome. It occurred to him that his arrival at Binchester increased the population by one. And Calvin's conversation inclined him strongly to the belief that some measure of his cordiality was due to this circumstance. Binchester's best little booster yearned vehemently to behold her populace multiply, in his own phrase, by leaps and bounds. Doctor Stark felt that his coming was regarded as one of these saltations.

His pleasure in Calvin's breezy affection waned as he listened to table talk dealing principally with the greatness and glory of Binchester present and future or the manifest destinies of the Binchester Realty Company, Cal Stark, President and General Manager, Industrial Properties a Specialty, Watch Our Smoke. At first the visible symbols of Calvin's prosperity pleased him, but repetition gave them at length the aspect of a taunt and challenge.

"Watch your smoke?" He lipped the words medicinally. "That is not difficult. I have trouble in not watching it. I never saw more soot and grime ——"

"You said a paragraph!" Calvin beamed. "In a couple more years we'll have Pittsburgh looking like Spotless Town. I tell you, father, this old burg is shooting up like a weed."

"Precisely." The doctor compressed his lips.

Calvin plainly interpreted the assent as complimentary. He nodded happily.

"That's the proper spirit! You're catching on fast. Before you've lived here a year you'll be as strong for the town as I am. There's no place like good old Binchester."

"I've seen none," said the doctor discreetly.

"You bet you haven't!" Calvin performed a diagonal nod. "I've been thinking about putting up a business proposition to you, father. I can see you're getting this Binchester bug as bad as I have, and it struck me you might like to help push the burg along. How about coming in with me at the office and learning my game? You wouldn't have to put in any more time than you wanted to, and it'd give you something to do. I'm not urging you, of course, but ——"

Doctor Stark thought hard and fast. He perceived that Calvin was paying him a high compliment. He was also aware of a wistfulness in his son's voice. Calvin wanted him. The idea was warming. And there was also the indisputable fact that at present he was a pensioner, a dependent on Calvin's generosity. He contrived to look pleased. Calvin pumped his hand.

"That's bully! I was afraid you mightn't care for it. With both of us down there we'll just pick up this old town and teach her how to buzz like a bee. You'll see!"

Which altered the existing situation by condemning Doctor Stark to listen for some twelve hours daily to that which had begun to oppress him when heard only at breakfast and dinner. He managed to confine his own labors to the clerical part of Calvin's business, and consoled a steadily intensifying discontent by the assurance that he really earned his share of the profits.

Independence reacted on his flattened pride. His individuality clamored again for expression. Calvin found him after a month's experience frowning happily over a rough draft of a smoke-prohibiting ordinance. He restrained his speech with a visible effort, and excluded Miss Alsopp from his audience by shutting the inner door before delivering himself.

"I've been hoping I'd cured you of that gloom habit," he said, choosing his words with manifest discretion. "I thought that it wasn't going to be necessary to have a—a show-down. But I guess we'd better have it out right now and understand each other. I want you to stay here with me permanently. That's flat. I've missed you ever since we split up and I've been happy as a kid with a Christmas stocking ever since you came. You know that, don't you?"

There was no mistaking his sincerity, and Doctor Stark warmed under it, even though the tone reminded him of his own parental protestations of regard when the rod was about to be unspared. He nodded a trifle guiltily.

"Good. Then you'll understand that what I've got to say isn't—isn't any sign that I'm sore at you or tired of your company. But this is my town and my business and my life. And whatever you do and say here is bound to affect me just as what I did and said when I was living with you affected you; only more so, because I was just a kid and you're grown up. You realize that, don't you?"

"Yes, of course. But ——"

"Wait. Let me finish. I'm a booster, first and last and in between. Everything I've got goes into building up—never into tearing down. And I'm winning out on that system. You can see that. You—I hate to say it, but it's true—you're a knocker, father. Your instinct is to grab a hammer and smash something before breakfast. All your life you've been waking up in the morning and saying to yourself: 'What shall I kill to-day?' You've got the habit. It's second nature with you to hit at something you don't like ——"

"Suppose it is? What's the difference between smashing something bad and building something good? I ——"

"There's all the difference on earth. Just suppose you could absolutely destroy everything that doesn't look perfect to you. You'd have a world full of wreckage and ruins, and nobody'd be a hair better off till some builder got busy and cleared up after you.

"There's a block of old tenements down on Canal Street that aren't fit for kennels. Your idea would be to get a wrecking crew on the job to-morrow. It wouldn't occur to you that the three or four hundred people who live there now would have to sleep in alleys till they found room somewhere else. That's the knocker's system. My way would be to get hold of some vacant land near by and build a block of decent buildings and rent 'em to those same people for about the same money. I wouldn't care a rap whether the old ruin came down or stood empty. That's a fair illustration of the difference. Get it?"

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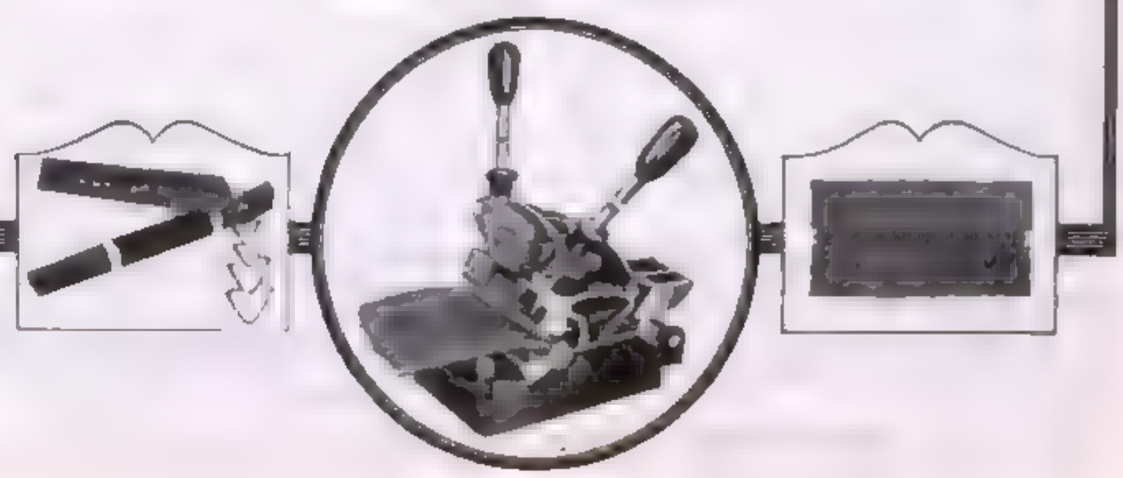

"I think so."

Doctor Stark's reason was convinced, but his instincts stood out for more than interpretative reservations.

"Everything bad is meshed into something good," said Calvin. "Society's just one big machine. It has some imperfect cogs, but you won't make the machine run better by smashing the flawed wheels. About the smoke, don't you see that it's our best advertisement? It means that Binchester is busy, that lots of factories are making money here."

"They'd make more if they stoked properly."

"Perhaps. Then the answer is to show 'em that fact—sell 'em smoke consumers and mechanical stokers. That's constructive. This scheme of yours is just negative. Suppose you managed to get that ordinance passed? You'd have the fight of your life to get it half enforced, and you'd advertise Binchester as a place where a manufacturer could expect to get it in the neck. You wouldn't do anybody any good. See?"

Again the doctor was constrained to agree without the consent of his nethermost convictions.

"Then that's understood. I just wanted to make you see why I can't stand for a knocker in my office. I should think you'd realize that it never pays. You've been swinging your hammer all your life and you'd be down and out now if you hadn't happened to draw a booster for a son. You've only been helping me build up this town for a few weeks, and yet you're making good at it. Doesn't that prove I'm right? I tell you, father, the whole world hates a crape hanger—and the world's right, at that."

The antismoke ordinance went into Calvin's wastebasket. The doctor, doing lip service to a new gospel of bass drums and brass bands, went through the distressing experiences of the unfledged teetotaler, to whom all the universe seems only one vast opportunity and temptation to revert. Never before had he seen so many abuses which cried to high heaven for his battle-ax and mace.

Binchester, nominally dry, was impenitently humid to the saturation point. Its government extended to other ills the same amicable tolerance discernible in its attitude toward the lurking demon rum. On the swampy island in the muddy stream which fed the canal, roller coasters clacked and ballyhoo experts brayed throughout the battered Sabbath. Every cigar store and billiard hell flaunted an impudent lottery device of perforated cardboard and red pasters. The public preference in the drama, if the billboards were to be believed, was predominantly anatomical.

And gagged and hand-bound by Calvin's ultimatum, the doctor moved amid these exasperations, mute and unprotestant, assenting by silences to pæans of Binchester's praises, expressed in words which tore shrewdly at the purist's soul of him.

There were subtle aggravations too. Binchester was no unwarned Gomorrah. Many a voice lifted audibly in its wilderness, and the doctor suffered the refined tortures of hearing earnest but inadequate Jeremiahs mangle the causes which his battle-tried skill could have led to easy triumph.

Worse—he was compelled to refuse proposals which every instinct ached to accept, to shake his head mutely when the Antinoise Society would have made him chairman, to mumble disingenuous evasions to a committee from the Law and Order League, withholding even the assurance of his sympathy.

Only one sprung from a line of stubborn covenanting martyrs could have endured his trials. Even Alexander Stark came more than once to the brink of apostasy.

His resolution had worn thin when Calvin, after a boom barbecue on the island, at which river water diluted the grape juice, developed a violent case of typhoid. The doctor's concerned affections silenced the mutterings of his rebellious impulses. Calvin, waiting transfer to the hospital, clearly found solace in the thought that his business might be left in competent and loyal hands.

"It's lucky you're here to keep things going," he said faintly. "I'll feel perfectly safe about the office, with you running it. Never mind any new business. Just keep it going. And—you remember what I said about—about ——"

"About—er—destructive criticism? Yes. Don't worry, Calvin. I'll manage perfectly. You can depend on me."

He endeavored to surpass the letter of his promise. He not only saw to the semiautomatic routine of his work and Calvin's, but shutting his lean lips and fastening his gaze on the framed maxims surrounding Calvin's desk he strove to practice what they preached. He drew much inspiration from Calvin's sheaf of form letters, prepared by a high-priced specialist who styled himself Live-Wire Larson, the Letter Wizard. Plodding like a flagellant over strewn thorns the doctor marched through these buoyant compositions, deliberately culling the expressions which hurt him most, and mouthing them for Miss Alsopp's nonchalant pencil with a distinctness which rubbed salt into every laceration of his spirit.

He appeared as Calvin's alternate at the weekly luncheon of the Bigger Binchester Club. He sat through committee meetings which demanded the stoicism of a Seneca brave; he submerged himself utterly in the surcharged atmosphere of optimism which was Calvin's natural ambient.

He overdid it. In three weeks he arrived at a condition of mind in which the trivial provocation of the yellow placard precipitated the reaction. He dictated one letter precisely as the spirit moved him. He went straight out and offered his services to the Swat-the-Fly Movement. And reporting to Calvin, feebly convalescent, he shamelessly suppressed the truth concerning both of these misdemeanors.

III

IN HIS normal element the Reverend Doctor Stark was formidable. Given the accumulated bitterness of his mute inglorious months he drove a swath of desolation through Binchester's flydom which would have discouraged a more rational organism or destroyed a race less industrious in the science of multiplication. He laid about him with a cold fury chilled and sharpened by every recent outrage upon his inclinations. There was a merciless efficiency in his measures which made for almost as much discomfort on the part of his fellow swatters as of their quarry.

Within twenty-four hours of his enlistment he was in full charge of operations on all fronts. A tame and faltering policy had been replaced by a scientific frightfulness which must have stirred even a Prussian to envious regret. He shook together an organization of those who could be driven as hard as he drove himself, and drove them with the insistent ferocity of a dynamo. He got results.

An empty war chest was swiftly replenished by a levy on the doctor's boom-bent business allies, who good-naturedly submitted to extortion on the part of one established in their regard as himself a booster. The newspapers, accustomed to be subservient to Calvin's clamorous publicity, were easily browbeaten into free advertising, written in the doctor's fine frigidity of restraint. The billboards flamed with his declaration of war, and his call to arms carried into schools and churches. There was a colossal thermometer in painted wood nailed to the façade of the Second National, upon which a mounting crimson column recorded the casualties in units of a million.

The Reverend Alexander was too happy to devote much attention to a minority report from his conscience which reminded him that his present endeavors must be classed as purely destructive criticism, and complained that he was willfully neglecting the office in favor of his militaristic dissipations. The majority report approved his course. Even Calvin could certainly find no defense for the house fly. There was even sound medical evidence to support, against that friendless insect, a prima facie charge of complicity in Calvin's typhoid. Doctor Stark shut his teeth firmly and ordered another great gross of patent swatters.

He soothed Calvin's anxieties with recitations of business progress which though accurate in the letter were in spirit intentionally deceptive. Calvin was still too weak to be permitted newspapers, and his father was the only visitor allowed to see him, so that the truth was easily withheld. It troubled the doctor slightly to confront his negative falsehoods, but his unleashed lust of slaughter made light of weakling regrets.

For eight gorgeous days he was sanguinarily happy. Then he became aware of a fly in the ointment—a fly which declined to be swatted.

He found no words to fit the discontent which settled on him even as his forces swept gloriously on from hecatomb to holocaust. Calvin's polluted vocabulary would have voiced it easily. The doctor was merely realizing that he was a piker.

There was no joy in this massacre, however epic its dimensions. The Reverend Alexander was a fighter. He missed the clash of answering steel, the lifted war cry of foes who came to strike back shrewdly, not to be butchered in pacifistic nonresistance. Remembering his embattled past he viewed his present engagement with a mounting shame. He, once a rampant terror to gun-toting bootlegger and furtive gambler, sunk at last to slapping house flies with a square of woven wire!

In this mood he stopped at the hospital, where half an hour of the forced and labored optimism which was Calvin's drug brought him to a crisis. He made his escape without catastrophe, but Doctor Meade, Calvin's physician, encountering him on the steps, cast oil on the inner flames.

"Great fight you're putting up against the fly nuisance," he said as they moved toward the sidewalk. "Pity it's all wasted."

The word bit through Doctor Stark's lowering inattention.

"Wasted?" he echoed, on a rising inflection. "Wasted?"

Meade interested him suddenly, a medical man utterly unlike the professionally sunny gentlemen of the Reverend Alexander's experience, a dour lank person dejected of eye and lip and shoulder, whose face had been known to lighten when prescribing quinine.

"Swatting flies is good exercise for the children," conceded Meade. "Outside of that you might as well stand on the courthouse steps and read 'em a proclamation. Or you might write 'em a note. Do as much good. Long as you keep on incubating 'em you've got as much chance of exterminating 'em as you'd have of dipping the canal dry with a teaspoon."

"Explain that, please."

Doctor Stark barked the request in his old-time voice. Here perhaps was a man to be quarreled with.

"Horses," said Meade. "Stables. Four hundred of 'em inside the city limits. You see ——"

He plunged into science. The Reverend Alexander listened raptly, his scowl hugging every fold and hollow of his face.

"Suppose we abolished the stables?" he interjected in a breathing space. Meade shook his head.

"Have to bar horses from the outside too. Farmers—driving in to market. Couldn't be done. Not in this century anyway. Maybe in a couple of hundred years ——"

"What's to prevent its being done right now?" Doctor Stark's eye glittered like a dancing rapier point.

"People that own horses would fight, that's all. You couldn't possibly ——"

"Couldn't I?" The Reverend Alexander inhaled profoundly; his nostrils expanded like those of an eager racer at the barrier. "Couldn't I?" He groped darkly for a phrase worthy of the task before it. Calvin's ardent letterhead came before his mental vision. He scowled joyously. "You watch my smoke!" he said.

IV

DOCTOR STARK wagged his head with emphasis and his expression of acidulated contentment deepened to a beatitude of bitterness.

"No, sir. This is not an effort to benefit anything or anybody. It is a campaign of unadulterated destruction, and its single object is to exile the horse from Binchester forever. We are grinding no man's axes ——"

"But, doctor"—Mr. Joe McWhorter, Binchester agent for Titan Trucks, wore the aggrieved look of him whose magnanimity is shamefully misconstrued—"you're going to need all the help you can get to put this thing across."

"In the year 1897 I might have taken that view," said the doctor. "I was then engaged in a peculiar bitter fight to close the gin mills of the village of Meeker's Junction, in Iowa, and I accepted—gladly, I regret to say—a contribution of one hundred dollars from the manufacturers of a widely advertised nonalcoholic beverage known as Hoko-Soko. I will not dwell on the painful consequences, except to say that twenty-eight votes were cast for prohibition and three hundred and forty-six against it. I learned then not to attempt to combine destruction with anything remotely suggesting self-interest. I shall ask you to go out through the rear door, sir. And if you truly desire to advance this movement you will condemn it as loudly and vigorously as you can."

He plunged into his interrupted labors. McWhorter sat quite still for perhaps ten seconds. Then with a curiously respectful countenance he departed. He walked carefully on his toes. And he took exceeding pains to make his exit into the alley at the back of the temporary offices unseen of all men.

Doctor Stark snorted at the memory of the episode. But in the main his spirits were acidly exalted. Matters were shaping better than his first conception of his task had ventured to hope. He had discovered a situation radically different from the armed and vigilant opposition experience had taught him to expect. The foes he had fought in his militant past had learned to anticipate attack and had acquired in self-defense some elements of strategy and tactics. The horse owners of Binchester were taken utterly unawares by the sudden ferocity of his onslaught. They had no organization and no leader. They were unprepared with rebuttals. The first shower of blows stunned them into an apathy of abused bewilderment.

Doctor Stark had withheld his fire shrewdly until he stood ready to pour it hotly and from every quarter. He enlisted his allies before he suspended diplomatic relations. He mobilized in swift secrecy and saw well to his supply of ammunition.

The Binchester Medical Association provided him with authoritative evidence of equine complicity in the nefarious multiplication of the fly, and established the guilt of the fly himself beyond any possibility of refutation. The Board of Health furnished a typhoid map of the city, with its four hundred and twelve stables blazoned in red, each surrounded by a cluster of yellow dots indicating recorded cases of the disease. From the same source came confirmatory statistics dealing with lesser ills. The Antinoise Committee flung itself whole-heartedly into the fray, with the declaration that shod hoofs and steel tires were responsible for no less than eighty-six and twelve one-hundredths per cent of the unnecessary tumult of the streets. A studious young gentleman employed as permanent secretary by the Taxpayers' Union delightedly supplied a diagram revealing the fact that horse-drawn traffic carried less than one per cent of Binchester's freight and passengers, but required approximately twelve per cent of its street capacity. He also evolved a companion document exposing the truth that the horse, responsible for practically the entire cost of street cleaning, paid, directly and indirectly, for less than a tenth of one per cent of that outlay.

To his compact nucleus of disciplined and drilled fly swatters Doctor Stark added one powerful element after another. The horse, under his manipulation, suddenly stood forth as the immediate and inviting target for every one of the diversified groups of Binchesterians for whom Calvin's supreme contempt was crowded into his anathematic phrase, The Anvil Chorus.

For the first time in Binchester's brief history that term assumed a descriptive accuracy. Never before had these independent and earnest movements remotely approached the harmonic unanimity which is the first requisite of a choral performance. Their several blows had rung in discord. Now under Doctor Stark's compelling baton they struck in time and tune, and the thunder of their music shook Binchester to bedrock.

A novice in the science of destructive criticism might have been deceived by these achievements. The Reverend Alexander had seen too many paper conquests go their disappointed ways to be misled into false confidence. He knew accurately where he stood.

Binchester, in token of its progressive bent, was governed by a highly modern commission of eight, with the mayor, separately elected, as a ninth and ex-officio participant in its counsels. Three of these commissioners represented the voters of Binchester. Six, including the mayor, held their seats by grace of one Martin Devery, whose title and powers had mysteriously survived the reform charter, guaranteed by its sponsors to wipe out all bosses forever.

Doctor Stark was perfectly aware that the three tribunes of the public would vote affirmatively on his ordinance and that the six others would placidly relegate it to the

(Continued on Page 69)

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(Continued from Page 66)

table, unless his popular clamor could be strengthened by something more effective. Martin Devery in private life followed the calling of contractor. He enjoyed in his corporate aspects the privilege of carting Binchester's refuse to the river-bank dumps, and of the four hundred and twelve horse owners he was alone in a position for serenity and calm.

This situation would have caused the Reverend Alexander small concern had it not been complicated by the thought of Calvin, whose progress toward recovery during the early stages of the fight had been alarmingly rapid. Once Calvin escaped from his room at the hospital, the doctor knew, the Antihorse Movement would suffer instant and abject collapse. He must force the fighting to a decision within the week.

He sighed deeply and drew a sheet of blank paper toward his pen. Deliberately, weighing each word, he wrote a few short paragraphs. He read them over, nodding sourly as a phrase here and there impressed him as touched with a pleasing hyperacidity. The telephone interrupted him in the act of departure. He listened impatiently to Miss Alsopp's statement that Mr. Ralston had called to see him and would return at eleven. His scowl bit more deeply into its wonted fissures. The affairs of the Binchester Realty Company annoyed him in these days by intruding thoughtlessly on matters of infinitely greater import.

"I shall endeavor to meet him there," he said.

As he reached the street he sighed again, contemplating the eternal difficulty of simultaneous service to Mammon and Righteousness.

Martin Devery, discovered in the office of his contracting establishment, displayed that want of personal animosity with which on the part of his enemies Doctor Stark was dejectedly familiar. His joy of combat desired foes who gnashed their teeth at him in private as well as in print, and he had often departed regretfully from trying interviews with publicans and other sinners who persistently declined to bear a decent malice. He found it hard to hate evil properly when tempted to like the evildoer.

He saw at once that he must face this temptation again. Binchester's boss distinctly appealed to his sympathies—a small, thin, quiet man with a sober, intelligent face and a diction as impeccable as the doctor's own. They exchanged greetings, measuring each other cannily. Doctor Stark came straight to his point.

"I felt it only just to warn you that I have decided to attack you personally, Mr. Devery, and to give you an opportunity to avoid the consequences if you so elect."

Devery nodded.

"That is generous," he conceded. "You have impressed me as a man who fights hard because he prefers to fight fairly. But I am rather accustomed to being attacked, personally and otherwise, and ——"

"I beg your pardon. You are not accustomed to being attacked by me." Doctor Stark spoke sharply. "You have dealt only with so-called reformers of the enthusiastic type; estimable people, no doubt, but weakened by their effervescence. Invariably they scatter their effort, instead of centering it. They waste their energies in hurrahs. I do not. Possibly this preliminary announcement will enlighten you. I am planning to insert it in to-morrow's papers."

Devery adjusted eyeglasses and read aloud:

"There is one reason and only one for the failure of the commission to adopt the ordinance ridding Binchester of the twin nuisances of horse and house fly. His name is Martin Devery. Because he owns fifty-six horses and holds a city contract enabling him to extract four profits from their use, he will order the following six men to vote against the ordinance, and they will obey him, because they are more afraid of him than of you voters and citizens."

He skipped the names and read on:

"If you are tired of tolerating this pestilent partnership of horse, house fly and Devery you can end it at the coming election by demanding a pledge from every candidate for a commissionership to vote against the stable, the fly and the boss."

Doctor Stark cut in once more. "That is no more than a crude draft, but it may suffice to demonstrate wherein I differ from the usual reformer. You will observe that I confine myself to one point—a negative one—you. I am not for anybody. I am only against Martin Devery."

"I see." Devery removed his glasses and polished them carefully. "It is an effective plan. I am willing to admit that you may beat me with it. Mass psychology is an interesting study, isn't it? People who could not conceivably unite for any common purpose of construction will join delightedly to pull something down. Yes, you can make trouble for me if you print that advertisement and follow it up effectively."

He paused, and his glance consulted the doctor's unrelenting glare. Something in his expression told the Reverend Alexander that he had read his man correctly. One great advantage of choosing wicked men for one's opponents, he had discovered, lies in their universal preference for compromise. An upright foe, however misguided, cannot be bought, but the sinful have no troublesome scruples against the silver bribe. The doctor waited patiently, sure of his man at last.

"It seems to me that this is essentially a case for concessions on both sides," said Devery at length. "Admitting all your contentions as to the presence of horses in the city, the fact remains that this ordinance of yours will work a considerable and undeserved hardship on many people who have not committed the unpardonable sin of bidding successfully for a public contract. There's young Danny Cleaver, for instance. He's just bought out Tim Geehan's livery business. It took Danny eight years to save that money, and he's married on the strength of his future profits too. Now ——"

He studied Doctor Stark's face for a moment.

"It has occurred to me that you horse haters are possibly right about this question. I have been considering the use of trucks in my own business for some time. But Danny Cleaver and a few hundred others more or less like him aren't so fortunately situated as I am. Suppose, for a moment, that you would consent to an amendment providing for a subcommittee empowered to appraise damage caused by your ordinance to legitimate private interests, and to reimburse out of the general fund ——"

He drummed softly on the table, watching the implacable scowl adapt itself a shade more nicely to Doctor Stark's face.

"The Abolitionists precipitated the Civil War," he said gently.

"They won it." Doctor Stark welcomed the omen.

"Yes. But I've wondered sometimes whether it wouldn't have cost them less in the end to display a reasonable regard for other men's lawful property rights. This amendment, for instance ——"

"I'll draw it myself," said Doctor Stark abruptly. "Here. Now. You're quite right."

Twenty minutes later he shook hands, unashamed, with the pestilent copartner of the house fly and the horse. At eleven he was at his desk in the realty company's office, already beginning to experience the sensations of his prodigious namesake. Binchester might still present new worlds to conquer, but this Alexander's career was ended. In a mere tale of hours Calvin would reduce him to a mean lieutenancy in the detestable service of the brazen gods of Boom and Boost. He would sell real estate for his bread and butter. He achieved a frown of almost majestic gloom as he submitted to the intrusion of Peter B. Ralston, to whom for two years Calvin had been vainly offering the disused factory of a late and sorely lamented rotary-engine company.

"Thought I'd go over that engine plant again," he announced. "Been thinking I might be able to use it after all."

Doctor Stark rose without enthusiasm.

"I'll go out with you," he said in the tone of one who makes a grudged concession. "But you don't want it. You would have to remodel the entire floor plan."

"I know all about that." Ralston was a gentleman of easy irritability, impatient of contradiction. "I guess I'm able to see a hole in a grindstone."

They drove out in the livery car for which Calvin contracted on a monthly basis, and knee deep in forlorn weeds surveyed the shell of the ill-starred rotary motor.

"I knew you wouldn't want it," declared Doctor Stark. "Look at that roof!"

"What's the matter with it?" Ralston's red-wattled jaw protruded. "A few new tiles and a little ground glass 'll make her as good as new. Let's go inside."

"You'd have to knock out those walls," said the doctor presently. "And the roof support scheme is all wrong too."

"I saw that the first time I looked at the place," said Ralston. He shook his head impatiently. "You needn't be afraid of putting anything over on me. It can't be done. I know my way round."

He inspected the melancholy relic with a particularity which the doctor found hard to support, and which drove him again and again to invite attention to disadvantages the existence of which he had discovered from Peter B. Ralston's pessimistic conversation during an earlier visit under Calvin's ciceronage. Ralston turned on him suddenly.

"Look here, doctor, I know what I'm doing. I've got a verbal refusal till the first of the month, and I don't care whether or not you've had a better offer. You can't talk me out of buying this plant if I decide it's what I want."

The doctor's startled protestations of innocence fell visibly on unfriendly ground. They drove back in a perceptible silent hostility. The Reverend Alexander was conscious of a lively relief when they separated. Even a counterfeit salesmanship in his present mood was beyond his power of endurance. He was mildly surprised, but not greatly cheered by Ralston's abrupt decision to buy the plant, announced defiantly as he stepped out of the car. Eight hundred dollars in commissions meant nothing to the Rev. Alexander Stark, facing a future dedicated to the business of building Binchester bigger.

Even the news that the commission sitting in special session had unanimously adopted the Antihorse Ordinance failed to uplift him. Calvin was almost well. He reproached himself for permitting the assurance to take on an aspect of melancholy.

▼

"A ONE-HORSE town!"

Calvin's voice was ominously lowered. He gave the words the effect of blasphemies, echoed awfully as the preamble to indictment. Doctor Stark quailing under his son's terrible gaze remembered his crime too late. In the lust of battle that heinous letter had been forgotten in the files. He caught a glimpse, past Calvin's shoulder, of a consciously virtuous expression transfiguring Miss Alsopp's countenance. Mechanically he identified her as the avenging goddess from the machine.

"Did you dictate this—this letter?"

"I—I'm afraid I did, Calvin."

Calvin's fist thumped the yellow manifold.

"If any other man on earth had said you could do a thing like that I'd have hit him on the nose," he declared. "My own father—going out of his way to smash my business while I was on my back—going out of his way to knock the town I'm breaking my neck to build—when I trusted you ——"

The doctor shook his head.

"It was an unpardonable thing, from your point of view. I don't try to defend it. And yet if you could understand the underlying causes ——"

"Understand!" Again the accusing thump. "It's plain as print! You just can't help slamming something! You've got to knock or die."

Ralston interrupted him. The final formalities in the sale of the engine works were of paramount importance, even in this moment of red tragedy. Calvin pulled himself together with an effort. Papers were signed and a check changed hands.

"You've got a wonderful bargain, Mr. Ralston," said Calvin. "At the price that plant is the best invest ——"

"Forget it, Cal. You'll have me backing out of it yet if you keep on with that line of talk." Ralston grinned at his confession of weakness. "You'd have sold me that plant a year ago if you hadn't rubbed me the wrong way with your everlasting praises of it. I wanted it, but I just couldn't stand the way you went after me." He nodded sidewise at Doctor Stark. "Your father had my number, all right. Never came near me after you got sick. Waited till I got ready to come in here and ask him to take me out there." He chuckled. "Onto my curves, weren't you, doctor? Telling me how the roof leaked and the partitions would have to come out and the plumbing was all wrong! You spotted me right off for an overdose of Cal's boost medicine, didn't you?"

He shook hands with them both, clapped the doctor soundly on his angular shoulder and puffed away, deed in hand. The doctor whirled to his self-defense.

"That was what ailed me, Calvin, when I wrote that letter—just an overdose of—of that sort of thing." He directed his index finger at the yellow placard. "I know I shouldn't have yielded to an impulse like that, but it—it simply wouldn't be denied. I—I meant to destroy the carbon. I'm sorry you stumbled on it."

"Stumbled on it!" Calvin choked on the words. "That's good! Read this!"

He thrust a telegram toward the culprit. Doctor Stark absorbed its laconic message with a sense of catastrophe. L. B. Hackett would call on the Binchester Realty Company early on Wednesday the twelfth. The calendar confirmed his stabbing realization that this was Wednesday the twelfth! He let the yellow slip flutter back to the desk. A thin, malicious inner voice admonished him: Be sure your sins will find you out! The degenerating effect of imminent disaster corrupted his mental process to a miserable play on the words. His sins were finding him in, an insane giggling fancy informed him. He winced. Across the desk Calvin refilled his lungs. The doctor bent his head to the impending blast. But Miss Alsopp intervened.

"Mr. Hackett," she heralded with a flick of her yellow eyes at the Reverend Alexander, who interpreted it in her own idiom and knew that he was about to get his. His what? He wondered numbly as the caller came in with the effect of a gust of boisterous wind, a vast vital figure, boomingly cordial.

"Who wrote me that letter?" He glanced from one to the other. "I've been waiting almost a month to meet the fellow that ——"

"I wrote it." The doctor spoke almost meekly. He felt that he owed all possible exoneration to Calvin. "My son, who is the head of the business, was ill at the time and I was trying to ——"

"Shake hands, Mr. Stark. It's worth the trip East just to know you." He rumbled with subterranean mirth. "I bet I know that letter by heart. I've got it framed and I'm going to keep it hanging over my desk in the new plant. 'A one-horse town! Show me its disadvantages in more detail!' Say!"

He reverberated inwardly again. His tone struck curiously on the Reverend Alexander's bruised consciousness. After all, he reflected, Hackett was here. And with Calvin to exhibit Binchester ——

"I wrote to about fifty towns we'd been considering," said Hackett. "And I've been trying to kick myself properly ever since. I drew the finest little collection of hot-air and hurray-boys bull-con ever assembled under one roof. I got so I was afraid to peek in the glass for fear I'd look as simple to myself as I figured I must look to the come-on artists that boiled into town on my trail! If it hadn't been for that letter of yours ——" He wagged his head. "Say, if you ever helped thresh on a fine hot-summer prairie till your throat was an inch deep with dust and you'd just about made up your mind that it wasn't worth while to keep on trying to breathe, and then a belt slipped and you got a chance to sink your teeth in a nice, extra-sour, juicy lemon—get me? That letter was enough to make me swear I'd build our plant in Binchester if it broke the firm. Shake hands again. I got a car waiting outside and we'll go an' have a look at some of your darned disadvantages in detail!"

Doctor Stark ventured a cautiously oblique glance at his son. Calvin's throat was moving feebly, and his eyes were wide and blank. He was clearly unequal to the situation. The doctor stepped manfully into the breach.

"Of course I wrote in a—er—playful spirit," he began, not altogether ingenuously. "Binchester has many excellent features."

"You needn't waste 'em on me," said L. B. Hackett, lifting a monstrous palm. "It's got one that I know about. The rest don't matter. When I read that story in the Pittland paper yesterday I just about bubbled up and boiled over. A one-horse town, you said. But it's a horseless town now—the first and only horseless town on earth! Why, just that line in our advertising is going to sell every truck we can turn out for the next ten years! Think of it—Atlas Trucks, Built in Horseless Town! I'm going to come and run this plant myself, just to live in a community that's fifty years ahead of the rest of the world."

He breathed deeply.

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"As soon as we've got a site selected I want to find the man that put that idea over," he continued. "The account I saw didn't mention any names, but a big job like that is always a one-man job."

"My—my father did it," said Calvin in quite a new voice. "It—it was all his idea, and he put it across single-handed."

Something like reverence smoothed the face of L. B. Hackett. He shook hands for the third time, humbly.

"I might have guessed it," he said. "The man who wrote that letter—what I wanted to see you about was this: I'm on the board of directors of the American Truck Association, and it struck me that maybe we could persuade you to make this horseless-town idea a national movement. Speaking unofficially I think I could offer you ——"

A cry of anguished protest from Calvin anticipated his father's refusal.

"Not for a minute!" He shook his head energetically. "Binchester's got first call on my father—Binchester and the business. We"—he swallowed and carefully avoided the doctor's eye—"we're just about to reorganize the firm—Alexander Stark, Incorporated."

He subsided into a prevision of letterheads and signboards. "Father of Horseless Town—a good, snappy red. No—I've got it! Alec Stark—The Man Who Put Binchester on the Map!"

Doctor Stark sighed faintly as he surrendered to his destiny. They also boost, he thought, who only stand and knock. His glance wandered uneasily to the window, coated with its overlay of soot. Slowly his face composed itself in the grateful embrace of a beatific scowl. In his soothed spirit his astral fingers tightened on Thor's mighty weapon—debased now to a mere builder's tool, but still, happily, a hammer!

The Wail of the Weeping Chump—By Lowell Otus Reese

NOW this is the tale that a weeping chump
Told to me one sad day,
Of Geegle and Google and Gimp and Gump.
Oh, he was a pitiful balled-up chump,
And he sat and he wept on a hickory stump
And opened his heart this way.

Ye chump crieth forth his wrongs:

Benevolent one, I'm an average man;
I root for the flag and I do all I can
In times of big doings. But here is my kick:
I know I'm a hick,
Right out of the thick
High weeds of North Hickville; but then why not hand
The poor hick some info' that he'll understand?
Why not give him news that is certified, see?
Just so it's plain news it'll satisfy me.

Ye chump bloweth his nose and proceedeth:

One fine day there comes along
A question burning hot;
Senator Gimp is for it strong;
Senator Gump is not;
Senator Gimp says Gump is wrong;
Gump, he cites the lot
Of Old Dog Tray, who once lapped up
This very identical selfsame cup,
Then went astray
And spent the day
Kissing bartenders all the way
From Umpty-fifth Street to the bay
Along with an alley pup.
Then they thunder
And they fight,
While I wonder
Which is right—
Statesman Gimp
Or Statesman Gump.
There's the matter in a lump.
Don't forget that I'm a chump.

Ye chump hopeth for the best but expecteth the worst:

Then I say to myself, "Now, son, look at here;
You've got a few brains and your eyesight is clear;
You've made a good living so far, and that shows
You average well as humanity goes,
In grasp and discernment and common horse sense;
So figure this out and get down off the fence.
It's easy, no doubt;
Just read and find out
The dope that the statesmen of our happy land
Are handing about, and then you'll understand."
Why, of course! They know it all,
Statesmen large and fat and tall,
First in peace and first in war—
That's what we elect them for!

He taketh courage and jolleth himself along:

And so I sit down and begin to peruse
The columns of weighty political news;
But after the lapse
Of some minutes—perhaps
An hour and a half—
A maniac laugh
Sounds from my den and my wife rushes in
And finds me beginning to gibber and grin
And bark at the paper and spit like a cat;
And when I am able I say, "Look at that!
Senator Geegle he favors these matters;
Senator Google he tears 'em to tatters!
Senator Geegle he states a desire
To mention that Senator Google's a liar."
And that settles that.
But who can get fat
And go ahead earning the monthly house rent
And keep up his regular war-tax per cent
While knowing the future is held in the clutch
Of Senators Geegle and Google and such?
Maybe I've got
A head like a squash,
But nutty or not,
I'm frightened, by gosh!
For Senator Geegle says it is;
Senator Google says it ain't;
Till my head begins to whiz
Round and round—and then I faint.

Ye chump swalloweth his tonsils and gulpeth on:

Benevolent one, in my youth was a shrine
Built in my soul to fond heroes of mine;
Statesmen they were, and I knew in my soul
They were all-wise. But the long years unroll
And bring disillusion. A cynic am I,
For I'm bound to relate
I believe that the fate
Of the good ship of state
Is held in the hands of large, dignified guys
Equipped with the brains of some gooseberry pies.

He feeleth for his flask but findeth it missing, wherefore he lifteth up his voice anew:

Now tell me, I beg you with tears in my eyes,
What kind of a chance have I got
To tell which is truth and to tell which is lies,
And which is just plain tommyrot.
For if the great minds of the nation don't know
The things they have studied profoundly, what show
Has an everyday fellow whose forehead is flat,
Whose head rattles round in a Number Six hat?
I quit. I'm through.
I know I'm a goat,
For all I can do
Is to walk up and vote.
But which is the statesman,
And which is the chump
Senator Geegle
Or Senator Gump?
Show me the guy that will make it all clear
And I'll go to the mat for that bird with a cheer—
And vote for him every day in the year!

Ye chump at last findeth solace upon ye gentle bosom of friend wife:

My wife comes and says to me,
"Why the sobs of misery?
Have men treated you unkind?
Got your goat? Well, never mind.
Just get large and tall and fat,
Wear a dignified silk hat"
On a head that's also fat—
"Do not think, but make a noise,
Just like all the other boys;
Learn how to cuss in a voice loud and hearty
All who belong to the opposite party;
Whether they're wrong or whether they're right,
Knock all their projects with all of your might;
Knock with your tongue and your eloquent pen,
Till you have balled up the voters; and then—
Hush, little husband—don't you cry,
You'll be a statesman by and by!"

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Borough, village, and town authorities having the responsibility and maintenance of the public buildings are beginning to recognize the superior qualities of Blabon Art Floors of linoleum. Their artistic beauty and remarkable durability are vital points to be considered by those having in charge the expenditure of public funds.

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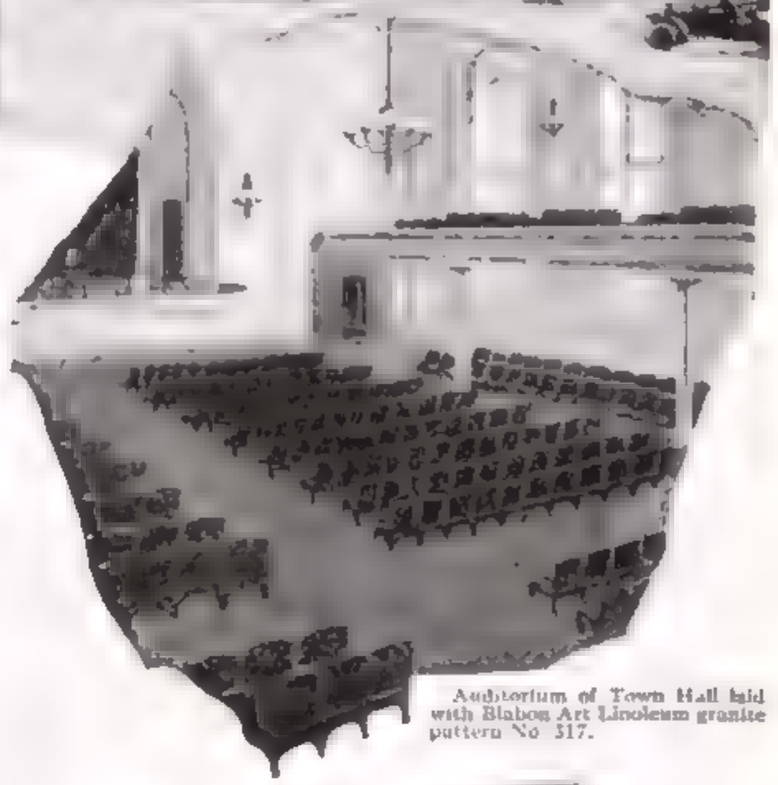

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ONE ROOM AND BATH

(Continued from Page 15)

"What do you charge?"

"What do you pay?"

"Anything—until I get rested."

"You got a big garage?"

"Big enough for our own car."

"Then I couldn't come. I got to keep my automobile at the place where I live."

And the large form flopped down the steps and into a tin car, which gave an almost human snort of disdain.

"You haven't opened your letters for two days!" prodded Monica's mind.

The worst was true. The important luncheon had occurred that very day. In the mail was a note reminding her of the invitation, which had been sent two weeks before. When the abject Monica called up she was icily handled by her would-be hostess, who had no children and lived in a hotel.

Feeling soundly snubbed Monica dived submissively into the pile of unopened envelopes and brought up an invitation to Forefathers' Day Dinner. As she glanced over the program she drew a long anticipatory breath. The last dinner had been so dull—a senator had spoken for two hours—that this year the committee had rounded up all the brilliant speakers she really wanted to hear; a sort of galaxy of the best literary lions. She would accept at once, buy a new frock as soon as she could get to town, and trust to luck to have a cook and housemaid.

As she ran down the hill to the letter box to post her acceptance she met Dorry's husband, James, coming slowly along with a bowl which he carried almost reverently.

"Hello," he began in his blurry, half-bashful, boyish voice.

He was a nice person, was James. Not that he often contributed anything constructive to the conversation; but he sat round with an air of quiet enjoyment that was a splendid antidote for nervous talkers. Moreover, he was so doggedly devoted that you could show him your very worst side without either appalling him or making him think any the less of you. James saw things astonishingly, from your point of view. Yes, he was extremely soothing.

"Thought I'd trot round with some frozen pudding, Monica. I got chummy with the Gramercy chef, and he let me put in some of the real thing. Where'll we eat it?"

"Is it too cold out here in the moonlight?"

"Not for me. I'll bring the plates and spoons."

When James returned he had a steamer rug, which he wrapped protectingly round Monica's feet.

"Bruce wanted to bring you this, but I made him stay and dance with Dorry. You know how mad she is about dancing, and I'm about as graceful as a wooden horse. Dorry and Bruce were imitating the kids—doing this cheek-to-cheek stuff, you know."

James laughed uneasily, as if he would like to be patted on the back and reassured about something.

"Bruce must be having the T. of his L.," said Monica listlessly.

The frozen pudding was delicious and she was too tired to care how much Dorry tried to flirt with Bruce.

Dorry had always wanted Bruce, and James had been her second choice; a fact of which everyone was cognizant, including James.

"Well," considered Monica inwardly as she munched a bit of brandied apricot, "maybe if we move to the Gramercy Dorry will get Bruce—in the end."

If after all the years Dorry finally did carry off Bruce it would only be in line with the general way things were going. Everyone was so unaccountable! She glanced sideways at James, wondering if she would feel like flirting with such a dependable person—if she wasn't so tired. As it happened she caught James surveying her with the same look of appraisal. When their eyes met they laughed self-consciously, and James was guilty of a positive blush. He couldn't flirt with Monica, because he had no desire to flirt with anyone. You could enjoy yourself without being asinine, you know.

"I think so, too!" agreed Monica, as if she had read his thoughts.

"Too bad we've lost all our pep!" remarked James cozily.

He began to feel absurdly jovial, just because Monica didn't expect him to flirt. Of course he would never have married anyone like Monica; she wasn't beguiling enough or mysterious and naughty, needing forgiveness and balancing. On the other hand no community could go utterly to the dogs with Monica in its midst.

She Glanced Sideways at James, Wondering if She Would Feel Like Flirting With Such a Dependable Person—if She Wasn't So Tired

"You're thinking nice things about me!" she said.

"How do you know?"

"Because I begin to feel rested."

"Bruce took that room and bath for you at the Gramercy."

"He actually engaged it?" Far from experiencing the expected relief Monica fell prey to a thousand pangs.

"It'll be great—having you there!" said James. "We shall get to be sharks at auction." Though he spoke heartily enough there was an emptiness about his zest.

"Do you like the Gramercy?"

"I was crazy about it for twenty-four whole hours. And then—well, I suppose it will seem all right when I get used to it."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing. For, of course, I had no right to think that it would be a home."

"Almost no one can afford a home these days."

"So I observe. Look at all the young couples in town who live in one room and bath. They cook there, too, in the bathroom, except when they eat out at restaurants. They pay enough for the one room and bath to buy a large apartment in a less central locality. One room and bath!" James was becoming strangely effusive. "A thousand rooms! A thousand baths! Everything seems to be turning itself into rooms and baths. Look at the old family mansions in New York. Yes, Monica, home life is certainly on the tobog! I almost sobbed aloud when I came down the street and realized that yours was the only house left where I could run in any time for anything. And now you're going! Even you have the room-and-bath craze. By the way, I noticed that the people who rented our place have taken down the kid's swing, and it reminded me that I forgot to inquire if they had plenty of good safe swings at Hallam Hall."

"All boarding schools are equipped with swings."

"I suppose so. Do you mind if I go in and prowl round your house?"

"Not at all. Go anywhere you like! One place is just as disorderly as the next."

"Don't care. Like it."

Through the windows Monica watched him wander dreamily from room to room, looking at familiar objects. At last he sat down at her grand piano and softly felt his way through an old song. James was a good musician, and though he could play jazz like a professional it was an acquired taste. Dorry loved ragtime that rattled over the piano like a procession of ash carts on a cobbled street, with now and then a frantic wail, as if one of the ash carts had run over a dog. As Dorry was not on hand to cry for jazz James played Chopin. But he stopped in the middle of his favorite nocturne to wander slowly upstairs.

Then Monica knew that all this strolling aimlessly about and this piano playing had been camouflage; what James really wanted was a peep at her sleeping children. She remembered how, in his own house, whenever James had been dummy at auction he had always gone upstairs to count the children and see if they were all there. They were so wonderful when they were asleep, he explained, that he feared they might be spirited away. Monica knew this sensation so well herself that she was sure James grudged every hour of every night his children spent away from him.

"Dorry said you were horribly tired, Monica," he said when he rejoined her.

"I don't see why I get so tired!"

"Neither do I, by thunder!" Coming from James, of all people, this outburst was all the more unsympathetic. "But the point is that you do. And you can't kill yourself. No one would advise that. I wonder where Bruce and Dorry are."

"Let's go inside," suggested Monica. "I hadn't realized how late it's getting."

"You go to bed and I'll go home."

"It's much more restful to stay awake and sit with folded hands."

When the dancers appeared, somewhat too volubly apologetic, and very brilliant and overexcited, it was long past one.

"I can get five thousand a year for the house!" exclaimed Bruce. "Had two offers this evenin'. People will pay absolutely anything to get a place to live."

"And you're coming to the Gramercy, Monica!" cried Dorry.

"But they're not going to move in to-night, so let's go home and let Monica go to bed." And James hustled his pretty wife into the car.

"James' only vice is his enjoyment of his wife's peccadillos," remarked Monica sagely.

"Peccadillos nothing! Dorry's got sense. Life ought not to be all carking care and responsibilities!" declaimed Bruce.

There was no dropping of his final g's now; they were particularly distinct and ominous.

"Wish I could better my business conditions as easily as you are going to shed your domestic cares," he continued when Monica joined him. She had locked all the doors and put out the lights. "Women certainly do have a cinch!"

Though this time-worn masculine observation is almost never in any of its variations received by a woman in silence Monica by a superhuman effort refrained from making the correlative reply. Instead of saying, "I'd like to be a man and walk out of it all, just as you do every morning!" she merely murmured, "I'm not so sure I want the 'cinch' you offer."

"Meaning the Gramercy?"

"Meaning the Gramercy. James Elliot doesn't like it there."

"Oh, well, but you know James. The fact that no one ever calls James Jim goes to show that he wouldn't care for life at a smart hotel. I always believed that James secretly likes to wash dishes. He's a regular old betty about using the correct towels. Don't you remember those Sunday nights before the war when their maids were out, how James reveled in cleaning up? I can see him now pottering seriously round the pantry in a gingham apron. My name, however, is not James, so let's hie ourselves to the Gramercy and get a little fun out of life."

The ensuing debate developed into one of those crises where you say things you don't mean just for the sake of going the other fellow one better.

"I don't believe you want me to have a good time!" Bruce accused her at last. "There I work like a galley slave ——"

"I have no objection to anyone's having a good time. Didn't I tell you I accepted for Forefathers' Day dinner?"

"That last dinner was a frost! Never again!"

"They've got a great bunch of speakers this year."

Tired as she was Monica went downstairs again to get the program and prove her point. (Continued on Page 75)

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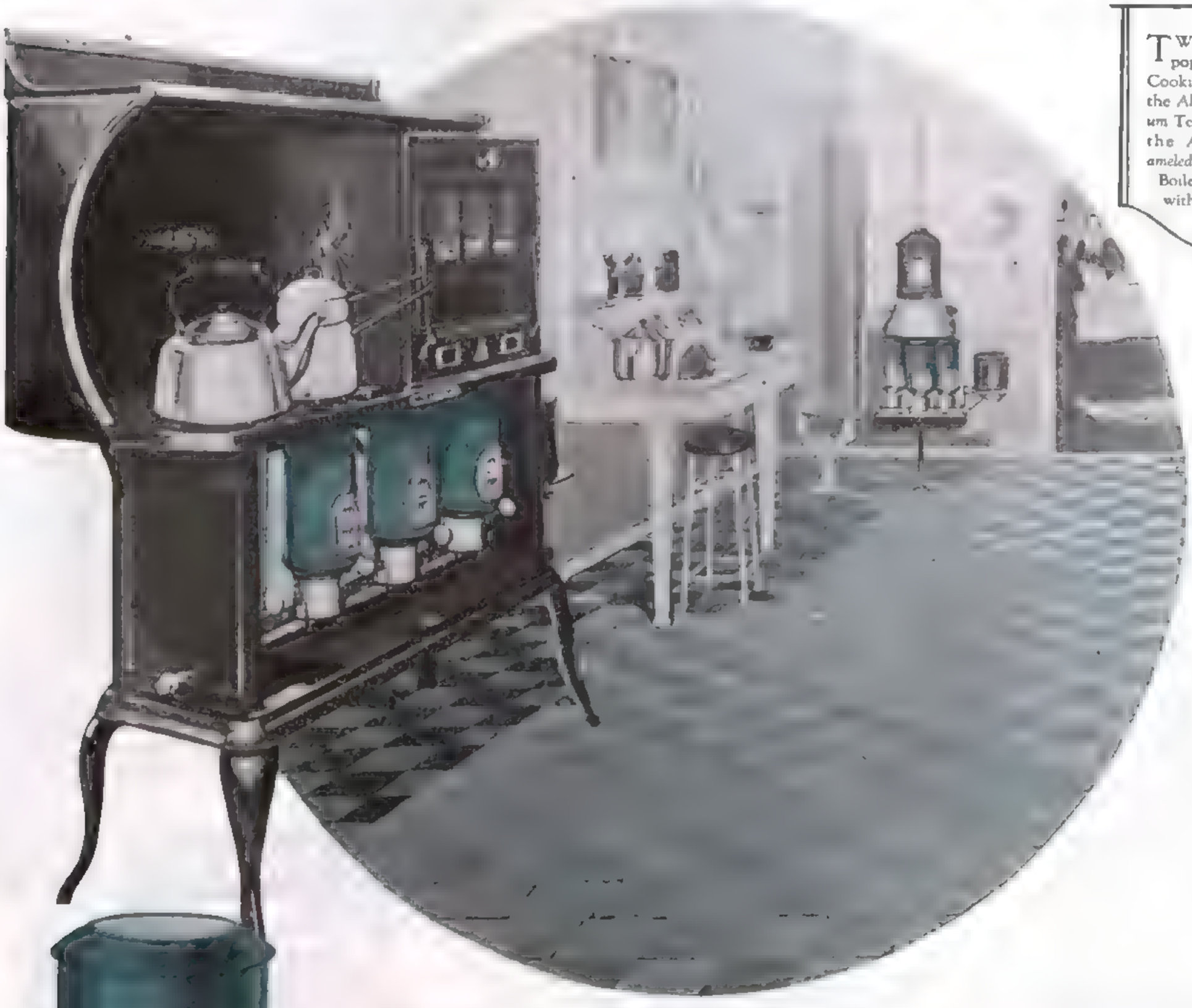

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(Continued from Page 72)

"And I don't want to give up my home and move to the Gramercy!"

"Then I wish you'd clean up a little and get the plumber to fix the faucets."

At three o'clock they lapsed into sodden silence, which in Bruce's case almost immediately became oblivion. Monica lay curiously quiet and wakeful. She remembered going to call on a friend in town a few weeks back, and instead of the old welcoming dignified façade she found an unfamiliar front consisting of a mixture of Gothic, old Colonial and Rathskeller architecture. On the sidewalk, like a small company of soldiers, were lined up eighteen little waiting bathtubs. They stood on end, and presently they would be cemented into various sequestered nooks, and the lovely old family mansion would be no more. Yes, James was right, everything was turning into a room and bath.

The clock in the hall struck four. In just a few minutes it would be six, and she must hop up and take the cold plunge which she dreaded but without which she never could get through the morning.

What would happen if she fell ill from overwork—provided, that is, that they didn't go to the Gramercy? She herself would be sent to a sanitarium or a hospital, the children would go to Hallam Hall, and Bruce would move to the Gramercy and dance nightly with Dorry. Dorry would be so sympathetic and everyone would be much happier and more comfortable. It wasn't worth the fight she made every day trying to bridge things over until conditions were better, when her whole family would be happier without her. Why not be sensible, as Bruce said, and move to the Gramercy while she still had power to enjoy? The Gramercy would get Bruce in the end either way.

And then suddenly out of the dark of the waning night there came over her a definite accession of health, strength and vitality, just as if she had been away on a rest cure and had come back without a nerve in her body. It was as inexplicable as it was real; it made her sleepless night nothing, it set her afire with energy. She took her cold tub at five instead of six, and then moving softly about the house put things in order by electric light. And she cooked a favorite breakfast.

"Perfect popovers," commented Bruce as he ate his third.

The morning sun was streaming through the many dining-room windows just exactly as they had planned to have it stream when they designed the house. The children sat round the board like hungry cherubs.

"I'm told that daylight never penetrates the Gramercy dining room," observed Monica, a remark Bruce pretended not to hear.

"By the way, the Pritchards will be up to look at the house at ten o'clock this morning. They're friends of Dorry's. See if you can hold 'em to the five thousand they offered last night."

"Are they anybody?"

"Guess not. The old lady had on a diamond stomacher. I never saw so many diamonds together, even at a jeweler's."

He kissed her good-by, bear-hugged the children and started down the walk. Rather from habit than inclination Monica rushed to the usual place to wave at him, thinking that in his Gramercy-absorbed mood he would forget her or give her one of those careless impersonal nods which are worse than nothing.

To her surprise he turned, took off his hat, bowed low in the sunlight, and then indulged in an enormous friendly wink, a wink which fairly shouted: "What does anything matter as long as the children are well and we love each other?"

"Those were unusually potent popovers," thought Monica as, greatly elated by the wink, she rushed back to the table to finish her coffee and resume, meanwhile, her customary chant of "If you don't eat that cereal I can't take you to the Hippodrome! Drink your milk, Bruce. Every drop. Hurry, now, all of you!"

At last the children were hugged, kissed, swaddled with sweaters, tam-o'-shanters and scarfs, and bundled into the bus which called for them every morning at half-past eight.

Still buoyed up by the mysterious strength which had come upon her in the night Monica walked on air, feeling as if she weighed nothing. She washed the dishes with a gay superiority, admiring the pattern of the breakfast china. She made the beds magnificently, shaking each and every blanket separately in the sun. She washed and cold-creamed her hands, and moved the drawing-room chairs into hospitable attitudes just as Dorry Elliott's car turned in at the drive. On the rear seat were wedged two people, who proved to be almost incapable of locomotion because of their many rich furs.

When Dorry had helped pry them out the Pritchards came panting in and stared at Monica so searchingly that she was tempted to explain that it was the house, not she herself, that was for rent.

Dorry was in one of her patronizing moods. She treated the Pritchards as if she had given them every cent of their wealth, and she led them from room to room, raving over Monica's possessions, not at all abashed by the fact that they merely grunted in response. Monica herself trailed along like an outsider. Finally, after the Pritchards had seen everything, including the stocking mountain, without coherent comment, they all sat down in the drawing-room, and a ponderous silence fell.

"Well, Mr. Pritchard, speak up and say if you want the place!" said Dorry playfully.

Nobody had ever been playful with Mr. Pritchard before, and it went to his head. He cleared his throat, he fumbled in his bosom, he brought forth a monogrammed check book and a fountain pen, and then in a rich unctuous voice announced that he was prepared to write a check for the first year's rent. Whatever sum Mrs. Pryor named would go.

Mrs. Pritchard, to whom Monica turned, having nothing to say, said nothing. Mrs. Pritchard disliked the effort of small talk, and in fact almost never said anything unless she objected, when she made up for lost time.

"Old Man Pritchard," as Monica began mentally to call him, wrote the date on the check, signed it, and waited.

"Ten thousand!" said Monica exorbitantly, in the hope of a refusal.

Mr. Pritchard did not refuse. Not he! He shaded every letter of both words, and as he wrote Mrs. Pritchard watched him approvingly. Having torn the check out of the book Mr. Pritchard put it down on the piano with a rapturous sigh, as if to imply that life was too full for utterance. Then he turned to Dorry, desiring more playfulness. Dorry, however, had lapsed into a pallid silence, explained by the fact that she and James had received only four thousand for their house. And it had two more baths than the Pryors', to say nothing of that great billiard room.

"If you'll kindly have hubby call me up to-night and let me know when I can move in!" said Mr. Pritchard, replacing the check book with visible reluctance. He adored writing checks. "The sooner the better. Come on, girlie. Going to drive us back to the Gramercy?"

And the disconsolate Dorry was obliged to depart with the walruslike pair. She waved a decidedly petulant farewell to Monica, who was overcome with a hideous distaste for the whole proceeding. She felt as if her house had been profaned.

"You're a mess of pottage!" she told the check Biblically as she put it in her desk. "I've sold my home and children for you. Perhaps I have even sold my husband to Dorothy Elliott."

Rushing up to the top floor Monica attacked the stocking mountain with a kind of savage repentance. Things never took so long as you thought they were going to. It was worrying about not having done them that was the whole trouble. As she deftly plied her needle Monica suddenly wondered who did the mending at Hallam Hall. Perhaps this was her last mending for months! Next week at this time she might be installed at the Gramercy. Yes, life was going to be very restful and jolly. She would have nothing to do, and no responsibilities.

Just exactly how did one feel at night when one didn't know the children were all right—know, that is, not from what paid caretakers said over a telephone, but from actual feeling of their foreheads and listening to their breathing? What did people with no homes do on Christmas, the most wearing and wonderful time of the whole year? What would be one's line of conduct toward a lady who night after night tried to ensnare one's husband?

There was no use, however, as the Irish proverb has it, in going out to meet the devil. Bruce had decided that they were to move to the Gramercy; it was the easy, sensible thing to do, and there was no use feeling as if somebody had died or as if the foundations of society were crumbling, just because one more home was being given up. Monica told herself to be modern and meet existing conditions as other people did.

"Parcel post!" yelled a masculine voice outdoors, followed by the blowing of an ear-splitting whistle.

Out of the odds and ends of scraps of paper which someone had frugally saved came something which Monica had always coveted, never aspired to; a treasure that made her gasp with delight. Not everyone would have cared for it; perhaps many would have thrown it away as rubbish. It was the gorgeous old Dennison bedspread, woven by Monica's own great-great-great-grandmother in Salem, ever so much more than a hundred years ago. Everybody in every branch of the family had wanted it, and now Aunt Sarah, that sprightly, worldly-wise spinster of sixty, had decreed that it should come next to Monica. It took no time at all to rush upstairs and lay it on the four-poster! Yes, it was a finer spread than any of those on exhibition at the Metropolitan or in any other museum Monica knew.

A letter was pinned to the center of the spread:

"*Dear Monica:* Whatever hardships they had in Grandmother Dennison's day, temperance wasn't one. They paid the sexton of the church a dollar a year and a barrel of rum.

"Besides raising nine children and doing literally everything—did you know she weighed only ninety-eight pounds?—Grandmother Dennison made all the cherry bounce and wine for the neighborhood.

"One winter after all the bounce was gone they turned the cherries out of the barrel in the side yard and the chickens found them. There followed a glorious carousal, which ended in the chickens' dropping down, dead-drunk, all over the place. Knowing they would molt and lose their feathers your grandmother, with true New England thrift, resolved to save every feather.

"She carried the intoxicated chickens into her warm kitchen, plucked every one bare, and then, in order that they shouldn't die from cold, she made each one a red-flannel jacket and sewed it on.

"Every time I read in the paper to-day how afraid people of all classes are of a little extra work I think of that one little chore of grandmother's, which was typical. People nowadays are lazy! I don't mean you, though, for you never had a lazy bone in your body.

"Here's another thing. You've always been urging me to come and spend the winter with you, but I'm not used to style or living where there's five bathrooms. They say now that help is scarce even round New York, so if I won't be in the way I'll come down for a few months to answer doorbells and telephones and stay in nights while you and Bruce go to parties. If I can be useful wire me, but if there isn't anything for me to do I'd rather not hang round idle.

"Old-maid aunts used to be handy in households, but maybe that's different now too."

Every year, in a new evening gown, imported preferred, Monica had gone blithely to Forefathers' Day dinner and applauded the doings of just such people as Grandmother Dennison, without the slightest feeling of responsibility about carrying on. It had never occurred to her that she lacked the backbone to emulate them. And Grandmother Dennison hadn't had electric irons and instantaneous hot water and vacuum cleaners and telephones; instead of labor troubles and Bolsheviks there had been real live Indians with scalping knives.

As she stood meditating and fingering the splendid old piece of handiwork Monica wakened to the fact that the mysterious strength which had so suddenly possessed her in the night was nothing more or less than a violent attack of good old-fashioned gumption. The instinct for home-making which she was about to thwart had asserted itself with fury. All her primitive impulses in fact had been outraged by the idea of bounding her days with one room and bath. The old bedspread became a symbol so inspiring that Monica wanted to jam on her hat, rush down to the busiest corner in New York, mount a soap box, and tell the passing herds to give up everything before they succumbed to the prevalent mania for room and bath.

(Concluded on Page 77)

On Rainy Days

Keeping children contented indoors is a problem met satisfactorily with a Buster Drawing Outfit. It offers instructive enjoyment. Price, $3.00.

A set includes an accurate T-square, triangle, irregular curve, compass and drawing board. The same articles used by any draftsman (only, made for smaller hands).

BUSTER TOYS

On Sunny Days

The Buster Bike is a real pal for growing children. It keeps them happy and healthy.

As the picture shows, two can ride. It can't tip backwards. Notice how far to the rear the wheels are set. The saddle-carved seat gives plenty of leg room. Two wheels in front assure steadiness. Pedal-equipped. Gayly painted in red and green with goldenoak trimmings. Best for children from 1½ to 6 years of age.

Dealers: Get your share of profitable business that ads like this create. Be ready to supply customers who demand BUSTER Toys. Write for name of nearest dealer.

Distributors: BUSTER Toys are winners! Write us for proposition and territory.

Federal-Buster Corporation
Pittsburgh

Dinner at Widow Douglas'

THE FIRMLY WOVEN FABRIC OF Tom Sawyers, and the unusually thorough needlework, seem to challenge belief in the fact that this better washwear costs no more than you usually pay.

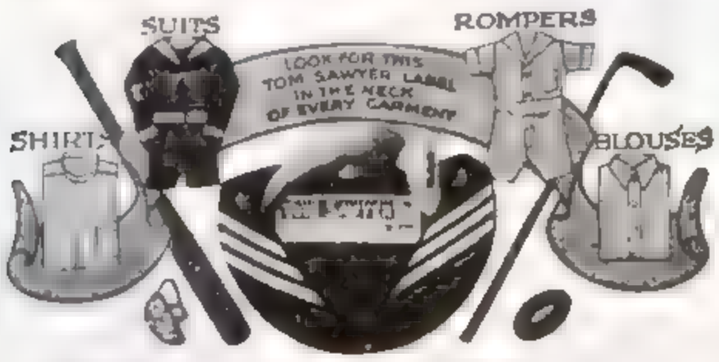
Through keeping a great mill constantly busy in weaving the dyed-in-the-thread fabric, material costs are greatly reduced.

Through buying things by the million, much is saved on such seemingly minor things as the big handsome buttons and the decidedly superior trimmings.

Some of these savings must go to pay for the exceptional needlework of every hem, pocket, buttonhole and seam.

Some unusual expense is also incurred, in providing the generous fit that a real boy needs for comfort.

But these added costs are more than offset to you by the economies, due to the fact that the dealer can buy his Tom Sawyers direct from the maker.



SHIRTS—12 to 14 neck. RUSSIAN SUITS—3 to 8.
BLOUSES—6 to 16 years. JR. NORFOLK SUITS—3 to 9.
MIDDY SUITS—4 to 10. ROMPERS—3 to 8.
ALL-IN-ONE SUITS—3 to 8.

For dealers there's a miniature sample trunk. From it you can make stock orders unhampered. With it comes a mighty interesting sales story. Better request it right away.

Elder Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

New York Chicago Kansas City Dallas Los Angeles

Tom Sawyer

"WASHWEAR" For Real Boys

CUT OUT FOR A LONG CAREER

(Concluded from Page 75)

Late that afternoon the sleek velvet-voiced clerk at the Gramercy called up and said her room would be ready for her the next afternoon.

"Mr. Pryor will telephone to you to-night!" replied Monica, with none of the deference to which the clerk was accustomed.

Yes, she would need every bit of her soap-box oratory to use on Bruce. No matter how simple it was to be eloquent with outsiders it was anything but easy to move one's own family.

When Bruce came in he found his wife neatly gloved and aproned polishing the brass fender in the drawing-room.

"Thought you were all worn out!" he began apprehensively. Was Monica scrubbing brass in a fit of temper or to impress him with her fearful domestic burdens? Or was she in the clutches of one of her rare scrubbing moods? "How do you feel?" he inquired gently.

"All right, thanks."

"Er—did those fat people come and look at the house?"

"Yes. Dorry brought them."

"Then why so quiet? Did they balk at five thousand?"

"There's a check in the right-hand pigeonhole—for the first year's rent."

Bruce gasped gratifiedly.

"You are sure they didn't think they were buying the house?"

"Oh, yes."

"Did you notice that he has his coat of arms on the check?"

"Yes, I noticed it. He has his monogram on the outside of his check book, and the same coat of arms in each corner. The poor old boy hasn't much ingenuity about spending money, has he?"

Bruce sank into a chair and studied the piece of paper in his hand. Monica continued to scrub.

"I wouldn't bother with that brass, Monica."

"It isn't any bother." She spoke quietly but with immense emphasis.

"You can't mean that it is a pleasure?"

Monica rose gracefully from her kneeling posture, and stood before her husband, slim and straight, with a fire kindling in her eyes.

"What I am going to say will make you very angry!" she began, mounting an invisible soap box. If you told Bruce beforehand that he would be angry he delighted in showing you how broad-minded he was, and that nothing could throw him off his poise.

"You will be perfectly furious!" continued Monica, hoping that the usual methods would work in the hour of supreme need.

"Go ahead. Say anything you like after your real-estate deal with Pritchard."

"I'm not going to let the Pritchards have our house! I'm not going to move to the Gramercy!" All the gorgeous things she had intended to say about economics, the family, heredity, Americanization and the home instinct stuck in her throat. She couldn't argue, as she had intended, any more than she could wind up melodramatically with the information that she would not give up her children. "Aunt Sarah's coming down to help us tide over," she finished tamely.

Perhaps it was because Bruce sat staring at her so helplessly, perhaps it was because you never can say very much about things that go too deep with you, perhaps she was suddenly tired—anyway as she stood before him her knees began to shake under her like those of a boarding-school girl who has forgotten her piece.

"That all?"

"There's a great deal more, but those are the outstanding facts."

Bruce fumbled in his pockets, found the cigarettes and lit one. He blew a lot of rings at Monica, until at last she put down the brass polish, removed her gloves, and caught one of his smoke rings on her finger.

"I hope my decision hasn't permanently paralyzed your vocal cords," she said. "Being a lawyer, who has to plead in court ——"

"Do you know what I was thinkin'—all the way out in the train?" Her heart leaped within her, for he had begun to drop his final g's.

"I recognize that as a rhetorical question."

"I was wonderin'—all the way—how I could possibly endure havin' Dorry Elliott vamp round me every night."

"Were you?"

"I was wonderin' how I could get out of dancin' the shimmy with her every night."

"Were you?"

"And here's another thing you didn't think of, Monica. If we went to the Gramercy, what about the children?"

"You said last night that the children were to go to Hallam Hall."

"But my dear girl, I've been lookin' it up on the map; and it's a hundred miles away."

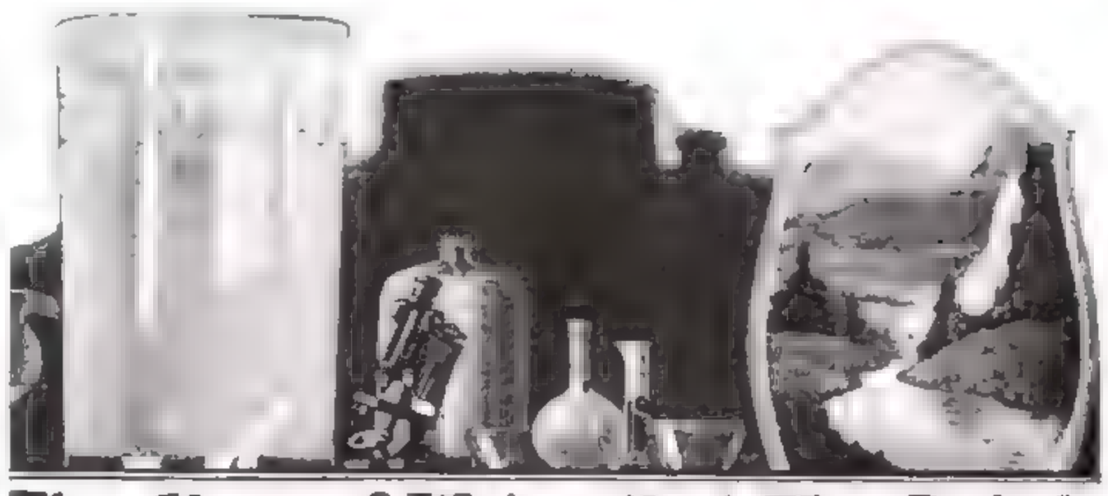
"Is it?"

"Yes. And you never thought how we'd manage about Christmas and the other holidays. Goin' to live at the Gramercy isn't feasible; it wouldn't work out."

"Then you'd better motor right down and give up the room and return Mr. Pritchard's check."

"There's no hurry; I'll help you finish the fender first. I feel just like doin' a little polishin'."

Whereupon they both set to work with all their might. And it is probably safe to say that no other fender anywhere shone with the peculiar luster which that night touched the Pryors'.



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Pure water is essential to health and efficiency. Costly reservoirs and filtration plants are built to provide it. Yet all this care is wasted if the water is served in unsanitary, wrong principled coolers in which dirty, germ-laden ice comes in contact with the water, or foul coils and faucets contaminate it.

"XXth CENTURY" COOLER

Pure drinking water served from a "XXth Century" Cooler in offices, hotels, stores and factories is a service that pays in better health, more and better work. This cooler is absolutely sanitary. The ice is held in a separate container and cannot come in contact with the water. No dust or germs from the air can reach it. It is drawn direct from the bottle, through a white porcelain chamber and sanitary, dripless "C&H" push faucet, as cool and refreshing as a draught from a mountain spring—*never unpleasantly or harmfully cold.*

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The most attractive and serviceable "XXth Century" Cooler for [illegible] and [illegible] our No. 560, mahogany finish

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COOLER HEADQUARTERS

5 Leonard Street Dept. D New York City

Established 1889

THE BOOK OF SUSAN

(Continued from Page 25

Susan with all her insight did not seize my motives, nor was I able to interpret hers. Hence, we could not speak out! What needed to be said between us could not be said. And the best proof that it could not is, after all, that it was not.

The conversation that *ought* to have taken place between us might not unreasonably have run something like this:

SUSAN: Ambo dear—what *is* the matter? Heaven knows there's enough!—but I mean between us? You've never been more wonderful to me than during these past weeks—and never so remote. I can feel you edging farther and farther away. Why, dear?

I: I've been a nuisance to you too long, Susan. Whatever I am from now on, I won't be that.

SUSAN: As if you could be; or ever had been!

I: Don't try to spare my feelings because you like me—because you're grateful to me and sorry for me! I've had a glimpse of fact, you see. It's the great moral antiseptic. My illusions are done for.

SUSAN: What illusions?

I: The illusion that you ever have really loved me. The illusion that you might some day grow to love me. The illusion that you might some day be my wife.

SUSAN: Only the last is illusion, Ambo. I do love you. I'm growing more in love with you every day. But I can't be your wife ever. If I've seemed changed and sad—apart from Sister's death and everything else that's happened—it's that, dear. It's killing me by half inches to know I can never be completely part of your life—yours!

I:

[But I can't even imagine what babble of sorrow and joy such words must have wrung from me. Suppose a decent interval and a partial recovery of verbal control.]

SUSAN: You shouldn't have rescued me from Birch Street, Ambo. Everything's made it plain to me at last. But I've already ground the mud of it into your life now—in spite of myself. You'll never feel really clean again.

I: What nonsense! Susan, Susan—dearest!

SUSAN: It isn't nonsense. You forget; I'm a specialist in nonsense nowadays. Oh, Ambo, how can you care for me! I've been so insufferably self-satisfied; so childishly blind! My eyes are wide open now. I've had the whole story of what happened that awful night—all of it—from Doctor Askew. He thought he was psychoanalyzing me, while I pumped it out of him, drop by drop. And I've been to Maltby, too; yes, I've been to Maltby, behind your back. Ambo, he isn't really certain yet that I didn't go crazy that night and kill your wife. Neither, I'm sure, is Mrs. Arthur. They've given me the benefit of the doubt, simply because they dread being dragged through a horrible scandal, that's all. But they're not convinced. Of course Maltby didn't say so in so many words, but it was plain as plain! He was afraid of me—afraid! I could feel his fear. He thinks madness is in my blood. Well, he's right. Not just as he means it, but as Setebos means it—the cruel, jealous god of this world! No—wait, dear! Let me say it out to you, once for all. My father ended a brutal life by an insanely brutal murder, then killed himself; my own father. And I've never all these years honestly realized that as part of my life—part of *me!* But now I do. It's there, back of me. I can never escape from it. Oh, how could I have imagined myself like others—a woman like others, free to love and marry and have children and a home! How could I!

I: Susan! Is that all? Is it really all that's holding you from me? Good God, dear! Why, I thought you—secretly—perhaps even unknown to yourself—loved Jimmy!

SUSAN: Jimmy? You thought——

I: I think so even now. How can I help it? Look. [And here you must suppose me to show her those first scrawled sheets, written automatically by her hand.] Perhaps I'm revealing your own heart to you, Susan—dragging to light what you've tried to keep hidden even from yourself. See, dear. "A net. No means of escape from it. To escape—somehow. Jimmy——"

[And then Susan would perhaps have handed back those scrawled pages to me with a pitying and pitiful smile.]

SUSAN:

[*Author's Note:* This carefully written imaginary speech has been deleted *in toto* by Censor Susan from the page proof—at considerable expense to me—and the following authentic confession substituted for it in her own hand. But she doesn't know I am making this explanation, which will account to you for the form and manner of her confession, purposely designed to be a continuation of my own imaginary flight. In admitting this I am risking Susan's displeasure, but conscience forbids me to let you mistake a genuine human document—so dear to the modern heart—for a mere effort at interpretation by an amateur psychologist. What follows, then, is veracious, is essentially that solemn thing so dear to a truth-loving generation—sheer fact.]

Ambo dear, I can explain that, but not without a long, unhappy confession. Must I? It's a shadowy, inside-of-me story, awfully mixed and muddled; not a nice story at all. Won't it be better all round if I simply say again that I love *you*, not Jimmy, with all my heart?

[No doubt I should then have reached for her hands, and she would have drawn away.]

Ah, no, dear, please not! I've never made a clean breast of it all, even to myself. It's got to be done, though, Ambo, sooner or later, for both our sakes. Be patient with me. I'll begin at the beginning.

I'm ridiculously young, Ambo; we all keep forgetting how young I am! I'm an infant prodigy, really; you and Phil—and God first, I suppose—have made me so. And the main point about infant prodigies is that experience hasn't caught up with them. They live in things they've imagined from things they've been told or read, live on intuition and secondhand ideas; and they've no means of testing their real values in a real world. And they're childishly conceited, Ambo! I am. Less now than some months ago; but I'm still pretty bad.

Well, back in Birch Street, before I came to you, when I was honestly a child, I lived all alone inside of myself. I lived chiefly on stories I made up about myself; and, of course, my stories were all escapes from reality—from the things that hurt or disgusted me most. There was hardly anything in my life at home that I didn't long to escape from. You can understand that in a general way. But there's one thing you perhaps haven't thought about. It's such an ugly thing to think about. I know it isn't modern of me, but I do hate to talk about it, even to you. I must, though. You'll never understand—oh, lots of later things—unless I do.

"There—That's Over. Saying Things Like That Doesn't Help Us a Bit; It's—Silly"

Love, Ambo, human love, as I learned of it there at home—and I saw and heard much too much of it—frightened and sickened me. It was swinish—horrible. Most of all I longed to escape from all that. I couldn't. I wonder if anyone ever has or can? We are made as we are made. Yes, I longed to escape from it, but my very made-up story of escape was a disguised romance. Jimmy was to be the gentle Galahad who would some day rescue me. He had done battle for me once already—with Joe Gonfarone. But some day he would come in white, shining armor and take me far away from all the mud and sweat of Birch Street to blue distant hills. Artemis was all mixed up in it too; she was to be our special goddess; our free, swift, cool-eyed protector. There was to be no heartsick shame, no stuffiness in my life any more forever! But it wasn't Jimmy who rescued me, Ambo. You did.

Only, when we've lived in a dream, wholly, for months and months and months, it doesn't vanish, Ambo; it never vanishes altogether; it's part of us—part of our lives. Isn't it? Gertrude was once your dream, dear; and the dream Gertrude has never really vanished from your life, and never will. Ah, don't I know!

Well, then, you rescued me; and you and Phil and Maltby and Sister and books and Hillhouse Avenue and France and Italy and England, and my magic circle—everything—crowded upon me and changed me and made me what I am, if I'm anything at all! But Birch Street had made me first; and my dreams.

Ambo, I can never make you know what you've been to me, never! Cinderella's prince was nothing beside you, and my Galahad Jimmy a pale phantom! I shan't try. And I can never make you know what a wild confusion of storm you sent whirling through me when I first felt the difference in you—felt your need of me. You meant me not to feel that, Ambo; but I did. I was only seventeen. And my first reaction was all passionate joy, a turbulent desire to give, give, give—and damn the consequences! It was, Ambo. I loved you.

But given you and me, Ambo, that couldn't last long. You're too moral, and I'm too complicated. My inner pattern's a labyrinth, full of queer magic; simple emotions soon get lost in me, lost and transformed. And please don't keep forgetting how young I was, and still am; how little I could understand of all I was conceited enough to think I understood! Well, dear, I saw you struggling to suppress your love for me as something wrong, unworthy, something that could only harm us both. And then all that first, swift, instinctive joy went out of me, and my old fear and distrust of what men call love seized me again. "Stuffiness, stuffiness everywhere—it leads to nothing but stuffiness!" I said. "I hate it. I won't let it rule my life. The great thing is to keep clear of it, clean of it, aloof and free!" The old Artemis motive swept through me again like a bracing hill wind—but it came in gusts; and there were days—weeks, Ambo—when I simply wanted to be yours. And one night I threw myself into your arms.

But the next day I was afraid again. The phrase "passion's slave" got into my head and plagued me. Then you came to me and said, "It's the end of the road, dear. We can't go on." That changed everything once more, Ambo, in a flash. That was my crisis. From that moment I was madly jealous of Gertrude; knew I always had been, from the first. My telegram to her was a challenge to battle. It was, dear—and I lost. She came back; she was wonderful, too—her way—and the old Gertrude dream stirred in you again; just stirred, but that was enough. You said to yourself, didn't you, that perhaps after all the best solution for our wretched difficulties was for Gertrude to return to her home? At least, that would end things. But you couldn't have said that to yourself if Gertrude had been really repulsive to you. The old dream had fluttered its tired wings, once, Ambo; you know it had!

And so I flopped again, dear! I was sick of love; I hated love! I said to myself, "I won't have this stupid, brutal, instinctive thing pushing and pulling me about like this! I'll rule my own life, thanks—my own thoughts and dreams! Freedom's the thing—the only good thing in life. I'll be free! Ambo, too, must learn to be free. We can only share what's honestly best in both of us when at last we *are* free!"

My Galahad Jimmy had turned up again too. Perhaps that had something to do with my final fiercest revolt against you. I don't know. He was all I had wanted him to be, Ambo. Oh, he had his white, shining armor on, bless him! But I didn't want him to rescue me, for all that; not in the old way. I was just glad my dream boy had come a little true; that's all. You were jealous of him, weren't you? Confess! You needn't have been.

(Continued on Page 81)

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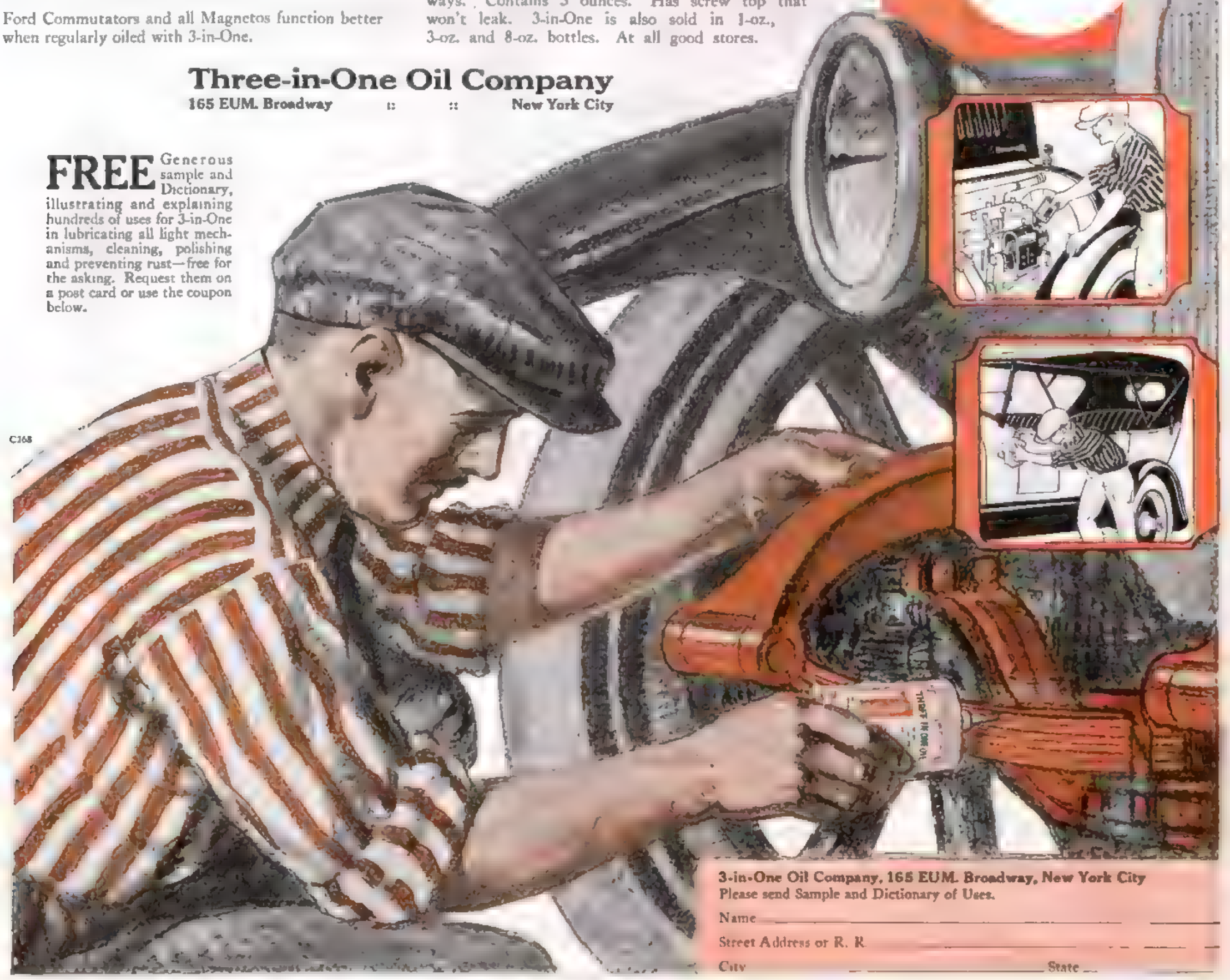

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(Continued from Page 78)

But here in New York, with Sister, things happened that made a difference.

First of all, dear, I discovered all I had lost in losing you; discovered I couldn't be free. All I could do was to make some kind of a life of it; for Sister chiefly. And I tried; oh, I did try! Then those whispered scandals about us began. But it wasn't the scandal itself that did for me; it was something added to it—by Mrs. Arthur, I suppose—something true, Ambo, that I'd never honestly faced. Suddenly my father rose from the dead! Suddenly I was forced to feel that never, never under any conditions, would it have been possible for me to be yours—bear you children. Suddenly I felt, saw—as I should have seen long ago—that the strain of evil, perhaps of madness, in my father—the strain that made his life a hell of black passions—must end with me!

Here's where Jimmy comes back, Ambo—and it's the worst of all I have to confess. My anxiety was all for you now: not for myself. I happened to love you that way. "Suppose," I kept thinking, "suppose something should unexpectedly make it possible for Ambo to ask me to be his wife? Suppose Gertrude should fall in love herself and insist on divorce? Or suppose she should die? Ambo would be certain to come to me. And if he did? Should I have the moral courage to send him away? As I must—I must!"

Dear, from that time on a sort of demon in me kept suggesting: "Jimmy—Jimmy's the solution! He's almost in love with you now; all he needs is a little encouragement. You could manage it, Susan. You could engage yourself to Jimmy; and then you could string him along! You could make it an interminable engagement, years and years of it, and break it off when Ambo was thoroughly discouraged or cured; you're clever enough for that. And Jimmy's ingenuousness itself. You could manage Jimmy." Oh, please don't think I ever really listened to my demon, was ever tempted by him! But I hated myself for the mere fact that such thoughts could even occur to me! They did; though, more than once; and each time I had to banish them, thrust them down into their native darkness.

But they didn't die there, Ambo; they lived there, a hideous secret life, lying in wait to betray me. They never will betray me, of course; I loathe them. But they can still stir in their darkness, make themselves known. That's what the references to Jimmy mean, Ambo, in those pages I scribbled in my trance; and that's all they mean. For I don't love him; I love you.

But I can't marry you, ever. I can't. That black strain concentrated in my father—oh, it must die out with me! Just as Sister's line ended with her. She ran away from the one love of her life, Ambo—just as I must run away from you. You never knew that about Sister. But I knew it. Sonia told me. Sister told her the week before Sonia married. Sister felt then that Sonia ought to run away from all that, as she had. But Sonia wouldn't listen.

"Good for Sonia!" I might then have cried out. "God bless her! Hasn't she made her husband happy? Aren't her children his pride? Why in heaven's name should she have denied herself the right to live! And for a mere possibility of evil! As if the blood of any human family on earth were wholly sound, wholly blameless! Sonia was selfish, but right, dear; and Miss Goucher was brave, but wrong! So are you wrong! Actually inherited feeblemindedness, or insanity, or disease—that's one thing; but a dread of mere future possibilities, of mere supposed tendencies! Good Lord! The human race might as well commit suicide *en bloc!* It's you I love—you—just as you are. And you say you love me. Well, that settles it!"

But who knows? It might have settled it and it might not, could any such imaginary conversation conceivably have taken place. It did not take place. We are dealing, worse luck, with history.

Perhaps four weeks after Miss Goucher's death one little conversation, just skirting these hidden matters, did take place between us; but how different was its atmosphere, and how drearily different its conclusion. You will understand it better now that—like a theater audience or like God—you are in full possession of Susan's facts and of mine; but I fear it will interest you less. To know all may sometimes be to forgive all, but more often, alas, it is to be bored by everything.

[Firmly inserted note, by Susan: "Rubbish! It's only when we think we know it all, and don't really, that we are bored."]

I had taken Susan for dinner that night to a quiet hotel uptown where I knew the dining room, mercifully lacking an orchestra and a cabaret, was not well patronized, though the cooking was exceptionally good. At this hotel by a proper manipulation of the head waiter it is often possible to get a table a little apart from the other diners—an advantage, if one desires to talk intimately without the annoyance of being overheard. It troubled me to find Susan's appetite practically nonexistent; I had ordered one or two special dishes to tempt her, but I saw that she took no pleasure in them, merely forcing herself to eat so as not to disquiet me. She was looking badly, too, all gleamless shadow, and fighting off a physical and mental languor by a stubborn effort which she might have concealed from another, but not from me. It was only too plain to me that her wish was to keep the conversation safely away from whatever was busying and saddening her private thoughts. In this, till the coffee was placed before us, I thought best to humor her, and we had discussed at great length the proper format for her first book of poems, which was to appear within the next month. Also, we had discussed Heywood Sampson's now rapidly maturing plans for his new critical review.

"He really wants me on his staff, Ambo, and I really want to be on it—just for the pleasure of working with him. It's an absolutely unbelievable chance for me! And yet ——"

"And yet —— Is there any reason why you shouldn't accept?"

"At least two reasons, yes. I'm afraid both of them will surprise you."

"I wonder."

"Won't they? If not, Ambo, you must suppose you've guessed them. What are they?"

Susan rather had me here. I had not guessed them, but wasn't willing to admit even to myself that I could not if I tried. I puckered my brows, judicially.

"Well," I hesitated, "you may very naturally feel that Dax is too plump a bird in the hand to be sacrificed for Heywood's slim bluebird in the bush. Any new publication's a gamble, of course. On the other hand, Heywood isn't the kind to leave his associates high and dry. Even if the review should fail, he'll stand by you somehow. He has a comfy fortune, you know; he could carry on the review as a personal hobby if he cared to.

Susan smiled, gravely shaking her head: "Cold, dear; stone cold. I'm pretty mercenary these days, but I'm not quite so mercenary as that. Now I've discovered that I can make a living, I'm not nearly so interested in it; hardly at all. It's the stupid side of life, always; I shouldn't like it to make much difference to me now, when it comes to real decisions. I did want a nice home for Sister, though. As for me, any old room most anywhere will do. It will, Ambo; don't laugh; I'm in earnest. But what's your second guess?" she added quickly.

"You've some writing you want to do—a book, maybe? You're afraid the review will interfere?"

"Ah, now you're a tiny bit warmer! I am afraid it will interfere, but in a much deeper way than that; interfere with me."

"I don't quite follow that, do I?"

"Good gracious, no—since you ask. It's simple enough, though—and pretty vague. Only it feels important—here." For an instant her hand just touched her breast. "I hate so to be roped in, Ambo, have things staked out for me—spiritually, I mean. Mr. Sampson's a darling; I love him! But he's a great believer in ropes and stakes and fences—even barbed wire. I'm beginning to see that the whole idea of his review is a scheme for mending political and moral and social fences, stopping up gaps in them made by irresponsible idealists—anarchists, revolutionary socialists—people like that. People like me, really! There! Now you do look surprised."

I was; but I smiled.

"You've turned red, Susan? How long since? Overnight?"

"Not red," answered Susan, with bravely forced gayety; "pinkish, say! I haven't fixed on my special shade till I'm sure it becomes me."

"It's certain to do that, dear."

She bobbed me a little bow across the cloth, much in the old happy style—alas, not quite. "But I never did like washed-out colors," she threw in for good measure.

"You are irresponsible then! Suppose Phil could hear you—or Jimmy? Jimmy'd say your Greenwich Village friends were corrupting you. Perhaps they are?"

"Perhaps they are," echoed Susan, "but I think not. I'm afraid it goes farther back, Ambo. It's left-over Birch Street; that's what it is. So much of me's that. All of me, I sometimes believe."

"Not quite. You'll never escape Hillhouse, either, Susan. You've had both."

"Yes, I've had both," she echoed again, almost on a sigh, pushing her untasted *demi-tasse* from her.

Suddenly her elbows were planted on the cloth before her, her face—shadowed and too finely drawn—dropped between her hands, her eyes sought and held mine. They dizzied me, her eyes.

"Ambo," she said earnestly, "I suppose I'm a dreadful egotist, but more and more I'm feeling the real me isn't a true child of this world! I love this world—and I hate it. I don't know whether I love it most or hate it most. I bless it and damn it every day of my life—in the same breath often. But sometimes I feel I hate it most—hate it for its cold dullness of head and heart! Why can't we care more to make it worth living in, this beautiful, frightful world! What's the matter with us? Why are we what we are? Half angels—and half pigs or goats or saber-toothed tigers or snakes! Each and every one of us, by and large! And oh, how we do distrust our three-quarter angels—while they're living anyway! Dreamers—mad visionaries—social rebels—outcasts! Crucify them, crucify them! Time enough to worship them—ages of to-be-wasted time enough—when they're dead!" She paused, still holding my eyes, and drawing in a slow breath, a breath that caught midway and was almost a sob; then her eyes left mine.

"There—that's over. Saying things like that doesn't help us a bit; it's—silly. And half the idealists are mad, no doubt, and have plenty of pig and snake in them too. I've simply coils and coils of unregenerate serpent in me—and worse. Oh, Ambo dear—but I've a dream in me beyond all that, and a great longing to help it come true. But it doesn't—it won't, I'm afraid it never will—here. Will it there, Ambo? Is there a there? Have we got all of Sister that clean fire couldn't take shut up in that tiny vase?"

"We can hope not, at least," I replied.

"Hope isn't enough," said Susan. "Why don't you say you know we haven't! I know we haven't. I do know it. It's the only thing I—know!"

A nervous waiter sidled up to us and softly slipped a small metal tray onto the cloth beside me; it held my bill, carefully turned face downward.

"Anything more, sir?" he murmured.

"A liqueur?" I suggested to Susan. She sat upright in her chair again, with a slight impatient shake of the head.

I ordered a cigar and a fine champagne. The waiter, still nervously fearful of having approached us at a moment when he suspected some intimate question of the heart had grown critically tense, faded from us with the slightest, discreetest cough of reassurance. He was not one, he would have us know, to obtrude material considerations when they were out of place.

"No; I can't go with Mr. Sampson," Susan was saying; "and he'll be hurt—he won't be able to see why. But I'm not made to be an editor—of anything. Editors have to weigh other people's words. I can't even weigh my own. And I talk of nothing but myself. Ugh!"

"You're tired out, overwrought," I stupidly began.

"Don't tell me so!" cried Susan. "If I should believe you I'd be lost."

"But," I blundered on, "it's only common sense to let down a little, at such a time. If you'd only take a real rest ——"

"There is no such thing," said Susan. "We just struggle on and on. It's rather awful, isn't it?" And presently, very quietly, as if to herself, she said over those words, surely among the saddest and loveliest ever written by mortal man:

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives forever,
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

"To sea," she repeated; "to sea. As if the sea itself knew rest! Now please pay your big fat bill from your nice fat pocketbook, Ambo; and take me home."

"If I only could!" was my despairing thought; and I astounded the coat-room boy as I tipped him by muttering aloud, "Oh, damn Jimmy Kane!"

"Yes, sir—thank you, sir—I will, sir," grinned the coat-room boy.

On our way downtown in the taxi Susan withdrew until we reached her West Tenth Street door. "Good night, Ambo," she then said; "don't come with me; and thank you for everything—always." I crossed the pavement with her to the loutish brownstone front stoop of the boarding house; there she turned to dismiss me.

"You didn't ask my second reason for not going on the review, Ambo. You must know it, though, sooner or later. I can't write any more—not well, I mean. Even my Dax paragraphs are falling off; Hadow Bury mentioned it yesterday. But nothing comes. I'm sterile, Ambo. I'm written out at twenty. Bless you. Good night."

"Susan," I cried, "come back here at once!" But she just turned in the doorway to smile back at me, waved her hand, and was gone.

I was of two minds whether or not to follow her. Then, "A whim," I thought; "the whim of a tired child. And I've often felt that way myself—all writers do. But she must take a vacation of some kind—she must!" She did.

XXXI

I WOKE up the next morning, broad awake before seven o'clock, a full hour earlier than my habit. I woke to find myself greatly troubled by Susan's parting words of the night before, and lay in bed for perhaps twenty minutes turning them over fretfully in my mind. Then I could stand it no longer and rose, bathed, dressed and ate my breakfast in self-exasperating haste, yet with no very clear idea of why I was hurrying or what was to follow. I had an appointment with my lawyer for eleven; I was to lunch with Heywood Sampson at one; after lunch—my immediate business in town being completed—I had purposed to return to New Haven.

Susan would be expecting me for my daily morning call at half past nine. That call was a fixed custom between us when I was stopping in New York. It seldom lasted over twenty minutes and was really just an opportunity to say good morning and arrange conveniently for any further plans for the day or evening. But it was now only a few minutes past eight. No matter. Susan was both a night hawk and a lark, retiring always too late and rising too early—though it must be said she seemed to need little sleep; and I felt that I must see her at once and try somehow to encourage her about her work and bring her back to a more reasonable and normal point of view. "Overstrain," I kept mumbling to myself, idiotically enough, as I charged rather than walked down Fifth Avenue from my hotel: "Overstrain—overstrain."

However, the brisk physical exertion of my walk gradually quieted my nerves, and as I turned west on Tenth Street I was beginning to feel a little ashamed of my unreasonable anxiety, was even beginning to poke a little fun at myself and preparing to amuse Susan if I could by a whimsical account of my morning brainstorm. I had now persuaded myself that I should find her quietly at work, as I so usually did, and quite prepared to talk things over more calmly. I meant this time to make a supreme effort, and really hoped to persuade her to do two sensible things: First, to accept Heywood Sampson's offer; second, to give up all other work for the present and get a complete rest and change of scene until her services were needed for the review. That would not be for six or eight weeks at the very least.

And I at last had a plan for her. You may or may not remember that Ashton Parker was a famous man thirty years ago; they called him Hyena Parker in Wall Street, and no doubt he deserved it; yet he faded gently out with consumption like any spring poet, having turned theosophist toward the end and made his peace with the Cosmic Urge. Mrs. Ashton Parker is an aunt of mine, long a widow, and a most delightful, easy-going, wide-awake and sympathetic old lady, who has made her home in Santa Barbara ever since her husband's death there. Her Spanish villa and gardens are famous, and her always kindly eccentricities scarcely less famous than they.

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I could imagine no one more certain to captivate Susan or to be instantly captivated by her; and though I had not seen Aunt Belle for more than ten years I knew I could count on her in advance to fall in with my plan. Her hospitality is notorious and would long since have beggared anyone with an income less absurd. Susan should go there at once, for a month at least; the whole thing could be arranged by telegraph. Why in heaven's name hadn't I thought of and insisted upon this plan before!

Miss O'Neill in person opened the front door to me.

"Oh, Mr. Hunt!" she wailed. "Thanks to goodness you're here early. I can't do nothing with Togo. He won't eat no breakfast, and he won't let nobody touch him. He's sitting up there like a—I don't know what, with his precious tail uncurled and his head sort of hanging down—it'll break your heart to look at him! I can't bear to myself, though I'd never no use for the beast, neither liking nor disliking! He's above his station, I say. But what with all —— And I've got to get that room cleared and redone by twelve, feelings or no feelings, and Gawd knows feelings will enter in! Not half Miss Susan's class either, the new party just now applied, and right beside my own room, too, though well recommended, so I can't complain!"

I broke through her dusty web of words with an impatient "What on earth are you talking about, Miss O'Neill?"

"You don't know?" she gasped. "You don't ——"

"I most certainly do not. Where's Miss Susan?"

"Oh, Mr. Hunt! If I'd-a knowed she hadn't even spoke to you! And you with her all evening—treating to dinner and all! But thank Gawd it's a reel lady she went away with! Miss Leslie, in her big limousine that's often been here! That I can swear to you with my own eyes!"

Susan was gone, and gone beyond hope of an immediate return. There is no need to labor the details of her flight. A letter left for me with Miss O'Neill gives all the surface facts essential.

"*Dear Ambo:* Try not to be angry with me; or too hurt. When I left you last night I decided to seize an opportunity which had to be seized instantly or not at all. Mona Leslie has been planning for a long European sojourn all winter, and for the past two weeks has been trying to persuade me to go with her as a sort of overpaid companion and private secretary. She has dangled a salary before me out of all proportion to my possible value to her, but—never feeling very sympathetic toward her sudden whims and moods—that hasn't tempted me.

"Now, at the eleventh hour, literally, this chance for a complete break with my whole past and probable future has tempted me, and I've flopped. You've been urging my need for rest and change; if that's what I do need this will supply it, the change at least—with no sacrifice of my hard-fought-for financial independence. It was the abysmal prospect, as I came in, of having to go straight to my room—with no Sister waiting for me—and beat my poor typewriter and poorer brains for some sparks of wit—when I knew in advance there wasn't a spark left in me—that sent me to the telephone.

"Now I'm packed—in half an hour—and waiting for Mona. The boat sails about three A. M.; I don't even know her name: we'll be on her by midnight. Poor Miss O'Neill is flabbergasted—and so I'm afraid will you be, and Phil and Jimmy. I know it isn't kind of me simply to vanish like this; but try to feel that I don't mean to be unkind. Not even to Togo, though my treachery to him is villainous. It will be a black mark against me in Peter's book forever. But I can't take him, Ambo; I just can't. Please, please—will you? You see, dear, I can't help being a nuisance to you always, after all. And I can't even promise you Togo will learn to love you, any more than Tumps—though I hope he may. He'll grieve himself thin at first. He knows something's in the air and he's grieving beside me now. His eyes —— If Mona doesn't come soon I may collapse at his paws and promise him to stay.

"Mona talks of a year over there, from darkest Russia to lightest France; possibly two. Her plans are characteristically indefinite. She knows heaps of people all over of course. I'll write often. Please tell Hadow and Mr. Sampson I'm a physical wreck—or mental, if it sounds more convincing. I'm neither; but I'm tired.

"If you can possibly help Phil and Jimmy to understand ——

"Here's Mona now. Good-by, dear.

"Your ashamed, utterly grateful

"SUSAN.

"P. S. I'm wearing your furs."

So Togo and I went home. My misery craving company, I rode with him all the way up in the baggage car, on the self-deceptive theory that he needed an ever-present friend. It is true, however, that he did, and it gratified me and a little cheered me that he seemed really to appreciate my attentions. I sat on a trunk, lighting each cigarette from the end of the last, and he sat at my feet, leaned wearily against the calf of my right leg, and even permitted me to fondle his ears.

XXXII

"SPRING, the sweet spring!" Then birds do sing, hey-ding-a-ding—and so on. Sweet lovers love the spring. Jimmy, Phil and I saw little of each other those days. Jimmy clouded his sunny brow and started in working overtime. Phil plunged headlong into what was to prove his philosophical *magnum opus*—The Pluralistic Fallacy, a Critical Study of Pragmatism. I also plunged headlong into a series of interpretative essays for Heywood Sampson's forthcoming review. My first essay was to be on Tolstoy, my second on Nietzsche, my third on Anatole France, my fourth on Samuel Butler and Bernard Shaw, my fifth on Thomas Hardy, and my sixth and last on Walt Whitman. From the works of these writers it was my purpose to illustrate and clarify for the semicultured the more significant intellectual and spiritual tendencies of our enlightened and humane civilization. It is characteristic that I supposed myself well equipped for this task. But I never got beyond my detached urbane appreciation of Nietzsche; just as I had concluded it our enlightened and humane civilization suddenly blew to atoms with a *cliché*-shattering report and a vile stench as of too-long-imprisoned gas.

During those first months of Susan's absence, which for more than four years were to prove the last months of almost world-wide and wholly world-deceptive peace, several things occurred of more or less importance to the present history. They marked, for one thing, the auspicious sprouting and rapid initial growth of Susan's literary reputation. Her poems appeared little more than a month after she had left us, a well-printed volume of less than a hundred pages, in a sober green cover. I had taken a lonely sort of joy in reading and rereading the proof, and if even a split letter escaped me it has not yet been brought to my attention. These poems were issued under a quiet title and an unobtrusive pen name, slipping into the market place without any preliminary puffing, and I feared they were of too fine a texture to attract the notice that I felt they deserved. But in some respects, at least, Susan was born under a lucky star. An unforeseen combination of events suddenly focused public attention—just long enough to send it into a third edition—upon this inconspicuous little book.

Concurrently with its publication, The Puppet Booth opened its doors—its door, rather—on McDougal Street; an artistic venture quite as marked, you would say, for early oblivion as Susan's own. The cocoon of The Puppet Booth was a small stable where a few Italian venders of fruit and vegetables had kept their scarecrow horses and shabby carts and handcarts. From this drab cocoon issued a mailed and militant dragon fly; vivid, flashing, erratic; both ugly and beautiful—and wholly alive. For there were in Greenwich Village—as there are, it would seem, in all lesser villages, from Florida to Oregon—certain mourners over and enthusiasts for the art called Drama, which they believed to be virtually extinct. Shows, it is true, hundreds of them, were each season produced on Broadway, and some of these delighted hosts of the affluent, sentimental and child-like American bourgeoisie. Fortunate managers, playsmiths and actors, endowed with sympathy for the crude tastes of this bourgeoisie, a sympathy partly instinctive and partly developed by commercial acumen, waxed fat with a prosperity for which the village could not wearily enough express its contempt.

None of these creatures, said the village—no, not one—was a genuine artist. The theater, they affirmed, had been raped by

(Continued on Page 85)

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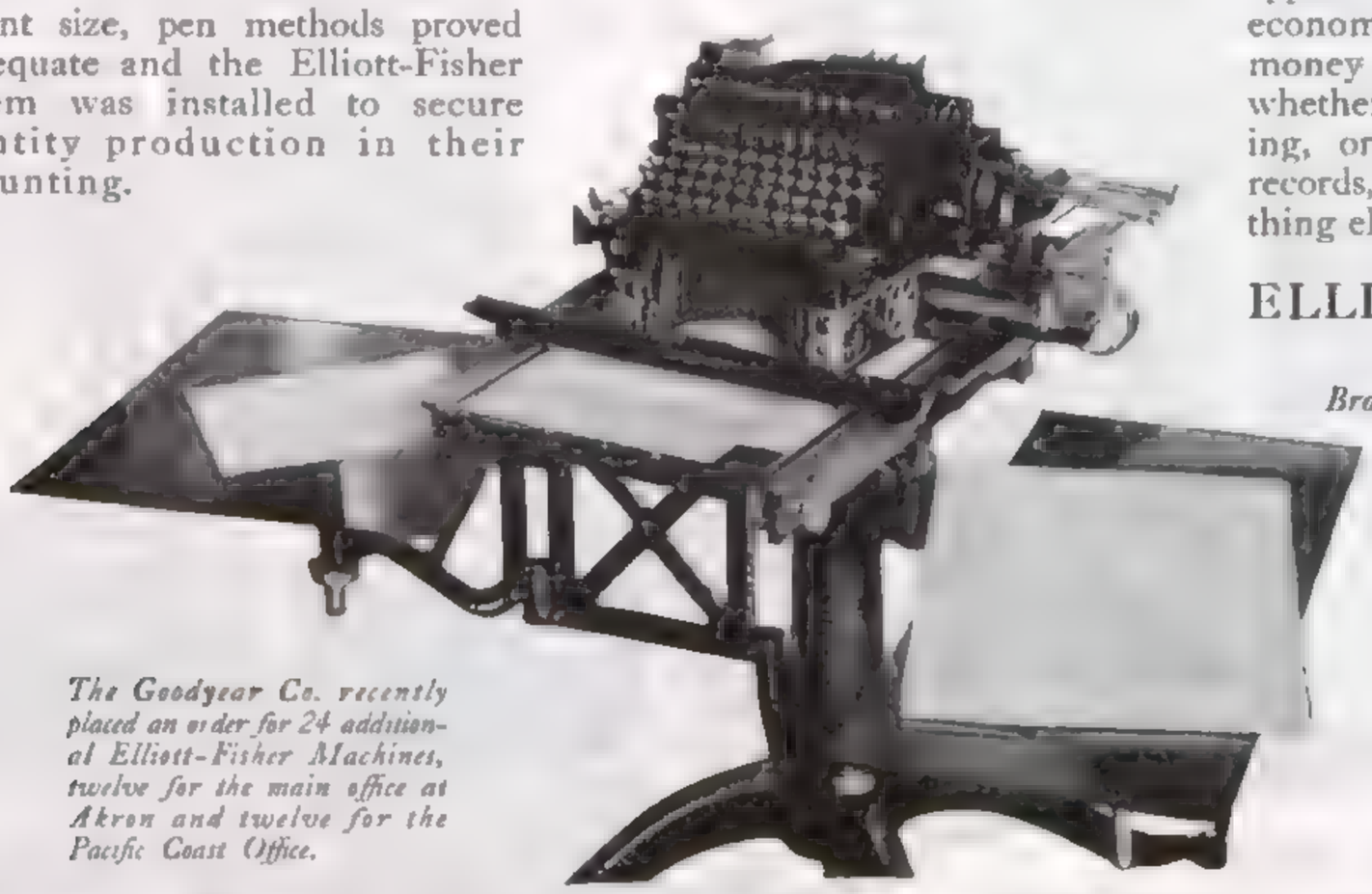

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(Continued from Page 82)

the Philistines and prostituted to sophomoric merrymakers by cynical greed. The theater! Why, it should be a temple, inviolably dedicated to its peculiar god. Since the death of religion it was perhaps the one temple worthy of pious preservation. Only in a theater, sincerely consecrated to the great god Art, could the enlightened, the sophisticated, the free unite to worship. There only, they implied, could something adumbrating a sacred ritual and a spiritual consolation be preserved.

Luckily for Susan, and indeed for us all—for we have all been gainers from the spontaneous generation of little theaters all over America, a phenomenon at its height just previous to the war—one village enthusiast, Isidore Stalinski—by vocation an accompanist, by avocation a vorticist, by race and nature a publicist—had succeeded in mildly infecting Mona Leslie—who took everything in the air, though nothing severely—with offhand zeal for his cause. The importance of her rather casual conversion lay in the fact that her purse strings were perpetually untied. Stalinski well knew that you cannot run even a tiny temple for a handful of worshipers without vain oblations on the side to the false gods of this world, and these imply—oh, Art's desire!—a donor. And of all possible varieties of donor, that most to be desired is the absentee donor—the donor who donates as God sends rain, unseen.

At precisely the right moment Stalinski whispered to Mona Leslie that *entre* them—though he didn't care to be quoted—he preferred her interpretation of Faure's Clair de Lune to that of ——, the particular *diva* he had just been accompanying through a long, rapturously advertised concert tour; and Mona Leslie, about to be off on her European flight, became the absentee donor to The Puppet Booth.

The small stable was leased and cleansed and sufficiently reshaped to live up to its anxiously chosen name. Much of the reshaping and all of the decorating were done, after business hours, by the clever and pious hands of the villagers. Then four one-act plays were selected from among some hundreds poured forth by village genius to its rehabilitated god. The clever and pious hands flew faster than ever, busying themselves with scenery and costumes and properties and color and lighting—all blended toward the creation of a thoroughly uncommercial atmosphere. And the four plays were staged, directed, acted and finally attended by the village. It was a perfectly lovely party and the pleasantest of times was had by all.

And it only remains to drop this tone of patronizing persiflage and admit, with humblest honesty, that the first night at The Puppet Booth was that very rare thing, a complete success; what Broadway calls a "knockout." Within a fortnight seats for The Puppet Booth were at a ruinous premium in all the ticket agencies on or near Times Square.

I happened to be there on that ecstatic opening night. Susan in her first letter, from Liverpool, had enjoined me to attend and report; Mona would be glad to learn from an unprejudiced outsider how the affair went off. But Susan did not mention the fact that one of the four selected plays had been written by herself.

Jimmy was with me. Phil, who saw more of him than I did, thought he was going stale from overwork, so I had made a point of hunting him up and dragging him off with me for a night in town. He hadn't wanted to go; said frankly he wasn't in the mood. I'm convinced it was the first time he had ever used the word "mood" in connection with himself or anybody else. Jimmy and moods of any kind simply didn't belong together.

We had a good man's dinner at a good man's chop house that night, and once I got Jimmy to work on it his normal appetite revived and he engulfed oysters and steak and a deep-dish apple pie and a mug or so of ale with mounting gusto. We talked of course of Susan.

Jimmy, inclined to a rosier view by comfortable repletion, now maintained that perhaps after all Susan had done the natural and sensible thing in joining Miss Leslie. He emphasized all the obvious advantages—complete change of environment, freedom from financial worry, and so on; then he paused.

"And there's another point, Mr. Hunt," he began again, doubtfully this time: "Professor Farmer and I were talking about it only the other day. We were wondering whether we oughtn't to speak to you. But it's not the easiest thing to speak of—it's so sort of vague—kind of a feeling in the air."

I knew at once what he referred to, and nodded my head. "So you and Phil have noticed it too!"

"Oh, you're on then? I'm glad of that, sir. You've never mentioned anything, so Professor Farmer and I couldn't be sure. But it's got under our skins that it might make a lot of trouble and something ought to be done about it. It's hard to see what."

"Very," I agreed. "Fire ahead, Jimmy. Tell me exactly what has come to you—to you personally, I mean."

"Well," said Jimmy, leaning across the table to me and lowering his voice, "it was all of three weeks ago. I went to a dance at the Lawn Club. I don't dance very well, but I figure a fellow ought to know how if he ever has to, so I've slipped in a few lessons. I can keep off my partner's feet anyway. Well, Steve Putnam took me round that night and introduced me to some girls. I guess if they'd known my mother was living in New Haven and married to a grocer they wouldn't have had anything to do with me. Maybe I ought to advertise the fact, but I don't—simply because I can't stand for my stepfather, and so mother won't stand for me. Mother and I never could get on though; and it's funny too—as a general rule I can get on with most everybody. I told Professor Farmer the other night there must be something wrong with a fellow who can't get on with his own mother—but he only laughed. Of course, Mr. Hunt, I'm not exactly sailing under false pretenses either; if any girl wanted to make real friends with me I'd tell her all about myself first."

"Of course," I murmured.

"And the same with men. Steve, for instance. He knows all about me, and his father has a lot of money, but he made it in soap and Steve's from the West, anyway, and don't care. Gee, I'm wandering—it's the ale, I guess, Mr. Hunt; I'm not used to it. The point is, Steve introduced me round, and I like girls all right, but Susan's kind of spoiled me for the way most of them gabble. I can't do that easy, quick talk very good yet; Steve's a bear at it. Well—I sat out a dance with one of the girls, a Miss Simmons; pretty too; but she's only a kid.

"It was her idea, sitting out the dance in a corner—I thought she didn't like the way I handled myself. But that wasn't it. Mr. Hunt, she wanted to pump me; went right at it too.

"'You know Mr. Hunt awfully well, don't you?' she asked; and after I'd said yes and we'd sort of sparred round a little, she suddenly got confidential, and a kind of thrilled look came into her eyes, and then she asked me straight out: 'Have you ever heard there was something—mysterious—about poor Mrs. Hunt's death?'

"'No,' I said.

"'Haven't you!' she said, as much as to tell me she knew, all the same, I must have. 'Why, Mr. Kane, it's all over town. Nobody knows anything, but it's terribly exciting. Some people think she committed suicide, all because of that queer Miss Blake. She must be—you know! And now she's run away to Europe! I believe she was just afraid to stay over here, afraid she might be found out or arrested or something!'

"That's the way she went on, Mr. Hunt; and, well—naturally, I pooh-poohed it and steered her off, and then she lost interest in me right away. But she's right, Mr. Hunt. There's a lot of that kind of whispered stuff in the air, and I'm mighty glad Susan's off for a year or two where she can't run into it. It'll all die out before she's back again, of course."

"I hope so," was my reply; "but the source of these rumors is very persistent—and very discreet. They start from Mrs. Arthur; they must. But it's impossible to trace them back to her. Jimmy, she means to make New Haven impossible for me, and I've an idea she's likely to succeed. Already three or four old acquaintances have—well, avoided me, and the general atmosphere's cooling pretty rapidly toward zero. So far as I'm concerned it doesn't much matter, but it does matter for Susan. She may return to find her whole future clouded by a settled impression that in some way—indirectly or even directly—she was responsible for my wife's sudden death."

"It's a damned outrage!" exclaimed Jimmy. "I don't know Mrs. Arthur, but I'd like to wring her neck!"

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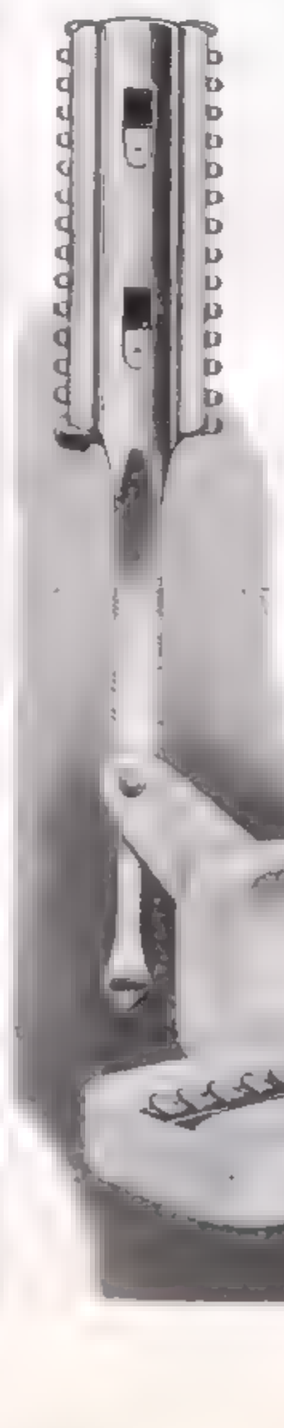

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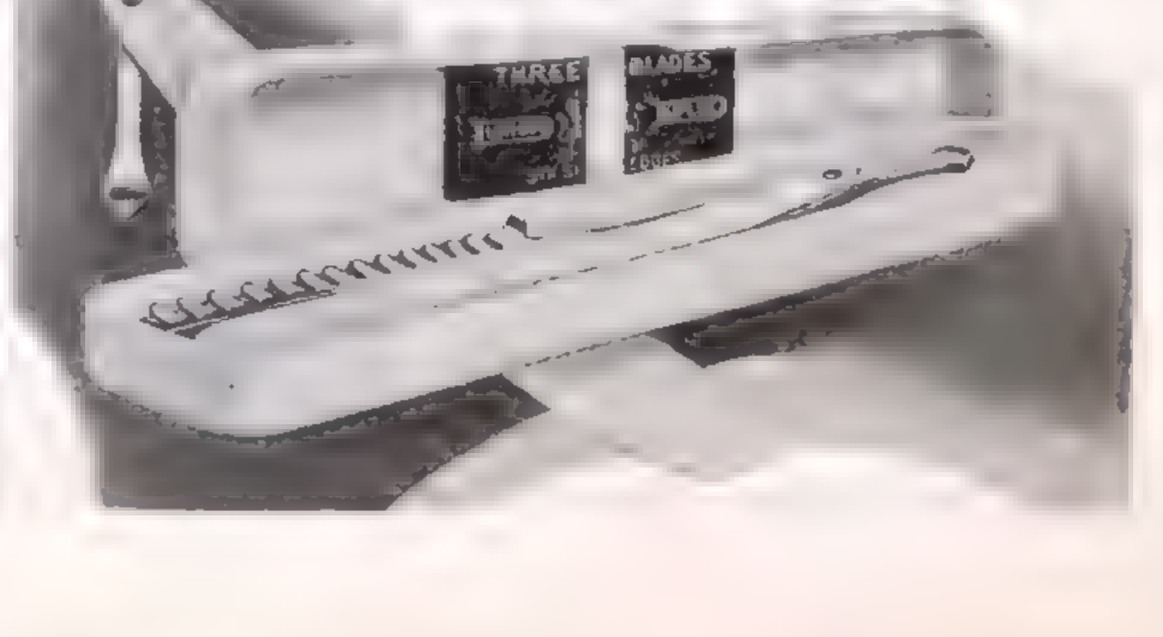

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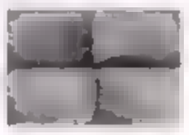

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"So would I, Jimmy; and she knows it. That's why she's finding life these days so supremely worth living."

Jimmy pondered this. "Gee, I hate to think that badly of any woman," he finally achieved; "but I guess it doesn't do to be a fool and think they're all angels—like Susan. Mother's not."

"No, Jimmy, it doesn't do," I responded. "Still, the price for that kind of wisdom is always much higher than it's worth."

"Women," began Jimmy —— But his aphorism somehow escaped him, and he decided to light a cigarette instead.

And on this wave of cynicism I floated him off with me to The Puppet Booth.

From the point of view of eccentric effectiveness and *réclame* wonders had been wrought with the small ancient brick stable on McDougal Street; but very little had been or could be done for the comfort of its guests. The flat exterior wall had been stuccoed and brilliantly frescoed to suggest the entrance to some probably questionable side show at a French village fair; and a gay clown with a drum, an adept at amusing local patter, had been stationed before the door to emphasize the *funambulesque* illusion. Within, this atmosphere—as of something gaudy and transitory, the mere lath-and-canvas pitch of a vagabond *banquiste*—had been cleverly carried out. The cramped little theater itself struck one as mere scenery, which was precisely the intention. There was clean sawdust on the floor, and the spectators—one hundred of them suffocatingly filled the hall—were provided only with wooden benches, painted a vivid Paris green. These benches had been thoughtfully selected, however, and were less excruciating to sit on than you would suppose. There was, naturally, no balcony; a false pitch roof had been constructed of rough stable beams, from which hung bannerets in a crying, carefully studied dissonance of strong color worthy of the barbaric Bakst. The proscenium arch was necessarily a toylike affair, copied, you would say, from the Guignol in the Tuileries Gardens; and the curtain, for a final touch, looked authentic—had almost certainly been acquired, at some expenditure of thought and trouble, from a traveling Elks' Carnival. There was even a false set of footlights to complete the masquerade—a row of oil lamps with tin reflectors. It was all very restless and amusing and extravagantly make-believe.

Jimmy and I arrived just in time to squeeze down the single narrow side aisle and into our places in the fourth row. We had no opportunity to glance about us or consult our broad-sheet programs, none to acquire the proper mood of tense expectancy we later succumbed to, before the lights were lowered and the curtain was rolled up in the true antique style. "Gee!" muttered Jimmy, on my left, with involuntary dislike. "Ah!" breathed a maiden, on my right, with entirely voluntary rapture. Someone in the front row giggled, probably a cub reporter doing duty that evening as a dramatic critic; but he was silenced by a sharp hiss from the rear.

The cause for these significant reactions was the *mise en scène* of the tiny vacant stage. It consisted of three dead-black walls, a dead-black ceiling and a dead-black floor cloth. In the back wall there was a high, narrow crimson door with a black knob. A tall straight-legged table and one straight high-backed chair, both lacquered in crimson, were the only furniture, except for a slender crimson-lacquered perch, down right, to which was chained a yellow, green and crimson macaw. And through the crimson door presently entered—undulated, rather—a personable though poisonous young woman in a trailing robe of vivid yellow and green.

The play that followed, happily a brief one, was called—as Jimmy and I learned from our programs at its conclusion—Polly. It consisted of a monologue delivered by the poisonous young woman to the macaw, occasionally varied by *ad lib.* screams and chuckles from that evil white-eyed bird. From the staccato remarks of the poisonous young woman we, the audience, were to deduce the erratic eroticism of an *âme damnée*. It was not particularly difficult to do so, nor was it particularly entertaining. As a little adventure in supercynicism Polly, in short, was not particularly successful. It needed and had not been able to obtain the boulevard wit of a Sacha Guitry to carry it off. But the poisonous young woman had an exquisitely proportioned figure, and her arms, bare to the slight shoulder straps, were quite faultless. Minor effects of this kind have, even on Broadway, been known to save more than one bad quarter hour from complete collapse. No, it was not the author's lines that carried us safely through this first fifteen minutes of diluted Strindberg-Schnitzler. And the too deliberately bizarre *mise en scène*, though for a moment it piqued curiosity, had soon proved wearisome, and we were glad—at least, Jimmy and I were—to have it veiled from our eyes.

The curtain rolled down, nevertheless, to ecstatic cries and stubbornly sustained applause. Raised lights revealed an excited, chattering band of the faithful. The poisonous young woman took four curtain calls and would seemingly, from her parting gesture, have drawn us collectively to her fine bosom with those faultless, unreluctant arms. And the maiden on my right shuddered forth to her escort, "I'm thrilled, darling! Feel them—feel my hands—they're moon cold! They always are, you know, when I'm thrilled!"

"You can't beat this much, Mr. Hunt," whispered Jimmy. "It's bug-house."

In a sense, it was; in a truer sense, it was not. A careful analysis of the audience would, I was quickly convinced, have disclosed not merely a saving remnant but a saving majority of honest workmen in the arts—men and women too solidly endowed with brains and humor for any self-conscious posing or public exhibition of temperament. The genuine freaks among us were a scant handful; but it is the special talent and purpose of your freak to—in Whitman's phrase—"positively appear." Ten able freaks to the hundred can turn any public gathering into a side show; and the freaks of the Village, particularly the females of the species, are nothing if not able. Minna Freund, for example, who was sitting just in front of Jimmy; it would be difficult for any assembly to obliterate Minna Freund! She was, that night, exceptionally repulsive in a sort of yellow silk wrapper, with her sparrow's nest of bobbed Henner hair, and her long, bare, olive-green neck that so obviously needed to be scrubbed!

Having strung certain entirely unrelated words together and called them Portents, she had in those days acquired a minor notoriety, and Susan—impishly enjoying my consequent embarrassment—had once introduced me to her as an admirer of her work, at an exhibition of Cubist sculpture. Minna was standing at the time, I recall, before Pannino's Study of a Morbid Complex, and she at once informed me that the morbid complex in question had been studied from the life. She had posed her own destiny for Pannino, so she assured me, at three separate moments of psychic crisis, and the inevitable result had been a masterpiece. "How it writhes!" she had exclaimed; but to my uninstructed eyes Pannino's Study did anything but writhe; it was stolidly passive; it looked precisely as an ostrich egg on a pedestal would look if viewed in a slightly convex mirror. How far away all that stupid nonsense seems!

And suddenly Jimmy leaped on the bench beside me, as if punctured by a pin: "Oh, good Lord, Mr. Hunt!" he groaned. "Look here!"

He had thrust his program before me and was pointing to the third play of the series with an unsteady finger.

"It's the same name," he whispered hoarsely; "the one she's used for her book. Do you think ——"

"I'll soon find out," was my answer. "We must know what we're in for, Jimmy!" And just as the lights were lowered for the second play I rose, defying audible unpopularity, and squeezed my way out to the door. That is why I cannot describe for you the second play, a harsh little tragedy of the sweatshops—"Horrible," Jimmy affirmed, "but it kind of got me!"—written by an impecunious young man with expensive tastes, who has since won the means of gratifying them along Broadway by concocting for that golden glade his innocently naughty librettos Tra-la, Thérèse! and Oh, Mercy, Modestine!

Having sought and interviewed Stalinski—I found him huddled in the tiny box office, perspiring unpleasantly from nervousness and many soaring emotions—I was back in my seat, more unpopular than ever, in good time for Susan's—it was unquestionably Susan's—play.

But most of you have seen or read—or have read about—Susan's play.

It was the sensation of the evening, of many subsequent evenings; and I have

(Continued on Page 88)

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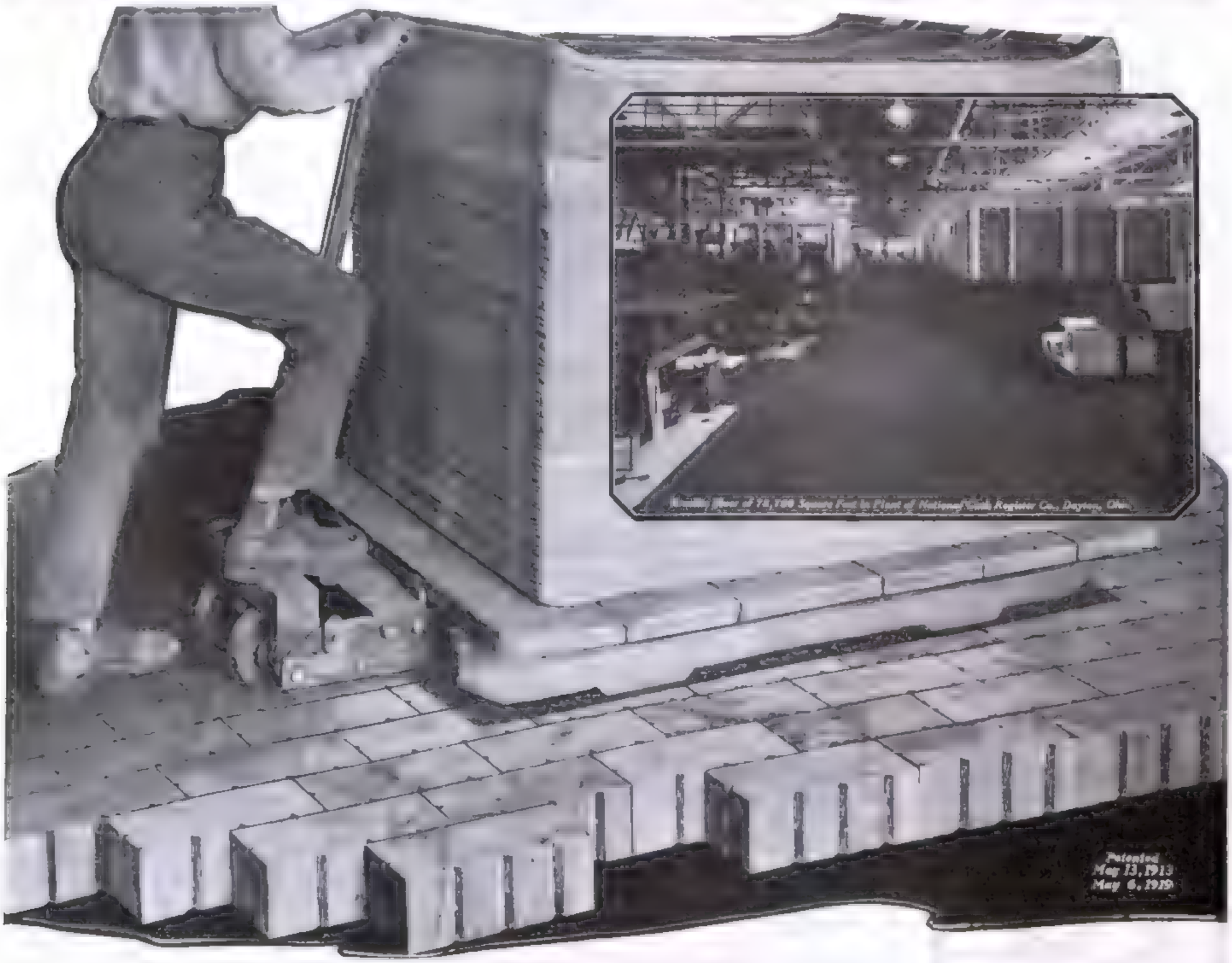

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(Continued from Page 86)

often wondered precisely why—for there is in it nothing sensational. Its atmosphere is delicately fantastic, remote, you would say, from the sympathies of a matter-of-fact world, particularly as its fantasy is not the highly sentimentalized make-believe of some popular fairy tale. This fantasy of Susan's is ironic and grave; simple in movement, too—just a few subtle modulations on a single poignant theme. And I ask myself wherein lies its throat-tightening quality, its irresistible appeal. And I find but one answer—an answer which I had always supposed, in my long intellectual snobbery, an undeserved compliment to the human race, a compliment no critic who was not either dishonest or a fool could pay mankind.

But what other explanation can be given for the success of Susan's play, both here and in England, than its sheer beauty? Beauty of substance, of mood, of form, of quiet, heart-searching phrase! It is not called The Magic Circle, but it might have been; for its magic is genuine, distilled from the depths of nature, and it casts an unescapable spell—on poets and bankers, on publicans and prostitutes and priests, on all and sundry, equally and alike. It even casts its spell on those who act in it, and no truer triumph can come to an author. I have never seen it really badly played. Susan has never seen it played at all.

On the first wave of this astonishing triumph Susan's pen name was swept into the newspapers and critical journals of America and England, and a piquant point for gossip was added by the revelation that Dax, who for several months had so wittily enlivened the columns of Whim, was one and the same person. Moreover, it was soon bruited about that the author was a slip of a girl—radiantly beautiful of course; or why romance concerning her?—and that there was something mysterious, even sinister, in her history.

"A child of the underworld," said one metropolitan journal in its review of her poems. Popular legend presently connected her, though vaguely, with the criminal classes.

And so it was that the public eye lighted for a little hour on Susan's shy poems. Poetry was said to be looking up in those days; and influential critics in their influential uninfluenced way suddenly boomed these, saying mostly the wrong things about them, but saying them over and over with energy and persistence. The first edition vanished overnight; a larger second edition was printed and sold out within a week or two; a still larger third edition was launched and disposed of more slowly. Then came the war.

If I can say anything good of the war, it is this: Since seemingly it must have come anyway, sooner or later, so far as Susan is concerned it came just in time. A letter from Phil to Susan, received toward the close of July, 1914, at the château of the Comtesse de Bligny, near Brussels, will tell you why.

"*Dear Susan:* If the two or three notes I've sent you previously have been brief and dull, I knew you would make the inevitable allowances and forgive me. In the first place, God didn't create me to scintillate, as you've long had reason to know, and since you left us I've been buried in a Sahara of work, living so retired a life in my desert that little news comes my way. But Jimmy breaks in on me, always welcomely, with an occasional bulletin, and last night Hunt came over and we had a long evening together. He's worried, Susan, not without great cause, I fear; he looks tired and ill; and after mulling things over, with my usual plodding caution—I've thought best to explain the situation to you.

"It can be put in very few words. The deserved success of your play and the poems, following a natural law that one too helplessly wishes otherwise, has led to a crisis in the gossip—malicious in origin, certainly—which has fastened upon you and Hunt, and this gossip lately has taken a more sinister turn. More and more openly it is being said that the circumstances surrounding Mrs. Hunt's death ought to be probed—'probed' is just now the popular word in this connection. The feeling is widespread that you were in some way responsible for it.

"I must use brutal phrases to lay the truth before you. You are not, seemingly, suspected of murder. You are suspected of having killed Mrs. Hunt during a sudden access of mental irresponsibility. It is whispered that Hunt, improperly, in some devious way, got the matter hushed up and the affair reported as an accident. As a result of these absurd and terrible rumors Hunt finds himself a pariah—many of his oldest acquaintances no longer recognize him when they meet. It is a thoroughly distressing situation, and it's difficult to see how the mad injustice of it can be easily righted.

"The danger is, of course, that some misguided person will get the whole matter into the newspapers; it is really a miracle that it has not already been seized on by some yellow sheet, the opportunity for a sensational story is so obviously ripe. Happily [Oh, Phil! Oh, philosopher!] the present curious tension in European politics is for the moment turning journalistic eyes far from home. But as all such diplomatic flurries do, this one will pass, leaving the flatness of the silly season upon us. This is what Hunt most fears, and when you next see him you will find him grayer and older because of this anxiety.

"He dreads, for you, a sudden journalistic demand for a public investigation, and feels—though in this I can hardly agree with him—that such a demand could end only in a public trial, in view of the peculiar nature of all the circumstances involved—a veritable *cause célèbre*.

"How shocking all this must be to you! The sense of the mental anguish I'm causing you is a horror to me. Nothing could have induced me to write in this way but the compulsion of my love for Hunt and for you. It seems to me imperative that your names should be publicly cleared in advance of any public outcry.

"So I urge you, Susan—fully conscious of my personal responsibility in doing so—to return at once and to join with Hunt and your true friends in quashing finally and fully these damnable lies. It is my strong conviction that this is your duty to yourself, to Hunt, and to us all. If you and Hunt, together or separately, make a public statement, in view of the rumors now current, and yourselves demand the fullest public investigation of the facts, there can be but one issue. Your good names will be cleared; the truth will prevail.

"Dreadful as this prospect must be for you both, it now seems to me—and let me add, to Jimmy—the one wise course for you to take. But only you, if you agree with me, can persuade Hunt to such a course." . . .

It is unnecessary to quote the remaining paragraphs of Phil's so characteristic letter.

No doubt Susan would have returned immediately if she could, but less than a week after the receipt of Phil's letter the diplomatic flurry in Europe had taken a German army through Luxemburg and into Belgium, and within less than two weeks Susan and Mona Leslie and the Comtesse de Bligny were in uniform, working a little less than twenty-four hours a day with the Belgian Red Cross.

It is no purpose of mine to attempt any description of Susan's war experience or service. Those first corroding weeks and months of the war have left ineffaceable scars on the consciousness of the present generation. I was not a part of them and can add nothing to them by talking about them at second hand. It might, however, repay you to read—if you have not already done so—a small anonymous volume which has passed through some twenty or thirty editions, entitled Stupidity Triumphant, and containing the brief, sharply etched personal impressions of a Red Cross nurse in Flanders during the early days of Belgium's long agony. It is now an open secret that this little book was written by Susan; and among the countless documents on frightfulness this one, surely, by reason of its simplicity and restraint, its entire absence of merely hysterical outcry, is not the least damning and not—I venture to believe—the least permanent.

There is one short paragraph in this book of detached pictures, marginal notes and condensed reflections that brought home to me, personally, war, the veritable thing itself, as no other written lines were able to do—as nothing was able to do until I had seen the beast with my own eyes. It is not an especially striking paragraph, and just why it should have done so I am unable to say.

Certain extracts from the book have been widely quoted—one even, I am told, was read out in Parliament by Arthur Henderson—but I have never seen this one quoted anywhere, so I am rather at a loss to explain its peculiar influence on me. Entirely individual reactions to the printed word are always a little mysterious. I know, for example, one usually enlightened and catholic critic who stubbornly maintains that a very commonplace distich by Lord de Tabley is the most magical moment in all English verse. But here is my paragraph—or Susan's—for what it is worth:

"This Pomeranian prisoner was a blond boy giant; pitifully shattered; it was necessary to remove his left leg to the knee. The operation was rapidly but skillfully performed. He was then placed on a pallet, close beside the cot of a wounded German officer. After coming out of the ether his fever mounted and he grew delirious. The German officer commanded him to be silent. He might just as well have commanded the sun to stand still, and he must, however muzzily, have known that. Yet he was outraged by this unconscious act of insubordination. Thrice he repeated his absurd command—then raised himself with a groan, leaned across, and struck the delirious boy in the face with a weakly clenched fist. It was not a heavy blow; the officer's strength did not equal his intention. 'Idiot!' I cried out; and thrust him back on his cot, half fainting from the pain of his futile effort at discipline. 'Idiot' was, after all, the one appropriate word. It was constantly, I found, the one appropriate word. The beast was a stupid beast."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A lifetime of happy wash-hours

In the smooth interior of BlueBird's thick copper tub, even the most delicate things are thoroughly washed without a single thread being harmed.

In the same easy way BlueBird washes all things—without friction and without wear—and so swiftly that it does an average family washing in less than an hour.

But BlueBird's proved ability to wash clothes fast and safely is only partly responsible for adding, in seven months, 50,000 to the list of BlueBird owners.

Just as influential have been the entirely rigid construction and the thick copper tub of BlueBird, assuring a lifetime of happy wash-hours.

The 50,000 new BlueBird owners are more than any other electric clothes washer has ever won in a like period.

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The leading dealer in your town sells BlueBird. Ask him to demonstrate BlueBird for you—ask him about the small initial payment required to put BlueBird into your home—and ask us for the BlueBird book.

***See* these BlueBird superiorities:**

Handsome white enamel cabinet with gray table top; all mechanism [illegible] Heavy copper extra large [illegible] tub. Inside petticoat absorbs nothing to color or wear the clothes. Washes by patented suction action, quickest most thorough way. Built for a lifetime service, extra strong, rigid frame; single dependable [illegible]
Large pan fastener [illegible] swings to any position; adjusts [illegible] for light or heavy things
Highest grade guaranteed motor—powerful, dependable.

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Canadian Office, Brantford, Ontario, Canada

BlueBird
ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHER

REO

Cause—Effect!

You are aware of course of the tremendous shortage of motor cars that has existed since the close of the war. ¶ That, like the world-wide shortage of houses, was the logical result of a long period of non-building of houses—and of motor cars. ¶ But had you considered that this spring and summer will reflect to a still greater degree and in more acute form the under-production of steel and the shortage of coal last fall? ¶ And that, as a result of that condition, prices will also be automatically affected? ¶ Such is the instability of the raw materials market today and the uncertainty of deliveries, we are forced to advise you that present prices of Reos of all models are quoted only as from day to day. ¶ Thanks to the soundness of Reo engineering and the high standard of Reo quality, demand is always in excess of the possible factory output. ¶ At this time it is almost hopelessly so. ¶ As a result of this combination of conditions, only the alert can hope to be of the elect who will own Reos. ¶ And the only way you can be at all sure of getting a Reo at the present price is to take delivery now. ¶ But there's the rub—only by seeing your local Reo distributor can you ascertain what is the precise condition in his territory. ¶ We suggest you see him at once and if perchance he can supply you with the Reo you desire, you may count yourself one of the lucky ones. ¶ Don't delay—today won't be a minute too soon.

Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Michigan

"THE GOLD STANDARD OF VALUES"

BRANDING THE PROFITEER

(Continued from Page 19)

"For one thing, much of it is not adapted to civilian wear," was the reply. "There is a great amount of suitings left over, but it is all khaki, and no one wants to wear khaki now. It would have to be dyed, and it has been figured that to dye the army suitings would require the entire capacity of all the dye works in the country an entire year. At the time of the armistice there were 50,000,000 pairs of heavy woolen socks which are suited to only a small part of the civilian population.

"A more important factor, however, is the unwillingness of the Army to let go most of its stock until the military policy of the country is established by Congress. The Army cannot tell what is surplus until it knows how large the future Army will be. The one thing the Army authorities fear is to have to go before Congress and ask for an appropriation to buy clothing and be asked why they had disposed of their ample supply. Of course all these supplies which the Government now has cost it far less than would be the case to-day, and you cannot blame it for holding on.

"The market will return to a normal competitive basis when the emergency demand is filled. Ample supplies for civilian purposes will be available in a few months now. The large profits have been putting mills back into production every day. The market will soon back down in an orderly fashion and the wide profits against contingent risks will be dropped out."

Let us go back for a moment to the big profits of the cotton and woolen mills. There is this to be said in explanation: Many of the textile mills of the country, perhaps because of close family ownership, have not been financed in the modern way of having large issues of stocks and bonds. They have been financed largely through selling agencies, and their stock issues have been merely nominal as regards the actual capital investment. The other day $3,000,000 was offered for a mill capitalized at $600,000. Another mill, whose physical property alone could not be duplicated for less than $5,000,000, is capitalized at $1,000,000. One large mill with $8,000,000 stock has more than $20,000,000 in the business.

A compilation of eighty-nine cotton mills in New England showed that the capital stock was less than half the capital actually invested. In other words, dividends which appear large are not large at all. If the owners have had self-restraint enough to refrain from watering their property they hardly deserve the profane epithet of profiteer, while owners of other properties, more generously capitalized, escape criticism merely because the dividends are smaller in relation to an inflated capital.

The Alibi of the Mills

Indeed, it may be said of corporations generally that most of the cases of extraordinary profits, of many hundreds or even of thousands per cent on the capital stock, which radical agitators have flung in the faces of only too easily shocked forums, have had little if any significance. In almost any industry one can find examples of what are virtually personal-service corporations, having a purely nominal stock issue, where the profits appear startling enough until one discovers how small a ratio the capital stock bears to the total investment.

Then, too, it frequently happens in periods of great demand and high prices that small, unimportant concerns, which ordinarily cannot afford to operate at all, are enabled to make excessive profits. No doubt it is wrong to permit them to profit exorbitantly for the short time while the going is good, but even at such a time their output is negligible and their position in the industry insignificant. The cases of profits ranging up to several hundred or thousand per cent rarely if ever apply to the important producers in the leading industries. Our really large and important corporations are making great enough profits, sometimes ranging up to seventy-five per cent and one hundred per cent, without the necessity of exaggeration.

As for the American textile industry, it must be said that the years just before the war were very lean indeed, 1914 being a calamity. The final alibi, however, of the woolen and cotton mills is that they are facing a big risk in being loaded up with materials. In the case of one large concern, which owns fifty mills, it takes six weeks to make an inventory. If a slump in raw materials should come the risk of loss in this case is obvious. Moreover, as soon as prices really begin to tumble buyers of cloth will try to cancel their orders.

"You can't blame them for having built up reserves against a loss which they knew was sure to come," said one student of the textile industry, whose remarks apply almost equally well to many other industries. "But they refuse to take into consideration that the market has been continually rising and therefore the public has been paying several times over for their insurance against risk, certainly an excessive price. I am not sure that it is right for so many industries to build up reserves against all the future contingencies of the next couple of centuries."

Indignant complaints are becoming more frequent over the failure of retailers in various lines to reflect such declines as occur in wholesale prices. I am convinced that the next few months will witness a steadily swelling volume of dissatisfaction along this line. In my previous article this tendency of retail prices to lag behind the wholesale scale was briefly referred to, but the point needs further explanation, especially as regards clothing. Not only is the retailer concerned, but the clothing manufacturer is almost as much involved.

Replacement Values

A few days before this article was written one of the leading clothing manufacturers in the country called up a group of woolen manufacturers about half past nine in the morning and insisted that the woolen men make a public statement to the effect that prices were likely to continue high, or at least would not decline much. The woolen men refused to take any stand, and at noon the clothing manufacturer telephoned again and said, "I see why you cannot do it."

"The lion and the lamb simply will not lie down together," said a man familiar with the efforts being made in Washington to bring all parties together. "The Government gets us down to Washington at conferences and insists that we coöperate. They have everyone from the wool grower to the retailer in the clothing trade, and all the way from the cattle raiser to the retailer in the shoe trade, and each group accuses the others of being to blame. Each group sympathizes with itself because of its own troubles and complains of the wickedness of the other groups. But what else can you expect?

"The wool manufacturers and the clothiers might seem to be in position to coöperate, because one sells to the other. But they are a year apart. The clothiers and retailers are worried now for fear the public will not stand the high prices of this coming spring. But the wool trade is working now on allotments far ahead. The situation that confronts clothiers and retailers is ancient history to the wool men. The wool manufacturers are getting through with high prices and are going on to new and more normal conditions, but the clothing and retail men have an immediate spot situation to take care of.

"You might think that the wool growers and manufacturers could agree, but the latter wish to import wool, and of course the growers cannot see it that way. The interests of the two groups are fundamentally in conflict."

Though the radical elements have it in for the big corporations—which in nine cases out of ten mean the manufacturers—there is not the slightest doubt that the public at large are far more enraged at the retailer and regard him as the real culprit. A prominent labor leader, the head of a great union of clothing workers, in testifying before a government commission recently said, in substance:

"It does not help the public a bit even if some of the manufacturers are content with reasonable profits. You cannot have two piles of goods of the same grade at different prices. Suppose a retailer buys a suit from one manufacturer at a moderate profit to the latter and another similar suit from a different maker at an exorbitant profit. The tendency is always for the retailer to mark up the goods which he obtained on a reasonable basis to the price of those which cost him more."

In my previous article the point was made that nearly all business men have been selling goods on the basis of replacement rather than actual cost, because of the fear of an ultimate slump, and that this has been one of the chief reasons for high prices. Let us see just what the retailer of clothing has to face in solving this question: Suppose a haberdasher has a batch of men's shirts, size fifteen, which he bought some time ago and can sell at a reasonable profit at four dollars. But he has run out of size sixteen and is obliged to buy them at a price so much higher that he can make a profit only by selling at seven dollars. Two men enter the store and buy exactly similar shirts at prices far apart. If they happen to compare notes there is the devil to pay. Under such conditions most retailers feel compelled to raise all their prices to some extent, and the very act of doing so makes them avaricious. They may be troubled at first, but there is nothing so demoralizing to conscience as easy money.

But in the main, it may be doubted whether charges of profiteering against the retailer on the bulk of his goods are sustained. What nearly all people forget is that the retailer is the bearer of bad tidings. He is the one who breaks the unhappy news to the public. In olden times the messenger who came with the news of a battle lost was promptly put to death. The public comes in contact with the merchant and does not think back of him to the clothing man, the weaver, the spinner, the wool trade and the grower. The retailer typifies in the buyer's mind everyone who is stinging him. The retailer is the goat.

No end of Federal, state and local investigations have shown that in the main the retailer has not been making undue profits. Of course it is possible to find countless instances of excessive profits on particular lines or single garments. The custom of the retailer is to average his profits. It is easy for the authorities to apprehend him in what seems an exorbitant charge. But this system of averaging prices and profits is the result of long evolution and should not be broken up without careful study. The real question in the case of the retailer is whether he is making an exorbitant profit on all his stock in the course of an entire year; and that is something which all the efforts of government authorities have been unable to prove except in comparatively few instances.

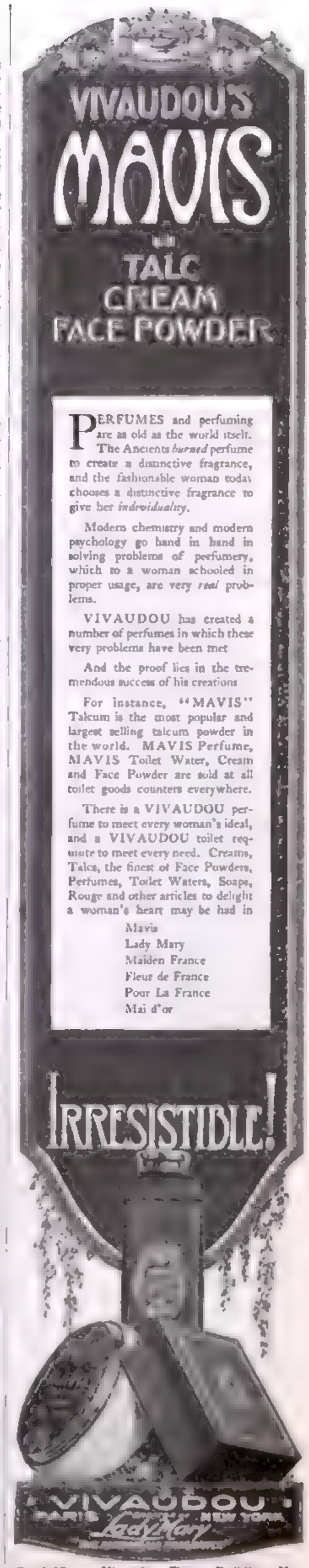
Cost-Mark Legislation

In one case a retailer was arrested for selling a garment at ninety-eight dollars which cost him $47.50; but he claimed that he had lost eleven per cent for the year on that department of his store. The season of the year, the element of style and many other factors enter into the retail pricing of a single garment. When the Government can catch a substantial number of retailers who sell their entire year's stock at twice what they paid for it, then sensible men will applaud. But legislators and public authorities generally are more and more taking the view that each article should be sold at a uniform profit, and perhaps a fixed profit at that, and therefore what is known as cost-mark legislation is being proposed all over the country. It provides that each article should bear upon it the cost to the retailer. The argument for it is obvious enough and in its extreme form is expressed in the words of one of the highest government officials:

"If you walk into a shoe store and pick up a shoe and find upon its sole plainly stamped, 'This shoe cost, when it left the producer, $3.75,' you will say, 'I will be hanged if I pay eighteen dollars for it.'"

Sentiment in favor of cost-mark legislation is spreading rapidly, and the retailers are putting up a plausible argument when they say that it will drive a wedge between the retailer and the public and add to the very social unrest which the attorney-general, who is prosecuting retailers with one hand, is trying to put down with the other. Artificial interference with retail customs is no doubt well meant, and possibly the public needs such regulation at a time when so many concerns are running amuck in the matter of profits, but it often has remarkable consequences. A man went into a clothing store and was shown a suit for eighty dollars, though he

(Continued on Page 93)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MAVIS
TALC
CREAM
FACE POWDER
PERFUMES and perfuming are as old as the world itself. The Ancients burned perfume to create a distinctive fragrance, and the fashionable woman today chooses a distinctive fragrance to give her individuality.
Modern chemistry and modern psychology go hand in hand in solving problems of perfumery, which to a woman schooled in proper usage, are very real problems.
VIVAUDOU has created a number of perfumes in which these very problems have been met
And the proof lies in the tremendous success of his creations
For instance, "MAVIS" Talcum is the most popular and largest selling talcum powder in the world. MAVIS Perfume, MAVIS Toilet Water, Cream and Face Powder are sold at all toilet goods counters everywhere.
There is a VIVAUDOU perfume to meet every woman's ideal, and a VIVAUDOU toilet requisite to meet every need. Creams, Talcs, the finest of Face Powders, Perfumes, Toilet Waters, Soaps, Rouge and other articles to delight a woman's heart may be had in
Mavis
Lady Mary
Maiden France
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Pour La France
Mai d'or
IRRESISTIBLE!
VIVAUDOU
PARIS NEW YORK
Lady Mary

Send 15c to Vivaudou, Times Building, New York, for a generous sample of Mavis Perfume

"Horse Sense"

The Income Tax doesn't bother those who do their hauling with Traffic Trucks, because they save 50 per cent of the cost of hauling with teams.

"How you goin' to keep them down on the farm"—easy with a Traffic Truck.

Men with "horse sense" know that overloading a motor truck is much like overloading their stomachs—both are distressing and neither habit is profitable.

The City Council of Glasgow, Scotland, adopted the Traffic Truck after British, Continental and many American makes of trucks had been demonstrated and examined—"that means something"—the Scots are careful buyers.

Those who find pleasure in their work have "horse sense"—those who don't must pay dearly for theirs and help to fertilize the plant of poverty.

A team of horses walk on eight legs four miles an hour hauling a 4,000-lb. load—by comparison a Traffic Truck walks on four wheels fourteen miles in an hour with the same load at the same cost of maintenance—which is the more profitable?

Traffic Truck Specifications:

Red Seal Continental 3¾ x 5 motor; ***Covert transmission;*** multiple disc clutch; ***Bosch magneto; Carter carburetor;*** 4-piece cast shell, cellular type radiator; drop forged front axle with ***Timken roller bearings; Russel rear axle,*** internal gear, roller bearings; semi-elliptic front and rear springs; ***6-inch U-channel frame; Standard Fish tires, 34 x 3½ front, 34 x 5 rear; 133-inch wheelbase; 122-inch length of frame behind driver's seat;*** oil cup lubricating system; chassis painted, striped and varnished; driver's lazy-back seat and cushion regular equipment. Pneumatic cord tire equipment at extra cost.

Chassis $1495 Factory

The lowest priced 4,000-lb. capacity truck in the world. Built of standardized units.

Traffic Truck chassis equipped with cab, hoist, steel dump body (painted and varnished), ***no extras required.*** $1990 complete, at factory.

It is Traffic policy to make direct connections in every city, town and village in the United States and Canada.

The demand for Traffics has made it necessary to quadruple the production this year.

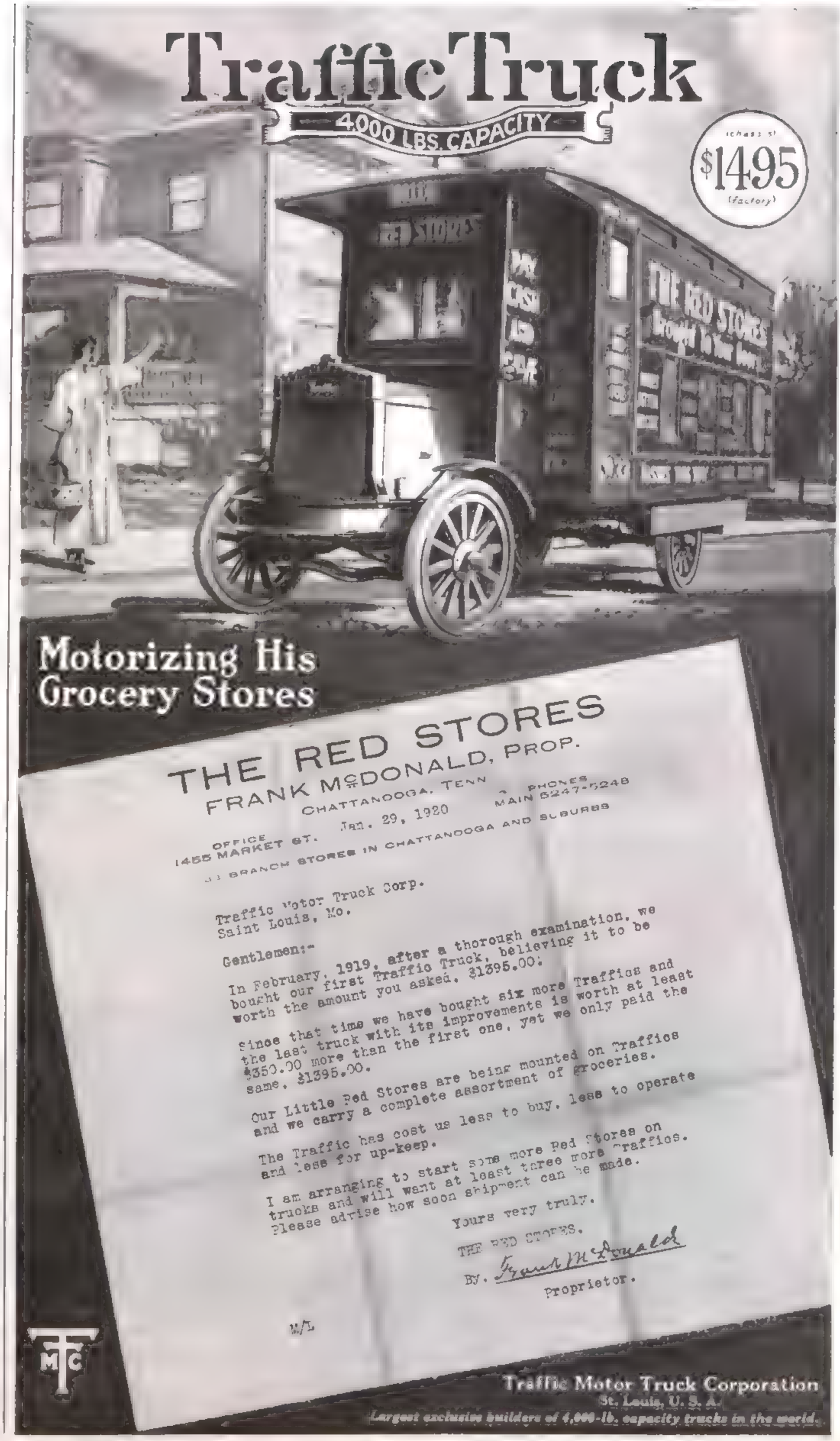
Many dealers are getting in line now for future Traffic franchises.

You have no time to lose.

Traffic Truck

4,000 LBS. CAPACITY

(chassis) $1495 (factory)



Motorizing His Grocery Stores

THE RED STORES
FRANK McDONALD, PROP.
CHATTANOOGA, TENN

OFFICE 1455 MARKET ST. PHONES MAIN 6247-5248

11 BRANCH STORES IN CHATTANOOGA AND SUBURBS

Jan. 29, 1920

Traffic Motor Truck Corp.
Saint Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen:-

In February, 1919, after a thorough examination, we bought our first Traffic Truck, believing it to be worth the amount you asked, $1395.00.

Since that time we have bought six more Traffics and the last truck with its improvements is worth at least $350.00 more than the first one, yet we only paid the same, $1395.00.

Our Little Red Stores are being mounted on Traffics and we carry a complete assortment of groceries.

The Traffic has cost us less to buy, less to operate and less for up-keep.

I am arranging to start some more Red Stores on trucks and will want at least three more Traffics. Please advise how soon shipment can be made.

Yours very truly.

THE RED STORES.

By. Frank McDonald
Proprietor.

M/L

Traffic Motor Truck Corporation
St. Louis, U. S. A.
Largest exclusive builders of 4,000-lb. capacity trucks in the world.

(Continued from Page 91)

did not ask the price and the clerk did not mention it. The man put down twenty-five dollars and said he would take the suit.

"But it is eighty dollars," said the clerk.

"I have read that twenty-five dollars is a fair price for a suit," said the customer, and he walked out of the store, cursing the place for a den of thieves.

But the big argument against cost-mark legislation is that the public simply cannot and will not understand what an enormous price it pays for its own comfort and convenience in putting up with the retailer at all. No retailer, with the exception of a few very large chain stores or other phenomenally successful enterprises, can afford to do business except on a very large gross profit, margin, or mark up.

The average retailer must have a gross profit of twenty to forty per cent to stay in business. This is not so much a reflection upon the retailer as upon the indolence of the public in demanding thousands of small so-called service stores in convenient localities, willing to extend credit, make deliveries and carry a great variety of articles. Our system of retail distribution through thousands of small stores is no doubt wasteful in the extreme, but thus far the public has demanded and is obliged to pay for it in a retail mark up which probably averages thirty per cent. If all goods in stores bore the manufacturer's price the consumer would think he was being stung, though in reality he is largely paying for the element of convenience or service.

Moreover, merchants in different localities of the same city have entirely different expenses, not to mention the varying expenses of different cities. Then, too, in one little shop a clerk is paid a salary, in another the proprietor's wife works without anything being allowed for her wages.

It would probably be easy enough to reduce the price of shoes and clothing at least thirty per cent if they were sold only at a few great central manufacturer's warehouses from standard styles and lasts, with the customers standing in line for hours.

Whatever the defects of our system of retailing, it is, after all, tremendously competitive. Not only are there great numbers of stores, but in a city of any size there are usually three distinct classes with distinct and separate lines of goods and three different scales of prices—high grade, medium grade and low grade. Then there are usually chain stores to keep prices down, and one can buy also from the large mail-order houses.

The Stress of Competition

Once conditions become more normal in regard to raw materials and manufacturing costs, they will be reflected in retail prices—not, as already explained, immediately following the drop in wholesale prices, but as soon as the merchant is able to restock on the lower levels. The following statement is interesting, because in substance it was made to me independently by two leading merchandise authorities in one of the large cities, neither of whom knew that the other had discussed the subject with me:

"Every large store maintains a system of professional shoppers more thoroughly organized than the best detective force. It is their duty to ascertain the prices and the quality of goods of the other stores. Not only do they make inquiries as to prices, but they make purchases and have the goods delivered to their apartments to be compared with those in their own stores. If at any time they notice a material difference in the price of an article it is their duty to purchase the article at once, and to telephone to the head of that department in their own store. The goods are taken to their own store for comparison, and if it is really cheaper the price of the goods in the home store is marked down. As long as such a keen competition is maintained it is impossible for any of the larger stores to profiteer.

"Another reason why the prices in such stores are moderate is best illustrated by the advertising methods. The plans for the announcement of a proposed sale are as carefully concealed as any exclusive newspaper story. The copy is rushed to the newspaper office the last minute and there is an unwritten law in the office of the newspaper that no advertiser shall be allowed to see the advertisement of another company until it comes out in the paper."

Conditions in the shoe trade are comparable in many of their broad economic aspects to those in the woolen industry. To begin with, there is the same long series of stages in the industry, so that declines in raw material cannot be felt immediately in retail prices. Hides at this writing are thirty to fifty per cent below last August's figures, and if they should remain at the present level or decline even more the reflection in shoe prices may be seen within a year, but of course not this spring.

In the case of two-thirds of the hides—packer hides—there must be six stages reckoned with: Cattle raiser, packer, tanner, shoe manufacturer, wholesaler and retailer. In the case of the other third of the domestic supply—country hides—there are eight stages: The farmer, butcher, intermediate buyer, big hide dealer or buyer, tanner, and so on, to the retailer.

A considerable part of the shoe industry went on army work, and the entire leather and shoe trade was held back from civilian production more or less, either because of army work or because of conservation policies. But the end of the war brought a tremendous civilian demand for leather and shoes, not only in this country but from Europe. Tanners had been loaded up with offal, heads and bellies, which the Government did not want. While the tanners were in nervous fits because they had no hopes of selling these poorer qualities the European buyers came across and swept their shelves bare. Europe was fairly starved for leather and shoes for civilian purposes at the end of the war.

As to Sugar Prices

Mr. Parsons told the story of the world-wide shortage of leather in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of January thirty-first, and it need not be repeated here. Government inquiries have shown very large profits made by tanners and shoe manufacturers, but both these converters have assumed large risks, because the leather market is a world-wide affair and was wholly disorganized by the war. Moreover, certain kinds of leather are a long time in process, often many months. Hides may slump seriously while the conversion process is on.

This country depends upon the outside world for nearly half the cattle skins which go into shoes, nearly all the goat skins and part of the sheep skins. A large part of the cattle hides came from Central Europe. Is it any wonder that leather costs more than before the war? None of the many government investigations have yet shown any pronounced profiteering in the wholesale and retail end of the shoe trade.

About sixty per cent of the shoes are handled by wholesalers or jobbers, and their elimination, which certain theorists have suggested, can be accomplished only by eliminating the small retailer.

Probably the high price of no other commodity has irritated the people so much as that of sugar. Surely we shall find profiteering in sugar. Well, the profits made at one stage of this industry have been excessive enough, but it is not at the stage which most people fondly imagine. The favorite idea is that retailers or speculators have been gouging us in sugar. Every governmental agency has been hunting them down, but, as stated in my previous article, with practically no results.

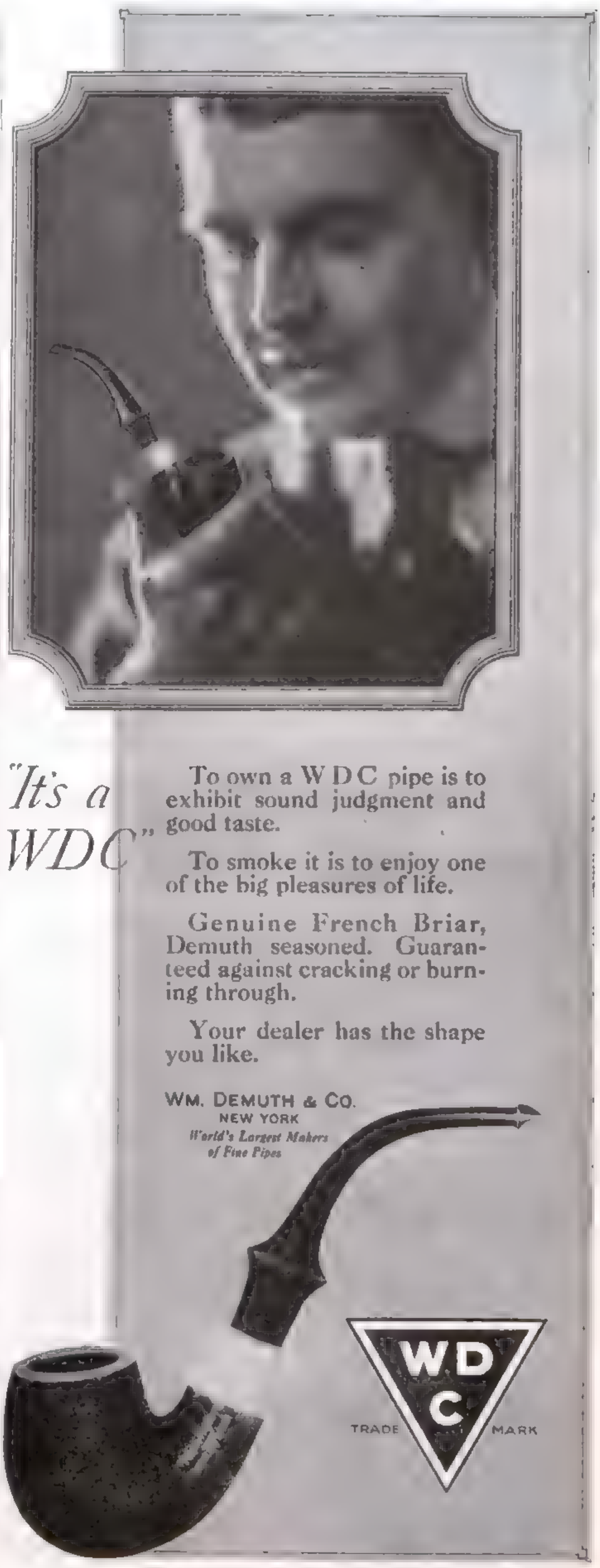
The excessive profits in sugar have been made by the Cuban planters. They have been literally showered with gold. There are great numbers of them, ranging all the way in size from the tiniest individual growers up to large, well-known corporations.

Just who has made the big money in sugar is shown conclusively and graphically by the following compilation presented to the Massachusetts Legislature by the Commission on the Necessaries of Life:

	1913	1916	1919	JANUARY 1920
	CENTS	CENTS	CENTS	CENTS
Raw sugar, Cuba	2.68	4.307	5.500	11.000
Freight . .	.150	.400	.385	.515
Duty . . .	1.348	1.085	1.085	1.085
Refining charge	.772	1.076	1.610	2.080
Wholesaler's margin	.500	.500	.500	.800
Retailer's margin	2.192	1.152	2.000	2.000
Price to consumer .	7.000	8.500	11.000	*18.000

* Average of January prices, Cuba.

Shall we then condemn the sugar planters of Cuba? Perhaps so, but not without knowing why they have been able to make such a killing. Before the war England, which used more sugar per capita than any other country of her size, obtained the bulk


"It's a WDC"
To own a W D C pipe is to exhibit sound judgment and good taste.
To smoke it is to enjoy one of the big pleasures of life.
Genuine French Briar, Demuth seasoned. Guaranteed against cracking or burning through.
Your dealer has the shape you like.
WM. DEMUTH & CO.
NEW YORK
World's Largest Makers of Fine Pipes
W D C
TRADE MARK

of her supply from Germany and Austria. The United States raised a little sugar in Louisiana, a little in the Hawaiian Islands, a considerable amount in its Western States, and purchased about one-half from Cuba. But the war forced England to bid against this country for the large Cuban crop. Cuba no longer had to take what we would give her, but could play England and the United States against each other.

The production of sugar in Europe is now about 5,000,000 tons a year less than before the war. In no part of the world except Cuba has there been any increase in sugar production available for European use. Normally there is a three per cent annual increase in the use of the sweet stuff, which was held back by rationing during the war. But now it is making itself felt, and prohibition in this country, together with the use of sugar by millions of ex-soldiers who had hardly ever used it before they entered the world's armies, makes the demand even greater than normal.

Last year the United States Government bought the entire Cuban sugar crop at five and a half cents a pound and could have had this year's crop at six and a half cents. But the Government hesitated and finally decided not to buy. Meanwhile the planters of one of our own states, where sugar production is a very feeble and expensive thing as compared with Cuba, were not prosecuted when they charged seventeen cents a pound.

The Cuban planters seeing the enormous price being permitted to these apparently favored growers screwed up their courage to ask double what they had ever before dreamed of getting, especially as the industry was by no means an exceedingly profitable one before the war.

Though the cost of producing sugar in Cuba has rapidly increased it has not gone up anything like the price. The profits of the Cuban companies are fabulous indeed at the present time. At present it is said that a sugar estate in Cuba will pay for itself in a few years. But the Cuban companies are not paying out the bulk of their earnings in dividends. Rather they are putting it back into more sugar production, which is the one and only method that will increase the amount of sugar and in course of time decrease its price.

Cuba Gets the Money

The Cuban planter is profiteering, if you wish to express it that way, because Germany and Austria are on their backs. But if Central Europe remains prostrate the rapid increase in production in Cuba itself, which has the soil and climate to grow many times its present crop, will automatically reduce profits and drive down prices. On the other hand, if Germany and Austria recover precisely the same thing will happen. A certain United States senator who finds a profiteer behind every tree has railed against the high prices of Cuban sugar-company stocks. But if the sugar trade expected the present prosperity of the Cuban companies to continue these stocks would be selling for at least twice their present prices. Also if this senator will tell us some way by which Germany and Austria can immediately recover their position in the world's sugar market I can arrange for him the nicest little panic in sugar shares that he would care to see.

As for retailers, it is the opinion of those who have made an impartial investigation that profits on sugar have been less than on any other product handled. In many cases the retailer has sold sugar at cost. Owing to the scarcity he has had to fill in with various types at varying costs. The multiplicity of lots at different prices has been a constant annoyance to him. He will probably be just as happy as will the consumer when the world's sugar supply is once more normal.

Turning aside a moment from clothing and food products there is the rent situation, which presents peculiar problems of its own. The anger of the public at high prices for sugar is nothing to their resentment over the increase in rents. Here, if anywhere, it might seem as if profiteering flourished. In a sense this is true, but it reflects not so much upon business men or upon what the socialists so love to rail against, the capitalist system, as upon the frailty of human nature.

When it comes to alleged rent profiteering we have no lack of testimony. In New York City a mayor's committee heard 30,000 complaints; in Washington more than 5000 were heard; and in Boston, 3000. In every case it has been found that the lessee rather than the landlord furnishes the biggest problem. Lessees, who in cities like New York are often illiterate and ignorant, get their leases from the owners of the properties and then boost the rents as much as possible.

"While there may be some question as to whether, in a large percentage of the cases heard by the committee involving real-estate owners and agents, profiteering was being committed, this cannot be so in the case of subrenting," says the report of a committee of the United States Senate which investigated the high cost of living in the District of Columbia. "The record abounds with testimony on this point. One witness stated that seventy to eighty per cent of the profiteering was done in subrenting."

In New York, where conditions have been less chaotic than in Washington, it has been common to find people paying as much as eighty dollars for a small apartment to another person who had rented it under a lease from the landlord for as little as thirty-eight dollars. This practice indeed has been common in most parts of the so-called civilized world during and since the war. From one of the French cities it is reported that a woman rented a small flat for 400 francs a year. She furnished it at a cost of 1200 francs, sublet it to another woman at 3000 francs, and this woman in turn sublet it for 5000 francs.

Ethics for Landlords

Going back a little more directly to the landlord and the business side of real estate, there are certain facts which stand out. One of the most interesting and curious by-products of the maladjustments of the war and postwar periods is that the public is most angry at those latest to seek relief in high prices, though they are the very ones who need relief most. The railroads, the street railways and the owners of real estate have been the last to profit by rising prices. Many sections of the public already having suffered from the high cost of food and clothing have been in no mood to endure higher rents.

Rents did not respond to the rise in general prices for a number of years. When finally they did respond they went up suddenly, and to the tenant already injured by the high cost of living the rent raising seemed "the most unkindest cut of all." The very fact that high rents have been belated makes them all the more disagreeable. Of course the fellow who gets away with the loot first is the one who gets off scot-free, though he least deserves to.

"The testimony shows that prior to the unprecedented and rapid increase in the population in the district, due to the influx of war workers, there were great numbers of houses and apartments vacant, and owners and agents were forced to advertise extensively," says the Senate committee which studied high prices in Washington. "Mr. E. L. Finch, a tenant, testifies with regard to Copley Courts that in 1917, prior to the entrance of this country into the war, this apartment house was fifty per cent vacant. Mrs. Clara Simonson stated that the Ashley Apartment House, during 1913, 1914 and 1915, had so many vacant apartments that 'they did not know what they would do with them.' Saying further, 'I can almost take my oath we were the only occupants on the third floor.' Mr. W. H. Barrett testified that the Alonzo Bliss properties in 1916 paid four per cent and in 1917 only three and a half per cent."

Houses and apartments have been scarce the world over, for the very simple reason that the normal increase in building was stopped by the war. Since the end of the war builders have been afraid to resume operations, because of the high prices of materials and labor and the fear on their part that they might not be able for any length of time to get rents high enough to make such an investment profitable. These facts are known to everyone, or ought to be. The consequences are not so easily seen.

No reasonable or intelligent person should have any objection to an increase in rents where the landlord's expenses have risen in proportion, and indeed the bulk of complaints over high rents have come from sections of large cities where both the landlords and the tenants are very ignorant, and indeed to a large extent illiterate. But what the more intelligent classes of people have objected to has been the speculation, so to speak, in rents in old buildings to keep pace with the increased cost of new buildings. Of course it is apparent, even to the most selfish and self-centered person, that a builder cannot erect an apartment house to-day and rent it at the same scale that a similar building would have rented for six years ago.

"Although fully nine-tenths of all buildings now used were put up before the war," said Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, in a recent article, "yet the owners have raised rents to enjoy an income from expenditures commensurate to replace the buildings under present costs."

Here we have one of those miserably difficult questions which only an all-wise being would be able to solve. Suppose an apartment house erected just before the war and still in excellent condition stands alongside one of an exactly similar type built at the present time. The owner of the first house can afford to rent at lower figures naturally than the owner of the new building. Supposing further that you tell him that it is unethical for him to raise his rents. What will be the result? He will be afraid to increase his rents because of public opinion, but he will sell out to a speculator who will put up the rents fast enough.

The greatest evil of the present housing situation is the fact that owners who are prevented from raising their rents by public opinion and various committees, and who fear the obloquy of public condemnation, have simply sold out at the top of the market to speculators. Whatever question of right and wrong may be involved, however culpable the landlords may be, here is a situation that no power on earth can remedy except increased building construction, and that will come only with more stable and normal conditions throughou the entire industrial world and with the healing effects of time.

Two men purchased a small old-fashioned house in Greenwich Village, New York City. They opened all the fireplaces, redecorated all the rooms, restored the Colonial fixtures where they were broken or had been removed. They installed a number of bathrooms. Now they rent a single room with a miniature kitchenette and a bathroom for seventy-five dollars a month. The one small house nets them enough money so that they can live in ease without doing other work, as well as paying the interest on all the money they have invested. Are these men profiteers? Perhaps so. But it was the high scale of rents that gave them their opportunity; they did not make rents high by reason of their cussedness. On the contrary the scarcity would have been that much greater if it had not been for their enterprise.

It is not my purpose to reflect in any way upon the excellent work done by the many rent-complaint committees in various cities. By means of arbitration and conciliation the committees in these cities have tried to give both sides a fair deal. Nathan Hirsch, chairman of the committee in New York City, says: "Often it is the tenant who is in the wrong and the landlord has been entitled to an increase in rent for a long time, but has not received it." But Mr. Hirsch found what he considered much rent profiteering, especially among the lower classes of ignorant landlords.

Little Chance to Profiteer

"Every time I hear a knock on the door I think it is the landlord coming to raise my rent," said one complainant. "Why, judge, I am more afraid of my landlord than I am of my own wife."

In Boston, Mayor Adams of Melrose, who had charge of rent complaints and was able often to bring about compromises, declares that many landlords after discussion have offered to raise their rents only fifteen or twenty per cent, though asserting that their costs of operation had risen by twenty-five per cent.

Turning to foodstuffs, it must be asserted at the start that the popular idea which holds the middleman responsible for profiteering is downright fallacy. By middleman the public has in mind jobbers, commission men, brokers, wholesalers and speculators. Both in normal and in abnormal times these persons have very little to do with the cost of food. Perhaps they would like to profiteer, but they get mighty little chance. The big items in the cost of food are always those that are paid to the producer and the retailer, those who handle goods in between receiving comparatively little, general opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

Take the meat industry. The most extensive investigation ever conducted to trace the costs at the different stages was made just before the war by the Bureau of Markets of the Department of Agriculture. This had to do with beef only. It showed that about two-thirds of the retail cost went to the grower, nearly twenty per cent to the retailer, a small percentage for shipping and stockyards, and the remainder to the packer and wholesaler. An investigation made by the University of Minnesota for hogs and sheep as well as cattle showed sixty per cent to the producer, eleven to fourteen per cent to the packer, and twenty-two to twenty-five per cent to the retailer.

The packer may receive far too much, for all I know. That is altogether too big a question to settle in this article. The packer is charged with underpaying the stock raiser and delaying lower prices to the consumer overlong. The charges may or may not be true. The point is that even if the packer could be compelled to take a smaller profit the difference to the producer and consumer would be slight.

Practically there are no middlemen in the meat business. The packer buys livestock direct from the farmer and sells dressed beef direct to the retailer. Any retail dealer can buy in the open markets conducted by the packers. The retailer goes into these markets, selects his meat and makes his purchase. I visited one of these great warehouses in New York City, where six packers sell their meat. There is a slight variation in price from day to day in the different warehouses in the same city. A skillful retail buyer may shop round to advantage, for if the local manager of one of the packers happens to have an oversupply of a particular kind of meat he may have to sacrifice it at a slightly lower price.

Unscientific Retailing

The day I visited the market in New York one of the packers was selling at prices ranging from thirteen to twenty-five cents a pound, according to the type of animal, for the whole carcass. On the same day retail stores were selling beef at twenty-four to forty-five cents, prices varying largely in different sections of the city, according to the location, class of trade and the like.

The packers of course do not cut up the meat into tenderloin, sirloin, rump steak, and the like. They simply sell carcasses and the retailer cuts them up, being obliged to make a profit on the average for all cuts over what he pays for the entire carcass. There is excellent authority for stating that the one great difficulty with the retail meat business is that the average butcher rarely knows how much any particular cut is costing him. He knows, of course, how much he pays the packer for a carcass, but he does not know the net cost of a tenderloin or rump as sold over the counter to the consumer. It is said to be fairly certain that when a butcher slashes the meat on the counter in front of you he does not know whether he is going to get a profit out of that particular piece or not. The scientific way of doing the business is to have the meat cut and the price decided upon by men who do no other work and never come in contact with the purchaser.

Nor is there any evidence that jobbers and other middlemen are the primary cause of high prices in groceries, butter and eggs. There are middlemen in butter and eggs who consider themselves lucky if they make half a cent a pound or a cent a dozen. The real middleman between the producer and the consumer always is the retailer, and if he is a very inefficient and wasteful one, that is almost entirely because the public prefers a wasteful system.

Big fortunes are seldom made by retailers in the food business. At least they are not made except by great chain stores, whose profit from each unit is insignificant. Sir Thomas Lipton, in England, and several chains in this country have been successful, but only because of the large number of stores. The small retail grocer rarely becomes rich, and the small retail butcher has only a slightly, if any, better record in this respect. An investigation in New York City showed that the average income of grocers was about twenty-five dollars a week.

It is simply impossible for the small retailer in foodstuffs to make a fortune, because his turnover is not large enough.

(Concluded on Page 99)

Burning the Nation's Wealth

EVERY minute of every day the torch of carelessness brings destruction to somebody's property. Don't trust to luck. Trust rather the Hartford Fire Insurance Company. Luck frequently betrays a trust, but the "Old Hartford" never does.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company will pay for actual property destruction, but only care and vigilance will check the waste and loss that fire causes.

Our trained experts will co-operate with you to eliminate fire dangers so that you may lessen the chance of the inevitable loss and distress which result from fire and which money cannot make good. Hartford policies including this service cost no more.

Hartford Fire Insurance Co.

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How to meet your "clothes cost of living"

Your clothes will cost less for the year if you buy good ones
All-wool quality lasts longer; looks better You save because you buy fewer clothes

Only all-wool fabrics and fine tailoring will give you long wear and good style
You get it all in our clothes; money back if you're not satisfied

You'll see the correct styles in the Spring Style Book; send for it

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For Girls BUSTER BROWN SHOES For Boys of 2 to 16

EIGHTEEN distinct measurements are used in making each Brown Shaping Last—more than four times those required for an ordinary last. And Brown Shaping Lasts are gauged much finer than ordinary lasts—thus insuring a neater fit.

This means that Buster Brown Shoes—the only shoes made upon the Brown Shaping Lasts—must fit more accurately, more perfectly, than ordinary shoes. But this is not all.

Brown Shaping Lasts are scientifically designed to support and strengthen the pliable bones and tender muscles of the growing feet. Therefore Buster Brown Shoes prevent corns, bunions, twisted toes, weak ankles and broken arches.

Buster Brown Shoes are made by expert shoemakers from the most dependable leathers, have Government standard oak-tanned soles, and are noted for their splendid wearing qualities.

Ask your dealer to show you Buster Brown Shoes at $4.00, $5.00, $6.00 and up—high or low—button, lace or blucher—in any fashionable leather—and compare them with other shoes for boys and girls.

Also write for "Training the Growing Feet"—the free book that proves why children's feet require special care, and tells how to protect them.

BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Manufacturers of White House Shoes for Men, Maxine Shoes for Women, Buster Brown Shoes for Boys and Girls, and Blue Ribbon Service Shoes.

(Concluded from Page 94)

The business is so easy to get into, so little capital is required and competition is so great that profits are pared down to the smallest. The grocer works harder than almost anyone else in the community. He works from sunrise to sunset, probably extends more charity than any other business man and is the real friend of the poor.

"When butter cost us thirty cents a pound," said a very efficient retail grocer recently, "we sold it for thirty-seven cents and made a profit of nineteen per cent. When it costs seventy cents a pound and we sell it for seventy-seven cents we make a profit of only nine per cent. We have had to sell many articles in the same way since prices became so high, but if we had all downs like this and no ups we grocerymen could not live. A large part of the men in my business would be far better off if they gave up their stores and worked for a salary."

This plea for the retail grocer, and to some extent for the butcher, does not mean that he is by any means the acme of efficiency. Far from it. The retail grocer carries too many slow-moving goods, he extends too much credit, he delivers too much, he does not know how to hurry up slow articles, he carries too many varieties and brands for his own good, and he has no adequate system of inventory. The chain store on the other hand makes none of these mistakes. As a result it makes a big profit and at the same time sells to the consumer at lower prices. One chain store claims to be doing business on a sixteen per cent gross profit as against perhaps twenty-five per cent for the small retailer; and a net profit of only two per cent as against at least four or five per cent which the small merchant must have to remain solvent.

It is often charged against the retailer that he will not give a discount for cash to the customer who carries her own groceries home. As one government report remarks, "The retail grocer of to-day is a source of antagonism to the thrifty housewife. She does not profit at all by her willingness to relieve the retailer of what he claims to be one of the major elements of his overhead expenses."

But is the retailer really to blame for all this? The unadorned truth of the matter is that the public likes the convenience of the little retail grocer, and unreasonably expects the extra service without extra cost. It is hardly practicable from an accounting standpoint for the same store to provide what is called service and also give discounts for cash and carry. The public selfishly wants the prices of the chain store with the convenience of the service store without paying for it.

Machinery of Distribution

There are numerous authorities who hold that the transportation of foodstuffs and terminal arrangements to care for them in the large cities have not developed so fast as the population. In the whole field of industry and agriculture the major effort for the last fifty years has been upon production rather than upon distribution or marketing. In this period of strain the weaknesses of the distributing system are showing themselves, just as a weak organ in the human body may not cause any trouble when the general health is good, but breaks down at once when the tone of the whole body is below par.

The Federal Department of Agriculture and the state agricultural colleges and experiment stations have until very recently devoted all their attention to production. It is only in the last few years that any attention has been paid to marketing. Far-reaching results have come from the education of the farmer in production. He has learned how to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, but he does not yet know how to sell one blade. The great agricultural problem of the future is to bring the farmer a knowledge of markets. The farmer to-day is for the most part supremely ignorant of the necessary processes of distribution. As his education grows he will either be satisfied with the present machinery or he will devise a better machinery.

Mr. George Livingston, chief of the Bureau of Markets of the Federal Department of Agriculture, and Professor John E. Willard, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, assistant food administrator of that state and a member of its commission to study the cost of living, recently outlined to me the necessity of establishing proper standards for packing, containers, shipping, storing and the like, together with the furnishing of the farmers with more adequate market quotations before anything substantial could be done in the way of improving the food distribution of the country. Our system of marketing foodstuffs has grown up through centuries and cannot be upset overnight. The wonderful improvements in production have come only through long evolution and the same must be true of marketing.

The Federal and state governments are bending every energy to help the farmer market his product, but there is no magic formula. For one thing, the accounting systems used in the different stages by which food reaches the consumer are inadequate and inefficient. There is really no way of finding out what the profits of the different stages are, because the accounts are not comparable. One of the first steps is to induce creameries, country elevators, cold-storage plants and commission merchants to use a uniform accounting system.

"It is absurd to talk of forcibly eliminating the middleman," said one of the authorities in this field. "He will disappear only when something more efficient comes along. He will disappear the way the horse and buggy did when the automobile was developed."

Production Increasing

It is fortunate for the consuming public that it does not have to wait for the slow evolution of the machinery of distribution, or perhaps the even slower eradication of its own expensive tastes, to bring about some measure of relief. After all, the most effective protection which the public has against high prices is the fact that in the long run, and not such a long period at that, abnormal profits work a permanent change in the very conditions from which they spring. Plainly stated, extreme profits defeat themselves in our present organization of society, because they make for increased production. In almost every line the abnormal profits of the last few years already have led to expansion. One only has to read the offerings of new stocks in the Wall Street markets to realize how many new manufacturing companies are springing up on every hand, how small companies are becoming large, and how even the largest concerns are expanding their capacity.

Of course the period of abnormal profits may last long enough, indeed it already has lasted that long, to create thousands of new and perhaps undeserved individual fortunes. But excessive profits in any given industry will work for enhanced production.

There is hardly a single branch of industry where the stimulus of large profits is not extending the boundaries of operation and output. There are exceptions here and there, but as a general statement it is absolutely safe to assert that big profits are being used to add to capacity even more than to distribute dividends. Already permanent changes have been wrought which may in the not distant future prove disastrous for the very concerns that are now so prosperous.

In a more perfect state of industrial organization, where great coöperative associations of consumers and producers will tend to stabilize conditions and prevent seasonal fluctuations along with the risk and loss that accompany them, the stimulus of high profits and the depressing effects of reduced volume of business may not be felt. But in the near future we may experience what has happened so often before—a decline in prices due to increased production and a still further decline brought about by reduced purchases.

Admitting all the defects of the present industrial organization, it is at least an exceedingly sensitive thing. If demand exceeds supply by only a trifle prices soar. But in the same way when supply begins to exceed demand, even though by the smallest fraction, prices will sink. In a period of shortage prices tend to rise to the highest, while in a time of plenty they tend to fall to the lowest. It will take only a small decrease in the present abnormal demand for goods to turn the market from a seller's to a buyer's market, where seller will be forced to bid against seller instead of buyer against buyer.

The high cost of living has proved a great burden for many of us. Naturally suggestions for boycotts against high prices have been frequent. Indeed they have been tried in a few cases, but purchasers have not concentrated throughout the country upon one article at a time, and therefore the effect has been small. But though the formal boycott has not yet become a real weapon there is not the slightest doubt that the number of persons willing to pay extremely high prices is now rapidly diminishing.

A radical labor leader who believes that the vicious circle of high wages and prices can be kept intact recently predicted that as fast as one group of suckers fails another will spring up. But nearly all other authorities take an opposite view.

Throughout the period of high prices there has been of course a large element who simply would not submit to them and who have gone without goods or who have made extraordinary efforts to buy cheaply. This group, however, has been so outnumbered until recently by those with high wages and high profits that the effects of its economies were not felt. But the harvest is nearly garnered. The people who were unaccustomed to owning bonds and who have exchanged their Liberty Bonds for pianos and fur coats are growing scarcer. The point is now being reached where those who own Liberty Bonds will be the selected individuals who will keep them. The easy-spending group has been about milked dry, and there are not many fresh cows in the pasture.

Throughout the period of high prices it has been possible to economize in many ways. A distinguished scientist was walking down the most fashionable thoroughfare of one of the large cities in search of a pair of shoes for his boy. The cheapest he could find came to fourteen dollars. He turned and walked east about three blocks to an avenue in the tenement part of the city, and there he bought a pair of shoes which he asserts are exactly the same thing, for $6.50. A retired newspaper proprietor of large wealth tells me that he has been buying his tailor-made clothes from a small, practically unknown tailor up several flights of stairs in a dingy old building, but the clothes are as good, he avers, as those for which he would pay twenty-five dollars more in a fashionable shop. Certainly he is a well-dressed man to all appearances.

One of the great cities of the country is directly across the river from a smaller city, a smoking place of freight terminals, stockyards, warehouses and oil plants. But a good many men in the gay metropolis have gone across the river and made their purchases much cheaper. Right along there have been ways to beat the highest of high prices. Furniture has been out of sight, but those who have picked up furniture as is—which means with a slight and often imperceptible imperfection—have not paid the top-notch price.

A Careful Buyer

The other day I traveled with a friend who is one of the leaders in a great national movement. He held a high government position during the war, is widely known throughout the country and is a man of force and distinction whose every action commands respect. Nor have I ever thought of him as other than a well-dressed man.

"Has the high cost of clothing bothered you much?" I asked him.

"No," he replied; "I haven't allowed myself to be bothered by it. I bought this hat in Vienna quite a number of years ago." He showed me one of the most beautiful soft hats I have ever seen. "My wife has several times asked me to throw it away and it has been kicking round the attic for several years, but when the high prices came I spent two dollars to have it renovated, and now it is as good as a new hat which would cost twenty-five dollars. I bought a pair of low shoes toward the end of last summer in Washington at less than seven dollars, because they were not a fashionable color. Just after the armistice I bought a pair of trench shoes for nine dollars which a few months before had been selling for twenty-five dollars. I believe in buying on a falling market and at the end of the season. As you know, I make many inspection trips into the country and I can use those shoes for the next ten years. This suit is very old, but it was worn out in only one place, at the elbow, and I have had a patch put in there. Otherwise, as you see, the suit looks very well and I am not ashamed of the patch."

Another acquaintance, a scientist of national reputation, has been going to hundreds of stores in the large cities and pricing great varieties of articles. When the clerk tells him the price—and it is usually a discouragingly large one—my friend replies, in his rapid-fire, but soft and courteous, manner:

"Put it right back on the shelf. You had better keep it yourself, for in a few years it will be a rarity that the museums will want. I am after a price, not a fine. I am too rich anyway to spend money like this. Where is the door?" And with a smiling suave bow he rapidly beats a retreat.

"I believe," he says, "that by doing this often enough I may have some effect upon prices. Of course the salespeople are often offended and call me a tightwad and other unpleasant names, but they are usually disturbed, and now and then they ask me to wait a minute and bring out goods at prices way below what they originally asked. When I find anything in this way much cheaper than I expected, I do not say, like so many foolish people, 'Why, is that all?' or 'Will it wear?' or 'Is it real leather?' or 'Is it good quality?' I examine the article rapidly and make up my mind whether I want it or not.

"I must admit that it rather hurt me the other day to go into a great clothing store in New York where I have traded for twenty years, and find it looking so different. Formerly on the ground floor they had great piles of clothing, but all they have now are knickknacks such as neckties. I wanted a pair of trousers and they told me to go down into the basement. Here they said that the cheapest trousers they had were eighteen dollars. 'Well, you've made it worth while for me to go to Canada to buy my clothes,' I said as I went out of the building. I don't intend to go to Canada, but I believe it was a useful threat."

Declining Prices

The number of careful purchasers is being added to every day. When the Federal Department of Justice, in response to demands from the labor unions, started to reduce the cost of living last summer its idea was to dig food out of cold storage and put profiteers in jail. But when I talked a short time ago with Mr. Howard Figg, special assistant to the Attorney-General, he insisted that the campaign had become a business saving rather than a business prosecuting endeavor. Mr. Figg says that the purchases of goods are now declining so rapidly that retailers are worried, and are willing to listen to almost any suggestion from the Government. Mr. Figg's idea has been that by the coöperation of the various branches of the different industries prices can be stabilized, and he believes the unwillingness of the different groups to get together any sooner was because the great harvest of profits made them careless and indifferent to suggestions.

The public is about saturated with high prices, and the sponge which is full will not absorb any more. More than once this country has gone through a period of inflation, followed by one of soaring prices, lack of employment, failures and destruction of business. I am making no gloomy predictions, but it is certain that the demand for goods will not continue at its present rate. No doubt many of the industries now most prosperous will suffer the worst, because in their cases labor will most stubbornly resist reduction in its wages and stockholders will insist the loudest on large dividends. That sort of thing has happened before and when it happens there is only one recourse for a concern—namely, to shut its doors.

A general readjustment of prices downward is plainly foreshadowed at this writing not only by the fall in raw or crude materials, but in the stocks of the great industrial companies which produce or convert many of them. In almost any boom raw materials are the first thing to go up, and when a reaction occurs they are usually the first to go down. After the Civil War it is said that an index number showed a decline from 259 to 194 in farm products in 1865, and an advance from 165 to 216 in foods. But in 1866 foods followed the decline in farm products, and it will be strange if retail prices do not once more follow the raw materials down. Then we shall hear less about profiteering.

Increased output, a less abnormal demand for goods, demoralized foreign exchange rates and higher money rates are bound to force lower prices. The way into our abnormal state was by inflation and the way out will be by deflation. Already that has begun. It has been said that prosperity based on credit inflation is as treacherous as ice in April. We all know what happens to that ice.

© B & B 1920

Fumigate Now

Make Every Room Aseptic

Don't omit the most important part of housecleaning. Germs accumulate in winter. Every cough or sneeze emits them. They linger in draperies, rugs, bedding, crevices and clothes.

When you remove the visible dirt, remember the invisible. The danger lies in germs, and cleaning does not end them.

Have Your Home Really Clean

Fill every room with germ-destroying gas. Open the beds and closets. Let it penetrate all fabrics and all crevices.

Make every room aseptic, but bedrooms in particular.

If you are moving this is doubly important. Fumigate the rooms which other folks have occupied.

It Is Very Easy

The right gas is formaldehyde. It destroys the germs, but does not injure fabrics or furnishings.

The right way to apply it is with a B&B Formaldehyde Fumigator. You simply light a wick.

Open the beds and closets, shut and seal the room. Then let this germ-destroying gas permeate everywhere. Remove only living plants.

You know how important this is after sickness, but it is also important now.

Be Efficient

Do this efficiently. B&B Fumigators conform to Government standards. Ask your druggist for the size that is suited to each room.

The cost is moderate. The trouble is slight. The results are more important than any other part of housecleaning.

B&B Necessities

Every home should keep on hand B&B Dressings:

Sterile Cotton
Adhesive Plaster
Sterile Bandages
Sterile Gauze

These Dressings are sterilized after sealing, and the packages protect them. Don't use chance bandages on wounds, however slight. They may infect.

B&B

Formaldehyde Fumigators

At Druggists'—Sizes for All Rooms

Bauer & Black

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Chicago New York Toronto

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 38)

The average loaf weighing one pound contains about eleven ounces of flour. This quantity of flour contains about eight ounces of starch, which serves as fuel for the body; one and a half ounces of protein, which in addition to serving as fuel helps to build and repair the body machinery; one ounce of water; and a half ounce of fat, sugar and mineral substances, which latter help to make bones and teeth. In whole-wheat bread there is also a small quantity of cellulose, which gives bulk to the diet.

If a person were to try to live on a purely cereal diet his body would eventually be overloaded with fuel due to the excess of starch eaten. If the amount of cereal consumed were to be reduced so as no more than to satisfy the body's fuel needs the system of the individual would soon be deficient in body-building and body-regulating material. Nevertheless, bread comes the nearest of all foods to furnishing a complete diet, and if used to a much greater extent in the majority of our homes would improve health and reduce expenses.

The value of wheat for bread manufacture depends largely upon its content of that proteid substance known as gluten. It is this element that converts a mixture of flour and water into an elastic mass that will stretch without breaking. All glutens, however, are not equally strong. This depends mostly on the kind of wheat from which the flour is made, and to a lesser degree on the way it is milled. Generally speaking, the spring wheats raised in the colder climates have more gluten than the winter wheats produced in warmer zones where the temperature permits the seeds to be in the ground over winter. It is true, however, that some of the winter wheats are hard and can be converted into as good flour for bread baking as is produced from the spring wheats. It is also a fact that wheat may contain too much gluten, as is evidenced by the durum variety which was mentioned in the commencement of this article. The durum wheat is grown in the more arid regions and is adapted for manufacture into macaroni. It should be here noted that practically all bakers blend the hard and soft flours into tested mixtures that produce a satisfactory grade of bread.

One of the principal advances in bread making in recent years has resulted in a reduction in the period of fermentation. Even the big bakers formerly required twelve hours for this important action, but now with the newer plan whereby more and stronger yeast is used the time of fermentation has been reduced to five hours or less. The various bread producers use different formulas. A common recipe is as follows: One hundred pounds of flour, sixty pounds of water, one pound of yeast, 1.5 pounds of salt, 1.5 pounds of shortening, two pounds of sugar, and one pound of condensed milk or its equivalent in milk powder.

Yeast, as most people know, is a microscopic form of plant life belonging to the fungus group. Each individual plant measures about .003 of an inch in diameter. When placed in a nourishing solution the yeast cells reproduce themselves with astonishing rapidity. The multiplication proceeds as follows: The wall surrounding the cell material—protoplasm—bulges out in the shape of a bud, which grows until it is nearly the size of the parent cell; the bud then separates as an independent organism, which in turn starts to grow and reproduces other new cells by budding in the same manner. One small cake of yeast selling for two cents contains more than 1,000,000 compressed plants, or cells.

Yeast is generally made of corn, rye and barley malt. To this mixture is added a pure culture of lactic acid bacteria. This acid has a beneficial effect on the yeast very much as it has in preventing infection in the human body, as was discovered by Metchnikof, the famous Russian, who was one of the first to advocate for human diet the use of milk soured with lactic acid.

Compressed yeast is a perishable product. In order that it may reach the baker and the grocer with its strength and freshness unimpaired it is shipped daily in bulk by express or refrigerator line from the nearest factory to the distributing agencies, where machines cut it into cakes and wrap it mechanically. If placed in a cool spot, the housewife may keep her yeast cakes for a week or more without deterioration. Just as flour is composed of two principal elements, gluten and starch, yeast is possessed of two functions, which are exercised in the process of making bread. One function of yeast is to act in a digestive way on the gluten of the flour, making it soft and elastic. While this action is taking place in the dough the yeast exercises its other function—the power to change the sugars into carbon dioxide, the same gas that bubbles up in soda water. This action is known as fermentation, and it should be remembered that good, healthy fermentation and digestion of the dough—not merely raising—are required to produce good bread.

The chemical processes that take place in the dough are very intricate. What causes bread to rise, however, may be briefly stated as the fermentative action of yeast in a mixture of flour, sugar and water. This fermentation results in the production of a gas—carbon dioxide—that becomes enveloped in the glutinous part of the flour, and in working its way through the dough expands it until it becomes light and porous and ready for the oven. The little alcohol that is formed by the action of yeast in the dough is evaporated, so there is small likelihood that the enforcement of national prohibition will seriously affect the manufacture of bread.

Yeast plants can be killed by heat and seriously injured by cold. They work best at a temperature of about eighty-six degrees, but in home baking, where interruptions are frequent, a temperature of about seventy-eight degrees is better, for at a higher temperature the bacteria always present in dough are more active, and if they get a good start the bread is soured and the flavor spoiled. When the sponge is to stand overnight a temperature of about sixty-eight degrees is advised. At this lower temperature yeast works slowly, but so also do the bacteria. Some doughs are improved by being kneaded twice, others make a better bread if worked only once.

Only experiment will determine the method best suited. Some cooks save a small amount of their dough for use in place of yeast at the next baking. This dough, however, must be kept cool and covered just the same as fresh yeast.

Practically all flours absorb flavors easily and therefore should be kept in a cool, dry place away from dust and insect pests. A high-grade bread flour should be very fine and should feel slightly granular when rubbed between the fingers. If pressed in the palm of the hand it should fall apart quickly and should not show the imprint of the fingers.

Mustiness in flour or bread is due to living organisms which are usually killed by the heat of cooking. However, if flour or bread has become infected with mold the vessel in which it has been kept must be scalded or sterilized with steam before a new supply of flour is put into it.

There has always been much discussion concerning the comparative nutritive value of the three principal kinds of bread. One is made from Graham flour, one from entire wheat, and the third and most widely used, known as white bread, is manufactured from standard patent flours. If the diet of an individual includes milk to supply lime, and fruits and vegetables to supply iron, it is a matter of small importance what kind of bread is eaten. Whole-wheat and Graham breads contain a little more mineral matter and cellulose than white bread. This gives them a slight advantage as growth-stimulating and regulatory foods. However, they are not so thoroughly assimilated as bread made from white flour, and generally cost a little more. The digestibility of bread depends largely upon its lightness. Government research has shown that standard patent flour is most easily digested; entire wheat ranks next; and Graham comes last.

On the other hand, 100 pounds of cleaned and screened wheat will yield 100 pounds of Graham flour, or almost eighty-five pounds of entire wheat flour, or less than seventy-five pounds of standard patent flour, thus indicating that more energy can be obtained from a unit of wheat converted into Graham than into white flour. But the fact remains that all kinds of wheat bread, if properly baked, are quite well digested and are deserving of a place in our diet that will insure at least as large a per capita consumption of bread in this country as at present among the nations of Europe.

The Printing Sickness

Epidemic throughout the United States. First symptoms—great excitability at sight of *any* estimate for printing. Followed by slow fever, greatly aggravated by *delay after delay* in getting proofs and revisions.

Rapid rise to dangerously high temperature as delivery gets *days and then weeks* beyond promised date.

Slight turn for the better when job *finally* lands on desk, followed by tempestuous conduct and highly colored language verging on delirium—sometimes ending in apoplexy—*when bill is received.*

You've had it! So has every user of printing. And when you recovered from the attack you *fussed and fumed,* and *swore you'd DO something about it* and then—you went through *the same old rumpus* with your very next job.

How do you get that way? And what's more to the point—*how long* do you intend to *stay* so? When *the one sure cure* for this terrible malady is *right under your nose,* and has been for months! How long *can* you stand such *staggering* printing costs, such *profit-killing* delays?

You know about the Multigraph. You've read these advertisements in The Saturday Evening Post. You know *plenty* of firms that have used this life-saving device.

Why not investigate the Multigraph on your own account? Why not make 'em show *you* that it *IS* a cure for the printing sickness? That it *WILL save you 25% to 75% on most* printing jobs? That it *WILL cut out the delays,* that it WILL give you your printing *on* time, *every* time? That the work *can* be done in your own *establishment, and without* muss or fuss, *without* turning it into a printshop?

Why *not wire, phone or write* for a consultation with the Multigraph today?

You can't buy a Multigraph unless you need it

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO., Cleveland, Ohio
Offices in Principal Cities

THE INTERNATIONAL MULTIGRAPH CO.
London, 15-16 Holborn Viaduct *Paris,* 34 Boulevard des Capucines

THE MULTIGRAPH SALES CO., Ltd.
84-88 Bay St., Toronto, Canada Offices in Principal Canadian Cities

There's one sure cure - Buy the MULTIGRAPH

THE MULTIGRAPH SENIOR
This is a complete, compact equipment that turns out high quality printing and form typewriting at very low cost—averaging a saving of from 25% to 75%. It is simple and easy to operate; rapid and convenient. Electrically driven, with printing ink attachment, automatic paper feed, signature device, automatic platen release and wide printing surface. Easy payments if desired.

THE MULTIGRAPH JUNIOR
This is a wonderfully efficient equipment for concerns which have a limited amount of work. It does both form typewriting and office printing and produces the same high quality of work as the Senior Equipment, but it is hand-operated only and cannot be equipped with electric power, automatic feed and signature device attachment as can the Senior. Easy payments if desired.

The Multigraph
1800 E. 40th St., Cleveland, Ohio

I am interested in your cure for the "printing sickness." Tell me more about the Multigraph and what it can do for me.

Firm_____ Our Line is_____

Name_____ Official Position_____

Street Address_____ Town_____ State_____ S E P 4-1

SKIMBLE-SKAMBLE STUFF

(Continued from Page 29)

It is an especially fat time for the economists. Any man who knows that Adam Smith was the author of a book and not a cough drop is an economist, or claims to be, and bulges into print by day and by night along those lines. There has been more piffle in the shape of alleged political economy talked by alleged political economists since the war ended than for forty years before in our history. And the American people have stood by and showed that inherently they have some sense by muffing it all. But the political economists got their names in the papers. And a four-dollar hat still costs eleven dollars and then some.

We certainly are neat little workers governmentally when we get on the job. Having a man in the Treasury who stood behind McAdoo and who stood behind Glass and who has a slight conception of what is essential in our financial policy both nationally and internationally, we stick him down in the subcellar to count silver dollars and head the Treasury with a professor who for seven years has dealt with the agricultural problems of the country on the basis of the physiocratic theories of the middle Texas period. "But why?" asks the puzzled proletariat.

We are viewing these things as the average American views them—the American who pays the taxes, does the voting, and tries to get into his head why the national train is mostly standing on a sidetrack instead of proceeding to its destination on the main line at fifty miles an hour. The reason, of course, is politics, with publicity coupled in the betting. The reason is that everything governmental, everything presidential, everything congressional and some things judicial are political. The country is all right. The people are all right. The system is excellent, but the execution is at fault. It reminds one of the distinguished justice of the United States Supreme Court who took up golf and was coached long and patiently by a professional. Asked how he was coming on at the game the jurist said: "I regret that I cannot report much progress. The teacher assures me that I have perfect form, but I cannot hit the ball."

That about explains it. We are not hitting the ball. And the puzzled American, who is paying for the game, tries to figure out why not, and is stumped. Nor can he be blamed. He is informed that each family in this country must pay considerably more than five hundred dollars in taxes for the coming year. Now he'll do that; he'll have to, but he'd do it anyhow. What keeps him awake nights is trying to discover why if his family pays more than five hundred dollars a year in taxes his family—so far as he can get it—receives not more than two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of application thereof. What he wonders at is where is the half of it, or more, absorbed. Broadly the answer is that politics sponges up the bulk of the noneffective fifty per cent, and governmental inefficiency and tendency to talk instead of work the rest.

Even with the best heart in the world it is pretty difficult to explain to a puzzled American how it is that the railroads, for two years in governmental control, lost $700,000,000, which the Government must pay and which means that he, the puzzled but producing American, must pay. If he has done any traveling, even since the war ended and the war-necessity alibi has been outlawed, he knows that it costs more for himself and costs more for his freight. He knows that the trains are slower and not so good. He knows that his freight is delayed and that his express packages linger along the route for days more than they formerly did. He reads that $45,000,000 worth of goods was stolen from the shippers and consignees while in transit. How about it all?

He marched right up to the front with his money in his hand when the Liberty and Victory Loan drives were on; bought until it hurt on the assurance that was impressed on him from every place an orator could get an audience, that was hammered at him by the newspapers and was borne in on him from the dead walls that these securities were the top securities of all the world, which was true, and that they always would be worth a hundred cents on a dollar, which was not true, because while they will assuredly be worth a hundred cents on the dollar when they mature, if he wants to use a hundred dollars he has invested in Liberty or Victory Bonds at the moment—and a good many do—he finds that his bonds have depreciated at the price he can sell them for in the market from three dollars a hundred to ten dollars a hundred, depending on the issue. Now there is economic reason for this, but the average bondholder doesn't understand that, nor do many of those who explain, and the bondholder cannot make out why his bond isn't worth a hundred cents on the dollar at any time instead of at some future time when the Government will call it in and cancel it. "How about it?" he asks.

Much Talk, Little Action

He hears a great clamor about reds and the round-up of them; how the vigilant authorities raid the headquarters of the communists and the soviets and the I. W. W.'s and take these dangerous persons into custody, but so far he has observed that mighty few of the total of those apprehended have been punished or deported. One ship with a few on it has gone, but why not all? Why not ship them all away, or stick them all in jail here instead of a select few—that is, if the menace is as great as it is claimed and not political in some of its bearings? He hates a red, does this puzzled American, and he loathes their works. He is not in sympathy either with the mush brethren of the country who bleat free speech, or with the officials who split hairs about authority. Get them all, get them now, and kick them out is his good American doctrine, and he wonders what detains the officials and whether some of this red foray isn't for giving a few politicians a chance to make political capital.

He observes various members of the cabinet setting out traps, spreading birdlime and erecting nets to catch a presidential nomination for themselves, and he ponders on the relations between public duty and a presidential nomination for a cabineteer, and public duty not so related or having such connection. He asks himself if administrative action, where that action has a bearing on a possible voting section of the population, isn't decided on the basis of the voting possibilities of the decision rather than by the popular needs. He recalls the coal strike and several other similar problems, and their presidential entanglements, and isn't so sure that the populace does not get the small end of it in such contingencies from the cabineteer who has aspirations to take over the job of his chief. How about it?

He sees the leaders of the two dominant parties, the Republican Party and the Democratic Party, scheming, contriving, planning, manipulating for control of the forthcoming national conventions, and knows that the reason for all this maneuvering by the leaders is for the purpose of nominating men as candidates who shall represent these leaders and not the people. He wonders how it is that the partisan qualifications of each man and every man who is put forth are held to be paramount to the interests of the country and the people who live in it, and asks himself whether he will be any better off whether Tom Jones or Bill Smith wins, provided—as seems sure to be the case—Tom Jones and Bill Smith owe their nominations to the politicians who have never yet failed to demand, indeed to mortgage, to pledge and secure their own needs and perquisites and continuances in power as the prerequisites for nomination. Where then will the people get off? At a way station or the big terminal in Washington? How about it?

He has listened until his ears ache to political and official denunciation of profiteers, and has hopefully taken up the paper each day to read of the arrival of a carload of them at Atlanta or Leavenworth. Have any arrived? Not that he has noticed. He has heard the profiteer assailed on every stump, and unendingly in Congress, but the profiteer on his block in the city and in his village is still doing business at the old stand, and so, too, in the greater emporiums of trade. He wonders how much of that vast outcry is buncombe, and how much is real, and while he wonders his pocketbook is frazzled and his debts increase and his family and personal upkeep mount. Is it talk for political effect, or is it brass tacks? Talk apparently, and how about it?

Deference to Races and Classes

He knows in a way that there has never been a time in his life when so many questions vital to him, the average American, are impending at Washington; when so much that means the future prosperity and progress of the country he lives in and loves hangs fire at Washington, and he observes a large section of the men charged with the responsibilities of advancing these things and solving these problems suspend work—but not talk—to listen to a row between a Secretary of the Navy and an admiral over the sort of gewgaws naval officers shall hang on their coats. He hears of investigations started with loud blare of accusation dwindle to piffling reports from committees on which no action is taken. He asks himself how much of this stuff is political and how much of it is real.

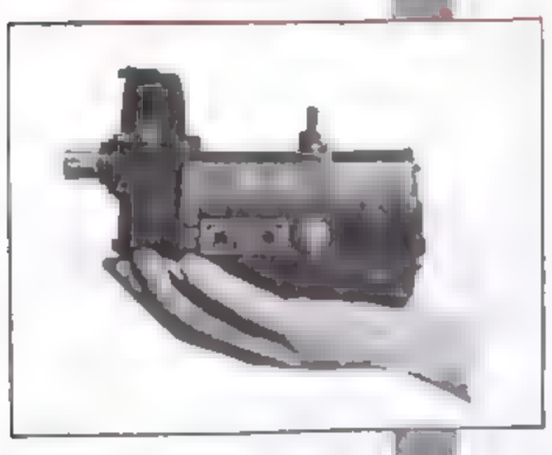
He hears congressional orators get up and howl about the necessity for economy and holds his head when the list of their appropriations comes out. He listens to the claims of the Post Office Department about its efficiency and its plans for aërial mail delivery, and wonders why the department overlooks the virtues of the old-fashioned railroad mail service, because his letters arrive from hours to days later than they formerly did. He may have had his salary increased a little, but what does that amount to when it costs him eight dollars a day to get a painter to paint his roof and ten dollars a day to get a bricklayer to fix his chimney? Not that he begrudges these men their wages, but why doesn't he get in on it? He reads great broadsides in the papers and magazines put out by the trusts telling how virtuous they are, and harsh denunciations of these same trusts by the Federal Trade Commission. He sees that any body of men or women claiming to represent a class, or a racial, or an organization, or a religious vote are treated with the greatest deference by the politicians and that his own squawks about his own incumbrances and desires are given the hoarse hoot at Washington and elsewhere.

He notes that the great commissions appointed to provide plans for economic and industrial and social betterment talk rings round themselves, and then adjourn with nobody helped but the stenographers who were hired to take down what the orators said in order that full transcripts of their ringing remarks may be available for the newspaper reporters in the press room. He is conscious of the fact that after these groups finally cease firing their half-baked theories at

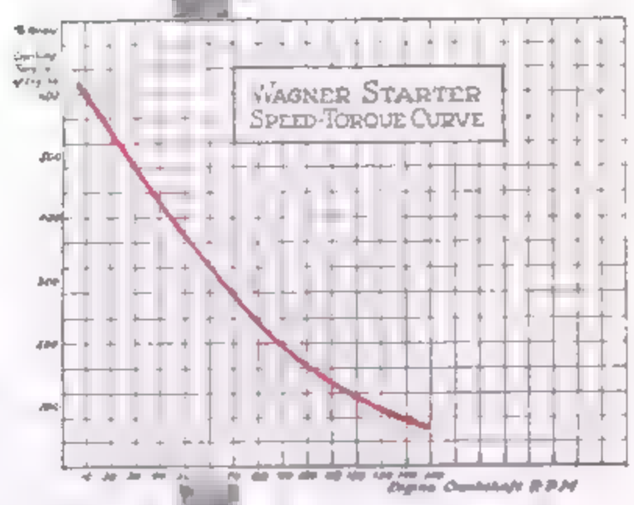
(Concluded on Page 106)

The White House

The Starter That is Built to Order



The Wagner Starting Motor is light weight—a mere handful, yet it is abundantly able to crank the car quickly under the worst conditions of cold and stiffness.



This curve shows the pull or torque, at the crankshaft exerted by the Wagner Starting Motor. It also shows how the pull diminishes as the speed of the motor is increased, thus causing a minimum use of current from the battery.

When minutes emphasize their importance

A mere touch on the starting pedal—a sharp decisive whir-r-r-r for an instant as your Wagner Starter spins the fly-wheel—and you're on your way.

Such is the quick response of the Wagner Starter. Its fine exactness and splendid performance leave one with the firm conviction that here, surely, is a starting masterpiece.

And such it is, for the Wagner Starter, embodying the superior skill of Wagner craftsmen, is made to order—designed and built as an integral part of the car itself.

Cars differ in engine construction; therefore, they demand distinct application of power requirement that they may more closely approximate perfection.

To always supply energy for the quick start, the Wagner Generator charges the battery at the maximum when the car speed is from eighteen to twenty-two miles. Above that speed the charging decreases as the speed increases, thus preventing overcharging and increasing the life of the battery.

Car owners appreciate the readiness of the Wagner system consistently to render better service. This appreciation is materially demonstrated by their growing insistence that the car they buy be Wagner equipped.

Wagner Electric Manufacturing Company
St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Factory Branches and *Maintenance Stations: * New York * Chicago * Philadelphia * St. Louis * Cleveland * Detroit Buffalo * San Francisco Milwaukee Cincinnati * Los Angeles Washington, D. C. * Minneapolis * Kansas City * Indianapolis St. Paul * Denver * Omaha * Atlanta Syracuse Montreal Toronto * Boston * Pittsburgh * Seattle
Selling Agencies: New Orleans Salt Lake City Memphis Dallas

Wagner Quality

STARTING
LIGHTING
IGNITION

An actual photograph of the two motor trucks, No. 134 (right) and No. 135 (left), which were used in the test of solid versus pneumatic truck tires described on the next page

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

This Six Months' Test Proved Economy of Pneumatics

A TEST of solid vs. pneumatic truck tires, conducted in the winter, spring and summer of last year by a corporation operating a very large motor delivery fleet, was concluded on July 31, 1919. Two trucks had been used—No. 134, shod with solid tires on the rear wheels, and No. 135, shod with pneumatic tires on the rear wheels. Both were equipped with pneumatics on the front wheels. Nevertheless, the difference in the rear tire equipment was sufficient to produce the following wide difference in results:

	Truck No. 134 (Solid tires rear, pneumatic tires front)	Truck No. 135 (Pneumatic tires on all four wheels)	Difference in favor of all-pneumatic equipment
Number of days operated	129.5	129.5	
Delivery or pickup stops	4,183	5,822	39% More customers served
Total units (pounds)	874,791	989,065	13% More product hauled
Miles traveled	4,476	6,414	43% More distance covered
Gallons of Gasoline	1,125	1,110	45% Less fuel per mile
Pints of Cylinder Oil	605	494	76% Less cylinder oil per mile
Drivers' and Helpers' Wages . .	$1,375.15	$1,512.82	23% Less labor cost per mile

Following a scientific comparison of solid and pneumatic truck tires, a big corporation has decided to adopt the pneumatics for its delivery work over an entire state.

All the records of the test were kept on the forms of the National Standard Truck Cost System, an accounting method widely used in the industry and by truck owners.

These records show that, in 129.5 days, an entirely pneumatic-equipped truck outdistanced a unit with rear solid tires by an amount of mileage equivalent to a round trip between New York and Chicago.

They show that the all-pneumatic truck served 1,639 more customers, a 39 per cent increase, while hauling at 20 per cent less cost per truck mile.

They also show rates of gasoline consumption which indicate a saving, at prevailing prices, of $122.50, effected by the all-pneumatic truck over the 6,414 miles it traveled.

Extending the truck-mile cost of unit No. 134, with rear solid tires, to cover the same distance, makes apparent that truck No. 135, entirely on pneumatics, effected a total saving of $724.78 in the six months' time.

This means that the difference between the original cost of the rear pneumatics on No. 135 and the rear solid tires on No. 134 was paid back 2.6 times by these pneumatics, although they had served only part of their estimated service life.

Truck owners can obtain the operating and cost data of similar tests by writing to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, at Akron, Ohio.

CORD TIRES

(Concluded from Page 102)

the public thousands of words more will be spilled in reports, and he is perplexed to know what becomes of these reports and their recommendations. What is it all about?

The answer is not far to seek. It is largely about politics—partisan politics—politics that has party good and party power and the following power for a few bosses as its first incentive, instead of politics that has for its mainspring the good of the country and the people. It is centered in this truth: Little that is done in Washington is done, and little that is attempted is attempted on any other basis than the party politics of it and the party advantage that will result from the doing or the attempting.

Now when it has been solemnly and impressively handed to every school child in this country for fifty years that ours is a government of the people, by the people and for the people—taught to us all with patriotic fervor and with historical authority, as it has seemed and seems—why need there be surprise if the great bulk of the people who are thus exalted by the thought that theirs is the Government fail utterly to comprehend the subversion of that basic postulate by the present political process of government? The Government is, in effect, the property of partisan politicians, run by party and for party and of party, with the needs of the people incidental.

A Haze of Doubt

That statement is as true as the statement that the capital of this nation is Washington, but when it is made there always comes the outcry of alibi that ours is a party government and that of necessity it must be what it is—political. Certainly ours is a party government and certainly our parties are political, but those facts do not excuse or palliate or justify the condition that exists. So long as this Republic endures under the present Constitution ours will be a party government, but that neither demands nor excuses nor predicates a partisan government. There is a vast difference between a government by party and a government by partisans, a difference that has brought about the condition that exists in our affairs at the present time and has existed for years.

The great bulk of the people do not understand this, because of the pretense that surrounds our partisan Government that it is a popular government—any government, whether Republican or Democratic, as this generation has known government. The politicians vigorously assert that they represent the people, but the fact is that they represent themselves, intent first on the retention of power for their party, which means retention of power for themselves. Any fair-minded person with a knowledge of the underlying causes for governmental action will admit this. Only the politicians deny it. Thus as the great bulk of the people have no opportunity for getting at basic causes and no knowledge of real motives they have allowed the condition to grow and continue until at this present time and for many years past popular government is merely a demagogic assertion and partisan government is the fact.

This situation is responsible for the present haze of doubt and uncertainty, of suspicion and unrest that exists throughout this country, because no matter how far a promise may be the real test of anything is the way it comes out the result—the performance. Wherefore, if the people, thinking and having been taught that theirs is the Government, find as they do find—that the results of this alleged Government of theirs do not square with popular requirements, and do always meet with the desires, plans and manipulations of the partisan politicians there need be no surprise that they are puzzled, or any wonder that they begin to grope for a way out. To paraphrase King Henry the Fourth a bit, such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff puts them from their faith.

Thus we come to the main point at issue, which is this: What can be done to remedy these conditions and to secure for the people a party government that shall be a majority government, so far as the voting expression of the people is concerned, but shall also be a popular government after it is installed, governing for all the people instead of for further and continued partisan advantage?

The answer is obvious. What the people must do, if their own needs are to be considered, is to see to it that the official representatives of themselves, the men selected to run the Government, are selected on the basis of popular sympathy and popular pledge rather than on the basis of party availability and partisan obeisance.

Concretely, let any person interested make a survey of Congress, both in its upper and its lower branches. Congress is largely composed of lawyers, and small-town lawyers at that. Now the chief requirement of the Government of this country is not a legal requirement. The chief requirement of this country is a business requirement. We are a business people. Our Government is far and away the greatest business enterprise on this earth. We are a tremendously going concern, and if we are to keep going and not stand still or begin to slide backward the people themselves must recognize and apply these fundamental truths to their political selections:

FIRST: The business of our country depends for its well-being, expansion and prosperity on the character of the Government of the country.

SECOND: The character of the Government of our country depends on the character of the men who run that Government.

THIRD: The character of the men who run our country depends on the people they represent.

FOURTH: Inasmuch as ours is a party Government these men must be selected politically.

FIFTH: Thus their fitness is the result of politics and the operation thereof. Fit men result only from fit politics, and fit politics is the outcome of a fit and understanding people, and not the result of boss direction.

Hence if the people make the selections they will at least have their own representation instead of boss representation. The experiment is worth trying.

The Reign of Small-Town Lawyers

The Congress is the board of directors of the great business concern operating under the name and style of the United States of America. We Americans are a fairly hard-headed business people. Business is the backbone, the foundation of all our prosperity and national greatness. The idealists will shudder at that. No American business man worthy of the designation would organize a company to make plows, say, or shoes, or machinery, or for any other business purpose, or organize a bank or a trust company, and supply his organization with a board of directors whose qualifications were political in a partisan sense instead of being based on a knowledge of the cold business necessities of production, financing and distribution.

Yet the business men of America stand by year after year and submit to the selection for them of a political board of directors for the greatest business concern in the world, their country, on which all their own and subsidiary business enterprises depend for prosperity. They let the bosses pick country lawyers and obedient politicians to run this great business; let the bosses do it—and indeed help them. There is no escaping the truth that the sort of government this country or any country has, has an enormous influence on the sort of sound business prosperity it has and on every other phase of the lives of the people. That is fundamental.

No Time for a Third Party

Why then should a people submit to a partisan political direction of their governmental affairs, which in the large sense are their business affairs, instead of taking a hand in that direction themselves? They should not, of course, but they do. Americans have observed everything that has been set forth in this article, and much more, and protested among themselves without showing more than sporadic evidences of making their protest effective by action. They talk. That's what we all do—talk! And the bosses work—and the results are as described.

There can be no valid objection to an attempt to regulate Washington. Heaven knows, Washington spends all its time regulating us. Nothing can be lost. Things could be no worse than they are. To be sure, there is endless professional political objection to such a course, but that need not be considered. It is special pleading for a continuance of franchise. The politicians assert to the people that they are the only ones fitted to handle governmental affairs, by reason of experience, knowledge and thus and so. If there is any person in this country, any business man or workingman, who is not actively in politics, who can demonstrate one benefit he has obtained from politics as it is played in this country, unless he was in on the game, now is the time for him to speak, because there is existing to-day a widespread, definite and well-grounded conviction that our politics is entirely partisan in its concepts, obligations and practices

This situation has developed two advocated correctives. One is the extreme radical corrective that is set forth in various propaganda and an agitation that ranges from advocacy of revolution to the formation of a new party or parties. The other is the numerous promises of reform and heed of popular needs and demands by the politicians themselves, as evidenced by the various plans for popularization of the old parties that are being announced from time to time. Both are bosh.

Here we are, at the time I write, within three and a half months of the Republican national convention, and within four months of the Democratic gathering. There will be no revolution in this country because if anybody tries it anywhere, even if the authorities linger because of red tape, the people themselves will end that outbreak. A third-party attempt to correct affairs in this short time would be misguided and abortive effort, because, for example, if the Republicans split, the Democrats will instantly solidify and have the same sort of walk-over they had in 1912, and the same thing will occur if the Democrats have two candidates.

The way to work is from the inside, not from the outside. Whatever their deficiencies may be, the two dominant political parties of the present, and the parties that will continue to be the dominant parties until this campaign is ended, are the Democratic Party and the Republican Party. They are the available mediums for expression. If the people of the United States had taken this matter in hand a year or two ago and had worked intelligently for their own political interests there would have been a chance to organize modern representative parties and throw the old parties into the discard, where they belong. The people did not take such intelligent action. They dawdled along and are dawdling along yet. The only practical chance for the great bulk of the Americans to get either action or results for themselves now in a political way is for them to begin operation at once on the present parties and the leaders of them, as now constituted, and make them heed their demands.

They can do it, even in this short space of time. All that is needed is organization. A clear, forceful demand in any congressional district in the United States voiced by the people of that district and backed by the earnest assertion that that demand is based on the use of their voting strength for an opposing candidate of their own choice if the leaders do not heed it will bring about the nomination of any candidate for whom the united demand is made. The bosses, despite their bluff, know the insecurity of their own positions. They will capitulate. If they do not they can be thrown out overnight.

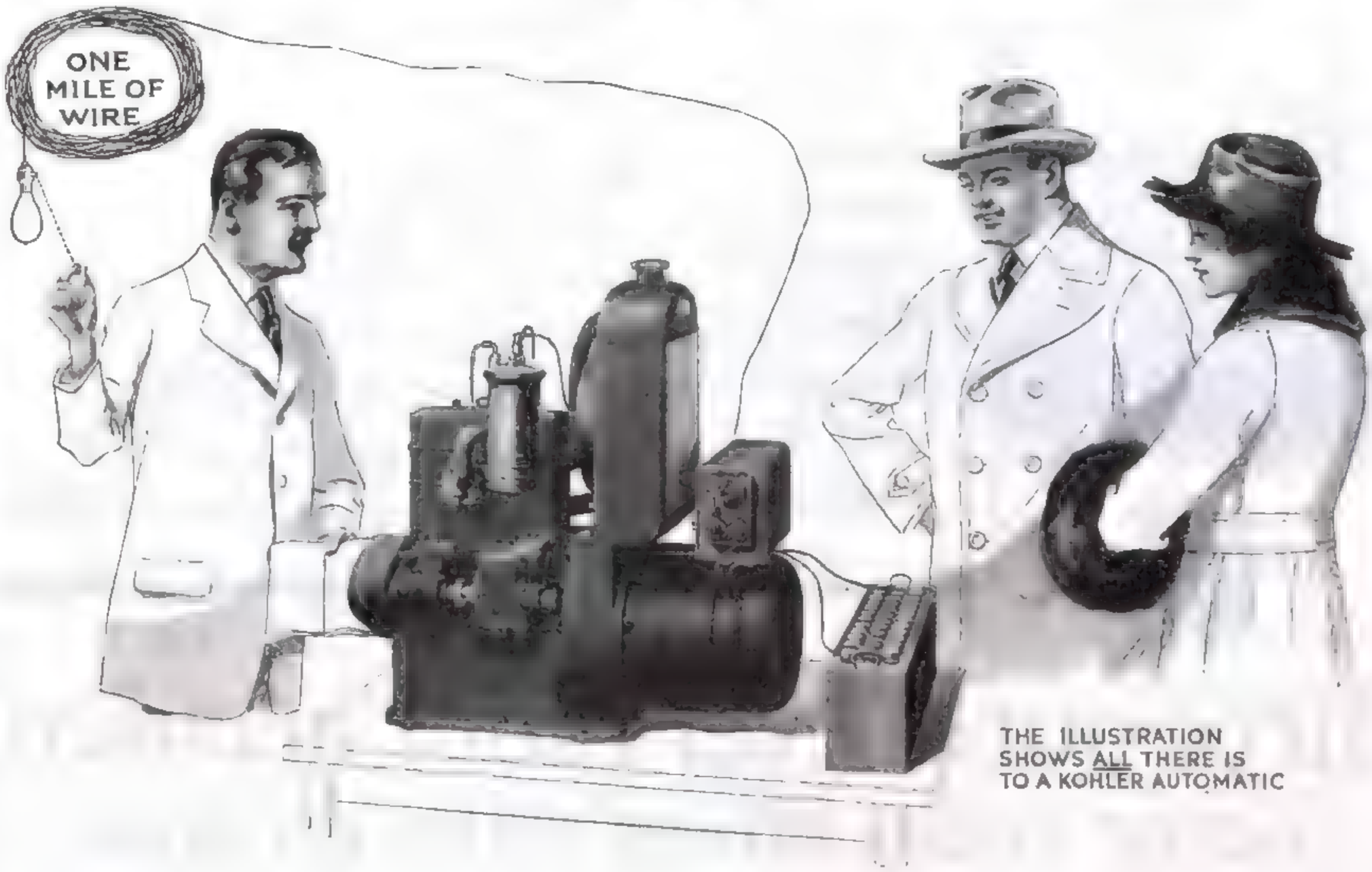
Organize and Win

Let the business men, say, of a congressional district get together and select a man to represent them in Congress—a business man in whom they have faith and whom they can trust, no matter what his politics is. Pledge that man to represent the interests of all the people and not the partisan interests of the leaders, and go to the leaders and demand his nomination. If the demand is as forceful as it can easily be made in any district where the business men are alive to their own interests the bosses will surrender. They will nominate this man, hoping to secure him later by devices of their own, or if that fails, hoping to hang on until next time.

What can be done in a congressional district can be done nationally also in the matter of the Presidential nominations. It is not too late for the people of this country to select a man to be their President in the crucial four years that are coming after March 4, 1921. There still is time, but it will require organization, decision on one man, and work. It will require active participation by many instead of desultory effort by few. If the business men, and the others of the people, shirk aside, thinking that somebody else will do it, it will not be done, and the bosses will hand their picked selections of candidates to the people, who must elect one of them willy-nilly.

Apart from the plain need of America for such a fight—apart from the great patriotic impulse that should prevail and bring this about, there is the acute personal phase of it. The right man for President for the next four years, and the right sort of a Congress for the next term, means more in a personal, individual sense to every American than these things have meant in a generation. It means better government, lower taxes, more economical expenditures, release from the blighting bondage of theory and experiment—it means a business government by and for all of a business people rather than a partisan, political government by and for the benefit of the politicians. It can be done if the people will stir themselves to do it. Why not?

KOHLER



THE ILLUSTRATION SHOWS ALL THERE IS TO A KOHLER AUTOMATIC

Just turn on a Light or a fixture Switch, anywhere—even up to a mile away—and the KOHLER plant starts automatically!

You need never go to the plant (nor to any *one* point) to start it, or to stop it. Makes no difference which switch or light in the *entire system* you turn on first, or turn off last.

1½ K. W. (1500 watts) capacity—today farm-owners want a power plant that will do all the work there is to be done. Besides plenty of light, they want plenty of POWER in any building, *anywhere* on the farm—something to save them MAN-HOURS and WOMAN-HOURS!

No damage can result from overloading. A water system can come into action even while the wife is using a flat-iron (600 watts), the daughter the vacuum cleaner (175 watts), the hired man the cream separator (290 watts), and with TEN 25-watt lights going—ALL AT THE SAME TIME—and still have power to spare!

Generates standard 110-volt current DIRECT—and delivers ALL the current generated—consequently the KOHLER Automatic is most economical. We have *eliminated* storage batteries, except one small automobile type of battery, used *solely for starting the motor.*

Penetration (carrying power) of KOHLER 110-volt plant is so exceptional that the full current can be delivered anywhere within the radius of a mile. Outside wiring for KOHLER 110-volt plant costs approximately from 8 to 15 times less, because small No. 10 copper wire can be used.

KOHLER
AUTOMATIC
POWER *and* LIGHT
110 VOLT D.C.

All accessories for KOHLER 110-volt Automatic are cheaper. 110-volt current is practically universal. Every store selling electric fixtures carries a stock of 110-volt goods, which are standard and are produced economically in quantity.

Motor is 4-cylinder, valve-in-head, following the best automobile practice. Water-cooled, with special automobile type radiator and fan, built for this purpose, and using only 6 quarts of water (or kerosene). The KOHLER Automatic has been operated continuously in a 120-degree *indoor* temperature.

No concrete base is required for the perfectly balanced KOHLER 4-cylinder engine. So quiet you hardly know it is running.

The wonderful feature of the KOHLER Automatic is its patented control-box, which is sealed, and is *never touched.* In fact, there is not a single adjustment possible on the entire plant—not even on the carburetor. The KOHLER Automatic is trouble-free.

We guarantee the KOHLER Automatic, starting battery and all, for one year, provided the seals on the control-box remain unbroken.

KOHLER OF KOHLER

(Kohler Co., Founded 1873, Kohler, Wis.)
Shipping Point, Sheboygan, Wis.
Branches in Principal Cities

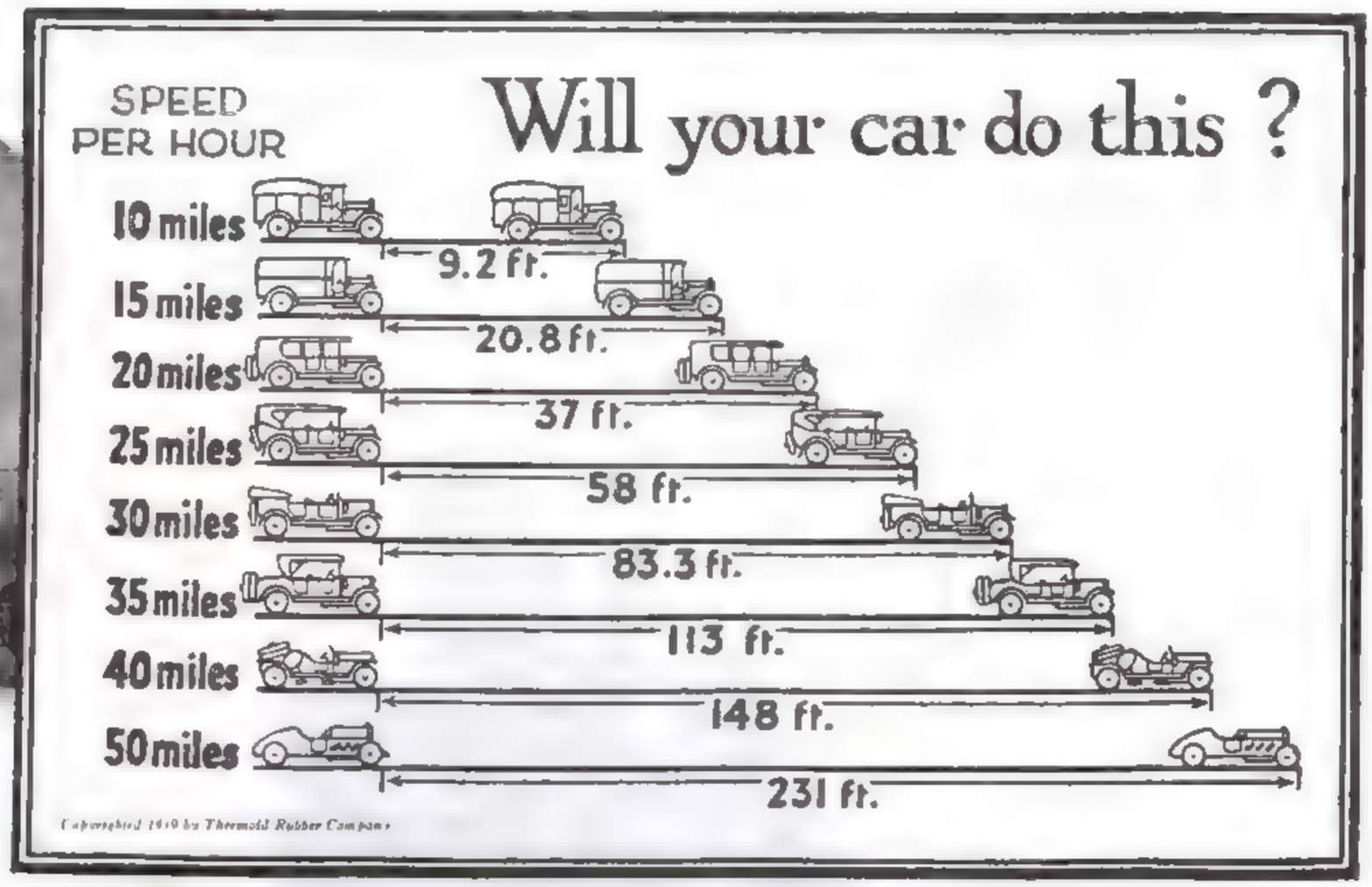
ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF KOHLER ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE

CLIP THIS COUPON AND ATTACH TO YOUR LETTERHEAD, IN REPLYING

KOHLER CO., Kohler, Wis.

Check square to denote your interest

- ☐ I am now selling the_____ lighting plant.
- ☐ I am *not* now selling lighting plants, but would like your dealer proposition.
- ☐ I am interested in knowing more about the KOHLER Automatic for my own use.



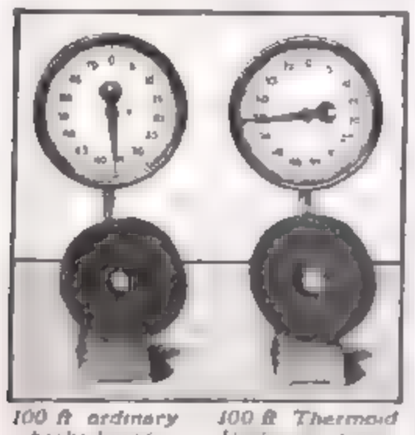
This chart shows how quickly your car should stop at various speeds, if your brakes are in good condition and working right

Three out of every four accidents occur under fifteen miles an hour

THREE out of four of those wrecked cars you see along the road were smashed when they were going *slowly*. Statistics show that out of America's 500,000 yearly accidents, 76% occur at fifteen miles an hour—or less.

Safety isn't a matter of how fast you are going, but how quickly you can stop. The chart above shows how quickly efficient brakes will stop your car.

Don't rely blindly on brakes that may fail you just at the critical moment. *Have your brakes inspected by your garageman regularly.*



100 ft ordinary brake lining Weight 36 lbs. 4 oz.

100 ft Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining Weight 54 lbs. 8 oz.

Thermoid has over 40% more material by actual weight

Perhaps they need only a slight adjustment—perhaps they need new lining. Ordinary woven brake lining wears down quickly and unevenly. It grabs and slips after the first few hundred miles. Unless frequent adjustments are made, you can never be sure of your brakes.

Making brake lining by hydraulic compression

By using 40% more material than in ordinary woven lining—by compressing this material under tremendous hydraulic pressure into a tight, close-textured mass—we have perfected a brake lining which wears down slowly and maintains its gripping power even when worn as thin as cardboard.

Brakes lined with Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining never grab or slip. They do not swell from dampness, because Thermoid is *Grapnalized*—an exclusive process which enables it to resist moisture, oil and gasoline.

Because of its long-wearing qualities and unfailing efficiency, the manufacturers of 50 of the leading cars and trucks have standardized on Thermoid.

Don't take any more chances with faulty brakes. Have your brakes inspected regularly. And next time you need new brake lining, be sure to specify Thermoid.

The new Thermoid book on automobile brakes is the most complete publication on the subject ever printed. It tells how to keep your car within safety limits. Sent free. Write today.

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Factory and Main Offices: Trenton, New Jersey

New York Chicago San Francisco Cleveland Atlanta Detroit
Philadelphia Pittsburgh Boston London Paris Turin

Canadian Distributors
The Canadian Fairbanks Morse Company, Limited, Montreal
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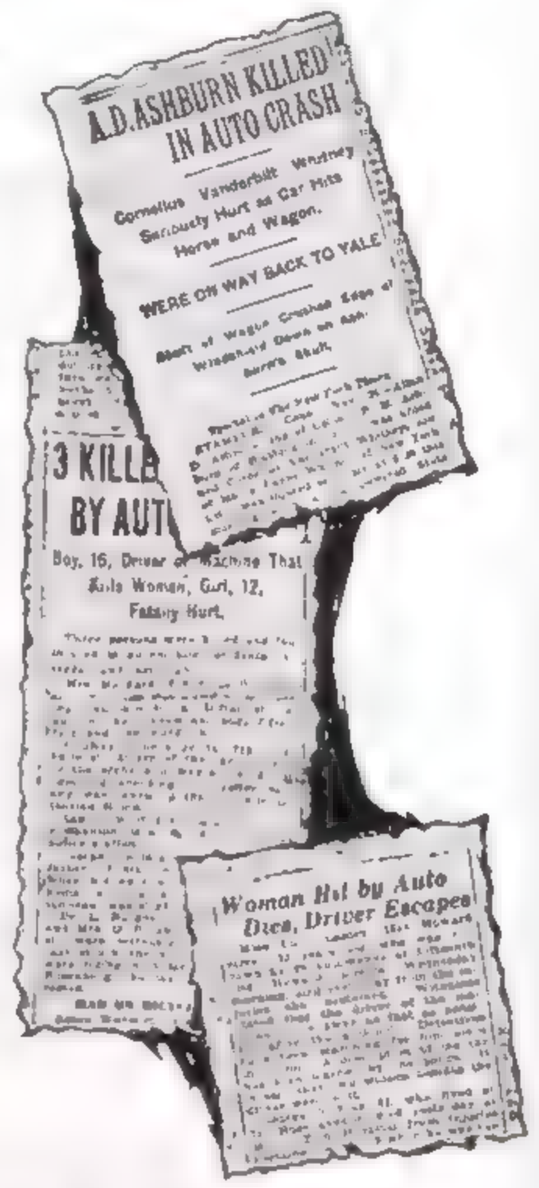

A.D. ASHBURN KILLED IN AUTO CRASH
Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney Seriously Hurt as Car Hits Horse and Wagon.
WERE ON WAY BACK TO YALE
3 KILLED BY AUTO
Boy, 16, Driver of Machine That Kills Woman, Girl, 12, Fatally Hurt.
Woman Hit by Auto Dies, Driver Escapes

Thermoid Brake Lining

Hydraulic Compressed

Makers of "Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints" and "Thermoid Crolide Compound Tires"

THE DARK MOMENT

(Concluded from Page 9)

unbusinesslike, a wanton throwing away of justly acquired rights. Even now he hesitated before he took up his pen to add the signature that would make it valid.

"Well," he said at length, the pen between his fingers hovering over the paper, "I've got to square this. I shall feel better about the whole thing when I've done it—and I can afford it."

He bent to sign the letter, but not so easily was he to expiate the little widow's long agony of struggle and the needs of her children. The pen was on the paper when the ghostly bludgeon from behind struck him again and all his consciousness staggered under the blow. The horror of dark was on him again; the grave drove its chills through his body. He knew death, the feel of it and the taste of it, all in one overwhelmed bewildering moment. And it did not pass. The gross darkness folded him in. He toppled sideways from his chair and it chanced that a servant on the stairs heard him fall.

When next he came to knowledge of himself he was lying on his back in an unfamiliar posture and there was a bed under him. He came only slowly to full consciousness; and then he was aware that he was not alone in the room; there were others near him who talked. He would have opened his eyes and risen on his elbows to look at them and ask what had happened, but his eyes were all but closed. He could see only the brass rail of the bed beyond his feet and he could not move at all. It was as though he were bound by intangible but strong ropes. He tried to struggle. In a growing fear he put out his will power to move if only to open his eyes; he strove in an inner convulsion of effort, raging against his bonds like a trapped beast; and he was aware that in all his body no muscle obeyed him. The link between the will and the body had slipped.

He ceased to strive and listened. Those who spoke seemed to be two in number and they talked in tones that sounded oddly, consciously hushed.

"Then you think there'll be no trouble?"

That was the voice, thickish with an undertone of rasp in it, of his son Eugene.

The other was pleasanter and for all its hushed tones strongly modulated. He recognized the young doctor.

"Oh, no, none at all! I saw him yesterday, you know." Yesterday puzzled the mind of Mr. Stern. "I can give the certificate. There'll be no trouble."

There followed a pause, while Mr. Stern wondered dreamily what they were talking about—wondered and feared. Then Eugene spoke again:

"Because it 'ud be a beastly nuisance to have an inquest an' all that sort of thing."

All that was left of Mr. Stern—the living mind within the dead body—shrank and cringed. So that was it! They believed him dead. The doctor would certify as much and they would take him out and bury him! Whatever tests they needed to satisfy themselves that he was dead they had apparently applied; they would give him no further chance. And he could do nothing—nothing!

Once more he raged and strained to move, and again he lapsed into quietude.

"Poor old chap!" Eugene was saying. "They found him by his desk over there. I haven't disturbed anything—in case of an inquest an' all that. Come an' see what he'd been up to."

Mr. Stern saw them pass the foot of the bed, the doctor's shoulder and the lower part of Eugene's face. Their footsteps passed to the desk. There was a rustling of papers.

"He'd been queer over this matter," said Eugene, "but who'd ever think he'd get up to a game like this?"

The doctor was reading.

"Yes," he said presently—Mr. Stern could not know that he was glancing curiously at Eugene. "But it isn't signed."

"No, it isn't signed. Perhaps," said Eugene sentimentally, "at the last moment he saw clearly what he was doing to me. Who knows?"

"Then you won't ——"

"Not likely!" answered Eugene with finality.

Shortly afterward they left the room and Mr. Stern was alone. Alone! He felt that in all the purpose of the Creator there was nothing so solitary as he. Even the dead are members of a great company, sharers of a universal experience. But he had part neither with them nor with the living. His was the mock death and barren life of catalepsy. "Suspended animation"—he had heard or read the phrase used to describe monstrosities of fate stranger than malevolent miracles. And now fate threading among the crowded multitudes of the living upon this planet had nosed its way to him and struck him down among so many million others whose lives were so much less pleasant and profitable to them. Was it—was it a judgment?

Like many nonreligious men he had always believed with a mechanical and inevitable belief that evil in the end is punished while good bears dividends of reward. Now in that halfway house between the world of men and the grave he believed it yet.

"I was going to sign it," he protested with an effort like a shout. "I was going to sign it. I was signing it when this happened to me. I didn't have a chance. And now Eugene—my own son—O God!"

There was none to see how the thing accomplished itself. To Mr. Stern it was as though some mechanism had come to life within him—some slipped gear reëngaged. He opened his eyes and looked about him; he drew and exhaled a strong breath. Through every channel of his body he felt the resumed pulse of the moving blood. It was as if the material world was leaping and fawning upon him as a dog on its master.

He lay for a while content to breathe and be aware of the life in him. In the corridor outside his door were cautious footfalls and a sibilance of whispering.

Presently he rose upon his elbow. He was yet very weak, but he managed to get his feet over the edge of the bed and then at length to stand on them. With a hand on the back of the chair to steady him, he walked two uncertain paces—he knew what he had to do. Next he reached the dressing table and thence the wall, and so propping himself along it the open desk in the corner. Inadvertently he touched the switch of the electric lamp above the desk and the room, shadowy behind the drawn Venetian blinds, leaped into light. Upon the desk lay yet the papers. He lowered himself into the chair.

Without in the corridor a housemaid was whispering to the cook, "I'll 'ave a look if you will. I ain't afraid. They're both downstairs in the dinin' room."

"Go on then!" whispered the cook.

At the desk Mr. Stern compelling his flaccid hand achieved the signature. And now he would give it safely into the hands of someone for delivery. He picked it up and managed to rise without much difficulty. Words shaped themselves on his lips.

"I'm all right," he breathed. He took a pace forward and then two more.

Quietly, with much precaution against noise, the door opened in face of him. There was an instant of silence that cut like a sword; then—yell upon yell, scream upon scream, the rush of someone who went downstairs at the gallop, the thuds of someone else who fell down them. From below shouts of alarm.

And then to Mr. Stern it came again, that stroke from behind. But not this time the jarring bludgeon blow, but rather the tap of the accolade that promotes a man from life to death. Not now the horrifying darkness and the chill, but, as it were, a cloud that enveloped him, received him and supported him as water carries a swimmer. He stood, a swaying shape of white, while urgent feet drummed on the stair and as the amazed doctor appeared in the doorway with Eugene at his back he put forth the hand that carried the paper, made as though to take a pace forward and fell. The doctor came to him swiftly.

Presently after he had been busy about him he unclasped the limp fingers and took the paper from them.

"Lord!" he cried. "Look, Eugene!"

"What?" quavered the other.

"He's signed it!" cried the doctor. "He got up and crossed the room and signed it!"

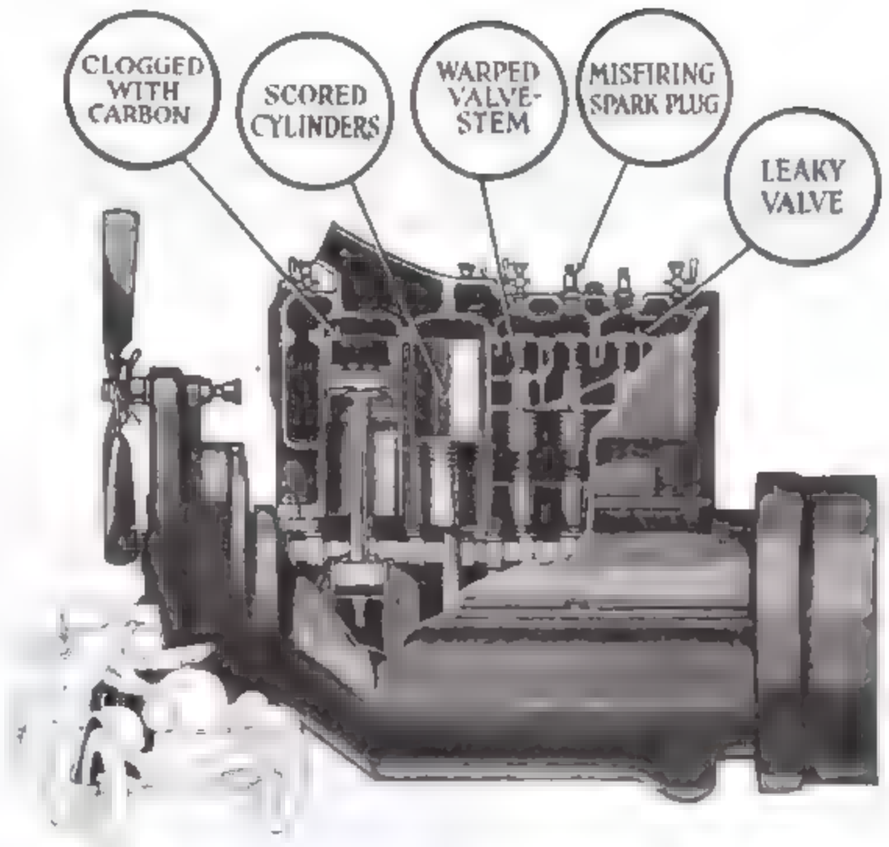
Eugene gulped and held out a hand. Between fear and cupidity his face was not nice to see.

"Let's look!" he said.

For answer the young doctor slipped the paper into his pocket.

"No, Eugene!" he said. "There'll have to be an inquest now and this paper goes on record."

And it did.



Nip engine trouble in the bud

The secret of keeping your car powerful and smooth-running

NEGLECT puts several million cars in the repair shop two or three times as often as necessary. The modern motor car is good for 100,000 miles, yet how few ever run half the distance or even a quarter of it!

Neglect shows itself in difficult starting—in the motor "going dead" when idling, in skipping when you "give her the gas" suddenly, in sluggish jerky action on hills, in bucking at speeds below 7 or 8 miles an hour.

Motor sluggishness may be due to carbonized cylinders, sticking valves, sooted spark plugs, too rich a mixture. On the other hand, it can be caused by the backpressure of a caking, clogging muffler.

To know just which is at fault and to detect the trouble before it becomes serious—is the new use that thousands of motorists are making of the G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out.

The G-Piel Cut-Out will tell you instantly whether your car's lack of pep is due to motor or muffler, as you can cut the muffler out at will. It will also permit you to adjust your carburetor to the powerful quick-burning 13 to 1 mixture so that hills will not bother you.

The G-Piel also makes the use of kerosene, wood alcohol and patent carbon-removers a success, as it prevents the loosened deposit being blown into the muffler. For this one purpose alone, a G-Piel Cut-Out is worth many times its cost.

The open G-Piel Cut-Out gives that extra "ounce" of power on a hard pull or short "sprint," and it helps cool a hot engine.

The satisfaction of hearing your motor

Every enthusiastic motorist enjoys the sharp, clear bark of a powerful, sweet-running motor. A hot spark in every cylinder! Valves opening wide and seating tight! Just the right mixture from carburetor! Exhaust gases scavenging freely through the G-Piel Cut-Out!

Select the right size Cut-Out for your car from the G-Piel chart at your dealer's. *It will save its cost many times in a single season.*

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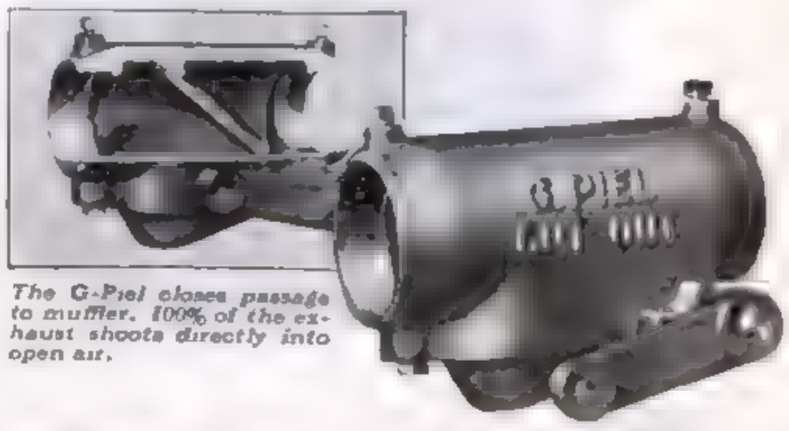
23 W. 43rd St. New York

THE G-PIEL COMPANY

The G-Piel Pedal is absolutely positive in action. It never sticks. Makes operating any cut-out easy.

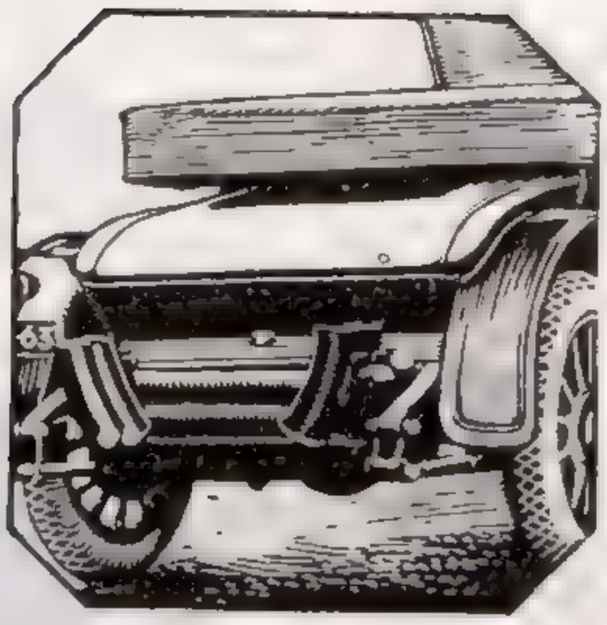


The G-Piel closes passage to muffler. 100% of the exhaust shoots directly into open air.

G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out

Tells the motor's secrets

The Roadster, too, Has All



Above and at left are shown side and rear views of roadster. It has no appearance here of its business utility.

At right—by lifting the small cover in the rear deck, space is given for carrying small articles such as a doctor's case, sample cases, etc.

the Noted Essex Qualities

Speed—Power—Utility—Economy —Endurance. It is an Ideal Car for Business as Well as Pleasure

A glance at the illustrations will show the wide business uses for which the Essex Roadster is adapted.

Its utilities are many. But note no evidence of them is revealed when the Roadster is used as a pleasure car. Every line is smart, trim and graceful. It takes but a moment to make the change.

A large class of its buyers are business men. They choose it for utility and dependable transportation. It becomes in fact a part of their business system. It must be on the job, keep all engagements on time, and be as responsible as an engineer's watch.

These same qualities, with its rare good looks, make the Roadster unsurpassed as a smart car for pleasure. Its speed and power rank it among the finest of costly cars. Its finish and beauty mark it with distinction.

A World Endurance Record Proves Essex Dependability

Economy, durability and train-like regularity are the standards set by Essex. These things have been shown in the hands of more than 25,000 owners, many of whom have driven their cars from 18,000 to 20,000 miles.

It was more dramatically proved on the Cincinnati Speedway, when an Essex stock chassis set the world's long distance endurance record of 3037 miles in 50 hours. The same car, in three separate tests, travelled 5870 miles at an average speed above a mile a minute. Another stock Essex set the world's 24-hour road mark of 1061 miles over snow-covered Iowa roads.

Today Essex durability is as unquestioned as its ability to outperform any car of its weight, and to surpass many that are larger and cost far more.

See the Roadster's Business Conveniences

It is specially suited for salesmen, inspectors and others who must cover wide territory, quickly and frequently. Though not large, the Essex is commodious. There is plenty of room for passengers, and special arrangements for carrying sample cases, unseen, and even a trunk if desired.

Consider the riding comfort of the Essex, too. It is comparable to no other light car. Only among large, high-priced cars, owners tell you, will you find such smoothness of action.

But for such a car as might give you the speed, power and endurance of the Essex you would pay far more. And you would not get the Essex advantages of nimbleness, low upkeep, tire and gasoline economy, which result from its light weight.

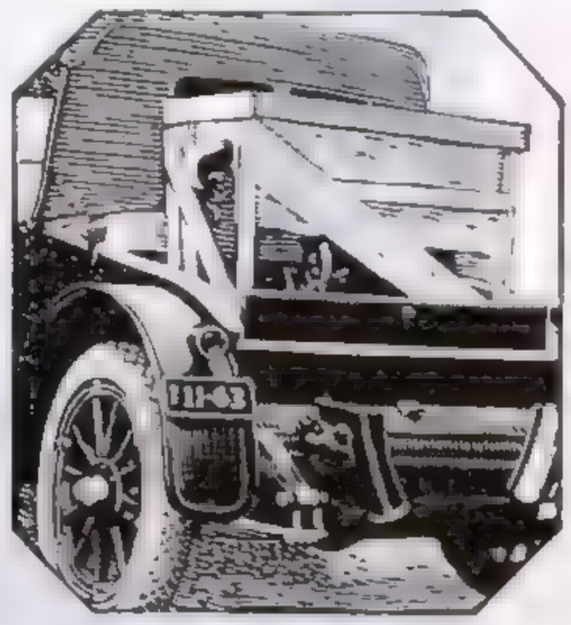
Big Car Comfort Light Car Economy

The size of the Essex makes parking space easy to find. It allows free handling in crowded traffic. The quick pick-up easily avoids "pocketing" behind slow cars.

Come see the Essex Roadster. Ride in it. Try its paces. Whether you want it for business or pleasure, you will appreciate why Essex in its first year set a new world's sales record. And you will understand why it is necessary to place orders in advance to secure such a wanted car, without waiting.

At left—by removing four screws the entire rear deck cover may be removed.

At right—this affords ample room for carrying bulky articles such as trunks, crates, etc.



(153)

UNCLE SAM AS AN EMPLOYER

(Continued from Page 11)

employees in Washington. During the calendar years 1918 and 1919, 3476 of its employees left the service. Of these, 785, or 22½ per cent, are known to have left for higher pay. The same thing has been going on in the Treasury Department, particularly in the Internal Revenue Bureau, in the division that has to do with handling income-tax returns. Men and women who by their duties come to understand the meaning of the income-tax law and how it is interpreted by the Government quickly find employment at higher salaries outside. Matters have come to such a pass that I was told in the Treasury that the Commissioner of Internal Revenue makes an oral agreement with new employees obliging them to stay for at least one year.

The Civil Service Commission reports that the number of civilian Federal employees of all kinds in Washington on July 1, 1919, was 102,117. Figures prepared for me by the Bureau of Efficiency place the number on the same date at 112,600.

An estimate prepared by the statistician of the Congressional Joint Commission on Reclassification of Salaries places the number at 91,791, with an aggregate annual pay roll of $121,300,594. The statistician of the Reclassification Commission estimates the average salary earned by Federal employees in the District of Columbia in 1919 at about $1320. The Bureau of Efficiency fixes it at $1146. The Civil Service Commission does not attempt to estimate the average annual pay. The Bureau of Efficiency has estimated for me that the average salary of employees in the civil service of the United States by groups is:

SERVICE	AVERAGE SALARY
Railway postal clerks	$1379
Rural letter carriers	1164
City letter carriers	1112
Post-office clerks	1126
Mechanics	1107
General employees in the District of Columbia	1146
General employees elsewhere	1067

And the estimated average length of service of the same groups of employees in the civil service all over the country is:

SERVICE	AVERAGE LENGTH OF SERVICE IN YEARS
Railway postal clerks	12.6
Rural letter carriers	8.0
City letter carriers	11.8
Post-office clerks	10.1
Mechanics	8.9
General employees in the District of Columbia	12.3
General employees elsewhere	8.0

The statistician of the Reclassification Commission points out: "These figures relate to money wages, and not to real wages. The high cost of living has rather rubbed in the economist's distinction between the amount of money paid as wages and the goods which the laborer can purchase with his money wage. Government employees and members of Congress are all in a position to appreciate this difference.

"Study will show that the government employee was distinctly up against it prior to the World War. The level of retail prices began to rise rapidly in the late nineties. The government employee's salary did not keep pace. Every successive biennial period from 1897 to 1913 found him worse off than he was in the preceding one. In 1897 his salary would buy 146 units. In 1913 it would buy 100. The Congress found it necessary to adjust the salaries of its own members to meet the situation that had risen prior to the war, but no adjustment of any material consequence was made in the salaries of the government employees.

Interior of the New United States Commerce Court

"What happened after the World War is a matter of common experience. Retail prices have almost doubled. Government salaries increased less than twenty per cent, and this increase was not evenly or scientifically distributed. The purchasing power of the employee's salary had dropped from 146 units in 1897 to 63 units in 1919."

Living Standards Reduced

"I have been asked how he is managing: I have no statistics on this subject. The paper this morning says that the high-school teachers complain that their savings have gone to meet the situation and that many of them are in debt. I bought that newspaper this morning from the son of a high-school teacher. His mother is working inside the home as she has never worked before, and she has recently taken up outside money-making activities. The women and the children are helping pay the price and many of the fathers are helping at home and working outside of office hours to earn extra money. The quantity and quality of food and clothing bought have been reduced. To use the economic term, the old employees have met the situation by reducing the standard of living. This means more work outside of office, harder work, less provision for pleasure and recreation, less life insurance, less provision for old age, less provision for educating the children, less expenditure for professional care in case of sickness and childbirth. The family pays the difference."

The annual turnover in the government service is something almost incredible. No business corporation, however strongly established, could long endure the heavy annual drain on its resources. Hundreds of men leave the government service daily; and new, untrained people have to be taken on and taught to do the work. This costs money, as every employer knows. The resignations from the government service are chiefly from the supervisory and more highly paid positions and from the very lowest grades. The men at the top, if they have any initiative or ability or ambition to make a name for themselves, are offered private employment at double or treble or more what the Government can pay them. The people in the lowest grades leave for private employment when opportunity affords because in too many instances they actually cannot keep body and soul together on their government pay. It is the people in the middle class who stay on the longest. The whole constant process makes for a steady deterioration in the quality of the government service and tends to retain the mediocre in public employment.

The Costly Turnover

The Civil Service Commission, through which the great bulk of government employees are brought into the service, is acutely aware of this condition. From its report last year I learn that the commission gave emphasis to the difficulty constantly experienced in securing and retaining competent employees. The rotation in office has become increasingly frequent and vitally impairs the efficiency of the service. During the war there was a lower rate of turnover in the mechanical forces than in outside establishments. The proportion of separations, however, is excessive in clerical, professional and technical positions, in which the rate of turnover sometimes amounts to a third of the force in a year. There is not sufficient inducement for the most capable men and women to enter the examinations, either in the salary immediately offered or in the prospects of a career. The tendency is for the most capable of those entering the government service to seek outside employment. During the nine months preceding the armistice more than 60,000 appointments were made in the civil service and about 28,000 separations occurred—that is, for every two appointments made one person left the service. For a period of similar length following the armistice only sixty per cent as many appointments were made, but there were nearly thirty-three per cent more separations. In this period almost as many positions were vacated as were filled. The present tendency is for this proportion to increase rather than decrease.

The exigencies of the war required a great expansion of the clerical forces at Washington and elsewhere and this was accomplished by a labor turnover several times above normal. The percentage of declinations of appointments among eligibles on the civil-service register increased in many instances from thirty to more than fifty per cent—that is, more than half the men and women who successfully passed civil-service examinations and were offered jobs under the Government refused to take them. It is estimated that more than 950,000 persons were examined by the commission during the nineteen months of our participation in the war and that about 400,000 of those who met the test were appointed during that time.

The Civil Service Commission says flatly: "Those familiar with the Federal service at Washington know that the service is now hampered by the retention of incompetents whose removal is rendered difficult by influences which are incompatible with the efficiency of the service. Preferences and exemptions increasingly clog the departments with

(Continued on Page 115)

Photograph of the Federal Reserve Board in Session. Front End of the Table—Governor W. P. G. Harding; On His Left, W. T. Chapman, Secretary; A. C. Miller; H. A. Moehlenpah; Carter Glass, Chairman. On His Right, Vice Governor Albert Strauss, Charles S. Hamlin, John Skelton Williams

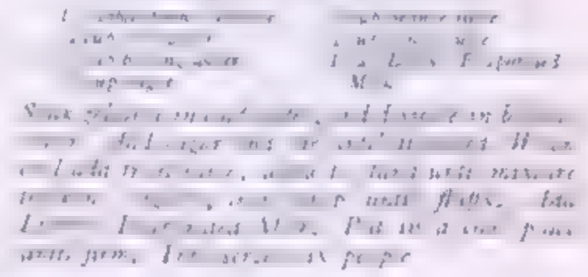
Made with MILK–*yet rich like Country Cream*

HERE'S a dessert—we've called it Orange Cream Fluff—that will do honor to your sideboard, that will make you want to hurry through the courses so that you may enjoy its creamy, fruit-flavored richness.

And here's an interesting fact about this cream pudding—*it's made with milk.* It's made with Libby's Evaporated Milk—the product of famous pasture lands, pure, sweet milk from which one-half of the moisture has been removed by evaporation. It's Libby's Evaporated Milk that gives to this dessert—and to all cooking—the richness of thick cream.

You'll want to try this delightful dessert—the recipe is given below. And when you've tried it, you'll want Libby's Evaporated Milk, for its richness and economy, all the time. Order it from your grocer—he has it or will gladly get it for you.

Orange Cream Fluff



Libby, McNeill & Libby, 504 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Libby's Milk

BETHLEHEM MOTOR★TRUCKS

The 3/4 ton Bethlehem Delivery Boy

The 3/4 ton Bethlehem Truck $1495. Chassis

Fast, prompt, absolutely reliable, economical in purchase price and operation, the Bethlehem three-quarter ton Dependable Delivery at $1495 is a real motor truck for every man in every line where dependable, economical deliveries are an asset. This latest Bethlehem is built to meet real truck service conditions. Examine it carefully and see what you get for your money.

Bethlehem Motors Corporation Allentown, Pa.

(Continued from Page 112)

persons who, no matter how inefficient, are difficult to remove and whose retention tends to destroy the discipline of the service."

Among these inefficients of course are the superannuated and the physically incapacitated. The Bureau of Efficiency has estimated the number of employees in the civil service of the United States seventy years of age and over as follows:

SERVICE	NUMBER
Railway postal clerks	197
Rural letter carriers	454
City letter carriers	230
Post-office clerks	387
Mechanics	328
General employees in the District of Columbia	1484
General employees elsewhere	1613
Total	4693

The Commissioner of Pensions supplies the following compact statement of the age of the employees in the Pension Bureau:

Number in the classified civil service	874
Age of oldest employee	88
Number over 80 years of age	26
Number between 65 and 80	206
Based on age of 65, number eligible for retirement	292
Percentage of employees eligible for retirement	33 4
Average age of all employees, July 1, 1919	58

These old men and women bear the burden of the administration of the complex, intricate and involved procedure under the pension laws having to do with the disbursement of $222,159,292 last year to 600,000-and-some-odd beneficiaries. As the commissioner points out: "The Bureau of Pensions is not a mere administrative office. It is a court called upon to construe the law and to exercise judicial functions, determining the right of parties and the Government under the law and facts. There are many cases in which the marital status of parties must be determined. There were 589 such cases reached for action during the fiscal year in which the issues were so complicated as to require formal opinions for their determination."

A Remarkable Case

Congress enacted a law in 1890 requiring all heads of departments and independent establishments in the Federal service to report each year to the Secretary of the Treasury the number of employees under them who were below a fair standard of efficiency. Every year this is done and the letters to the Secretary of the Treasury from the various departments and bureaus are printed in the Book of Estimates of Appropriations compiled for use by Congress in making up the annual supply bills. Congress never pays the slightest heed to these reports. They are made up year after year, but the inefficient are never fired.

For example, this year the chief clerk of the Treasury reports 170 employees of the Treasury Department as below a fair standard of efficiency. But nothing will be done about it. The Interior Department reports 139 inefficients, and will probably go on reporting them till they die of old age. There are employees of the Government in Washington who are totally blind and who are led from their homes to their offices each day and back home again in the afternoon.

I know one old gentleman of ninety-two years who has been in government service for seventy-two years. He is paid $900 a year. His maximum pay during his long service was $1800 a year. James K. Polk was President when this old gentleman came into the service. He was born on January 10, 1828. His father was a captain of the Regular Army in the War of 1812. After that service he led an active life in other occupations until 1848, when he died, leaving a dependent family of nine persons, three of them boys. It fell to the lot of one of them to be the chief support of the family.

It came to pass, then, that at the age of twenty he received through the influence of navy friends of his father a small clerkship at the Naval Observatory, then under the superintendence of that accomplished officer, Matthew Fontaine Maury, whom he served as amanuensis for ten years, accounting it a great privilege and pleasure to have heard Maury's voice dictating the words of sense and wisdom which make up The Sailing Directions, The Wind and Current Charts and other publications issued from the observatory for the benefit of the world.

From a copyist at first, November 9, 1848, at three dollars a day, the young man was advanced as follows:

	A YEAR
July 1, 1853, clerk at	$1200
July 1, 1854, clerk at	1500
July 1, 1870, principal clerk at	1800
December 6, 1911, clerk at	1400
May 1, 1918, stenographer and typewriter at	900

It will be seen that he was demoted in December, 1911, and again in May, 1918, to lower positions, involving less work and responsibility. These demotions were at his own request. Three years ago, October, 1917, he received from the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Roosevelt, the following letter:

"I have to inform you that you have been granted leave without pay for six months beginning October 13, 1917.

"As you have been in the employ of the Government now nearly sixty-nine years, and during all that time your record has been excellent, I regret that there is no way in which the department could continue you on the rolls with compensation.

"I desire at this time to express the appreciation of the department for your long and satisfactory service, and the hope that you will be so benefited by this leave that you can return and resume your duties at its expiration."

This old man, after his many years spent in the service of the Government, is now hoping for retirement—and rest.

I talked with one of the Cabinet officers about the superannuated.

He said: "I don't know what Congress intends to do about them, but I know what I intend to do with those in my department. I intend to leave them alone. They can stay here as long as they like, until some provision is made for them. When I was new in the department I dismissed two of these old people and demoted another, on the ground that they were superannuated and inefficient and were a hindrance to the work. All three of them wrote me sad letters and promptly committed suicide. That was enough and more than enough for me. Never again will I disturb one of them. I do not choose to have it on my conscience that I pronounced sentence of death on an old man or an old woman in the service of the Government. They can all stay on here as long as they like. I found them here and some of them will be here when I leave. If Congress chooses to provide for them that is its obligation. But I will never sentence another one of them to self-destruction, no matter what the cost to the taxpayer and the Government."

This seems to be the view of all the department heads, and these old people stay year after year, their number gradually increasing, with no thought of removing them.

The History of a Plumber

What can a man hope for who enters the government service as a career? Let us look at some actual cases. Here is the story of one as told by E. J. Ayers, chief clerk, Department of the Interior. He cites it as a case similar to that of many others in his department, and says there are many others who are in worse circumstances:

"The records of our department show that he entered the service as a laborer at $660 a year, after a service of three and a half years in the United States Navy as a first-class fireman, with an honorable discharge. He has been with us for more than thirty-three years, and is sixty-six years old, and has given more than half his life to the service of the Government. He owns a little property three miles beyond the Chesapeake Junction, and he gets up early in the morning, before daylight, and comes in to work and goes out after dark at night. To-day he is getting $840 a year. He has raised a family of nine children—three of whom are now dead—eight boys and one daughter. His elder sons are married and have established homes of their own. Two of his sons were in the military service in France, and his daughter, twelve years old, lives with her grandmother, where he is supporting, educating and clothing her.

"He is a white man, a very intelligent man, eminently qualified for this particular line of work. His wife is dead. He is his own housekeeper and he does the cooking and the washing and the ironing.

"I was out there last Sunday and I took those photographs, and on that stove that you see before you there, which he has had for more than twenty years, he is cooking his Sunday dinner, and that dinner consists of navy beans and fatback.

"You will see from the photograph taken of the surroundings that the house is not a suitable place for his daughter to live in, and due also to the fact that there is no one to protect her during the day. Consequently it is impossible for her to live with her father.

"This home was established in its present location because it was not thought practicable to raise a family in the District, and he bought a piece of property in Prince Georges County three miles beyond the railroad terminal, which distance, as I said, he walks twice a day, leaving in the morning most of the year before daylight, and returning home by dark. This small place consists of a shack and a few acres of land on which he has a mortgage of $1000, and you can judge that he enjoys no conveniences other than the small house, which protects him from the elements.

"The house is divided into four rooms, the partitions being of paper tacked to the framework, there being no laths or plaster. This room is neat and clean notwithstanding the ragged condition of the walls, due to the paper dropping from the partitions."

Employees Loyal

"As I said, the small stove standing in the center of the room he has used for more than twenty years, and the pot on the stove contains his Sunday dinner, which he has prepared for himself, consisting of white navy beans and fatback. These beans are now costing him twenty-five to thirty cents a quart, and the fatback costs him forty cents a pound, which could have been purchased a few years ago for seventeen cents a pound and the beans for ten cents. He does not get any fresh meat because he cannot afford to buy it.

"To my mind it seems a pity that the United States Government should employ men of that type, or any other type for that matter, and not give them enough to live on decently. It is particularly a pity in this case, because he is somewhat superior to many of the employees. He has stayed with us as a matter of faithfulness to the Government, and has stayed with us when he could make more in one week outside of the Government than we pay him for one month.

"I desire to call your attention to this particular case, not necessarily for the relief of this one man—who has an absolutely clean record in the Interior Department, and during all the years of his service has received two promotions, now holding the classified position of assistant plumber, at $840 a year—but for the relief of others similarly situated. He is a man of exemplary habits, intelligent, trustworthy and capable in his line as a mechanic, exceedingly economical in his expenditures, which of necessity he must be. As I say, he has worked for us when he could make much more on the outside, especially during the war period.

"Others have left us, but instances of that kind have been very few. At one time I had in our auditorium our employees and I made an appeal to them to stand by us during the war period, and there were more than 300 of them present, and they all of one accord assured us that they would stand by us and would give us the benefit of their labor in our department during the war period, notwithstanding the fact that the price for labor outside was a great deal more. They did stay with us and they are with us to-day, and their loyalty to us at that time during that period is one of the reasons why I desire to make this appeal to raise their salary."

This curious pride in their work and loyalty to the Government and the government service was a thing that cropped up in the most unexpected places. As one employee put it: "I think you will find that every service seems to be quite proud of its work. I know you will find it in our service as far as compensation and such as that are concerned. The pay in this office is small, but that element, that feeling in a man's mind that he is really helping to accomplish good work and helping this Government to function well, is really part of it. I find in all my talks with employees that they really feel proud of their work and that pride is really what gets things done. I think that is true everywhere in the whole service and particularly throughout the executive departments."

That is curiously true, and it is one of the reasons, possibly the chief reason, why men stay on in the departments year after year at a low rate of pay and not much possibility of promotion. There are eighty-five men and women employed in the public library of the District of Columbia. Seventy-five receive less than three dollars a day, or $1080 a year. Of this number who receive less than three dollars a day, seven are on the building force; six are charwomen, who work 3½ hours a day for $240 a year; and fifteen are messengers and pages, who work full time—seven hours a day—for $420 to $600 a year. Forty-seven of the seventy-five are people with professional training. The minimum requirement is a high-school education and an eight months'—one school year—training in library science. Many members of the staff have had a college education, many are graduates of an accredited library school and have had years of experience in the work.

The qualifications for trained librarianship in the public library, in character, education and training, are fully equal to those required for teachers in the public schools. The course of the library-training class is comparable with the course in the normal schools of the District. The opening salary for professional workers is $540 a year for full-time work. There are five positions at this salary, which is the cost of a room and two meals a day at the Plaza Dormitories, which are run by the Government not for gain but given to war workers at cost. Therefore a young woman receiving $540 a year can pay for lodging and two meals a day, but she can have no luncheon, no car fare, no recreation; she cannot pay for clothes, doctor's or dentist's bills, unless she does extra work or she must depend on outside help.

The salary next higher is $600. There are sixteen employed at this figure, ten who receive $720, eight who receive $840, three who receive $900, and five who receive $1000.

There are no promotions in salary unless a resignation higher up occurs. There are people who have been in the service many years who are receiving such salaries. A college graduate and graduate of library-training class appointed in 1907 has been in the service twelve years, is first assistant in a department of twenty-eight people. She receives $900 a year.

The Result of Low Pay

Many of those who receive from $840 to $1000 have dependents or face someone dependent on them in the future. Many have debts which they find it impossible to meet under present conditions.

As a result of the low salaries and the great increase in the cost of living ninety per cent of the library staff resigned in the past year to take positions which had never been open to residents of the District of Columbia until the war. To keep the library afloat it was necessary to conduct two training classes of one month each. The only people who would enter the training classes even for that short period of training were women whose husbands were in Washington temporarily for war work or whose husbands were with the Army in France. Efforts to recruit a regular training class this year were fruitless and library school graduates whose homes are not in Washington cannot be attracted by present salaries.

Out of a building force of only eleven, only one, the chief engineer, receives $1200. The next salary is $720. This position is held by a man who has been in the service of the library for eighteen years. He is a licensed engineer.

Here are other cases that are fairly typical. One watchman and special policeman in the Post Office Department has been in the government service twenty-three years and now receives sixty dollars a month plus the war bonus of twenty dollars a month. He is fifty-three years old.

Another, a woman, is employed as an examiner in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. She is a widow with three children. She is paid $2.69 a day. Her oldest child is a boy thirteen years old. He works on Saturdays and Sundays. The two other children are girls, aged ten and twelve years. She has been working for the Government for five years.

Another woman has been employed at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing for three years. She is paid $3.37 a day. After

(Continued on Page 118)

U S G

SHEETROCK

FROM MINE AND MILL

THE DIGNITY and beauty which you would associate with the rooms of your home, the permanence and fire-resistiveness valued by every builder, are achieved easily and economically with Sheetrock.

All enduring structures have been built of rock—and Sheetrock is a wall and ceiling material of pure gypsum rock.

Because its every unit is a broad, firm, ceiling-high sheet of rock, Sheetrock cannot warp or bulge. It cannot shrink or pull away from the nails. It does not buckle or crack, but remains flat, smooth and inviting as long as your building stands.

Rigid and retentive of shape, walls and ceilings of Sheetrock take any decorative treatment perfectly. You can paper Sheetrock. You can tint it, or paint it—for Sheetrock is alum-sized—or you can panel it. Where you want an uninterrupted surface, free from paneling, you can have it, with Sheetrock. You can use Sheetrock just as it comes from the factory, in its attractive finish of soft, mist gray.

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY

Mines and Mills in Twelve States

U.S.G.

SHEETROCK

TO THE WALLS OF YOUR HOME.

Besides its durable and decorative qualities, Sheetrock excels in many other properties. It is clean, dry and sound-proof. It insulates against heat and cold. It is highly resistive to fire. Because of its rock nature, Sheetrock cannot burn.

Factory-cast and factory-finished as to workmanship, Sheetrock is constant in quality, uniformly gauged in thickness, uniformly even in surface.

Anyone can apply Sheetrock quickly. The U.S.G. processed gypsum is sheathed in a heavy protective coating, so that while solid and stable, Sheetrock is sufficiently flexible to be easily and inexpensively applied. Sheetrock can be cut, sawed and nailed. The U. S. G. Patented Reinforcement at the joining edges lends extra nailing strength and insures a perfect union.

You can obtain Sheetrock from your lumber dealer or your dealer in builders' supplies. They will tell you why they regard Sheetrock as the finest and most economical material to be had in unit form.

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY General Offices CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 115)

she gets through her work for the Government she goes to a candy shop on F Street in Washington and works from six o'clock until ten-thirty o'clock at night. She supports two children and an aged mother-in-law by working eight hours for the Government and 4½ hours in the evening at the candy shop. She does this every day except Sunday. On Sunday she cleans up her house and mends the children's clothing. She does all her own household work except washing and ironing.

These are typical as illustrations of the case in which the poorer-paid employees find themselves. They could be cited by hundreds. The case of the more highly paid employees in positions that require technical and professional education and training is of more concern and larger importance. Fortunately at this juncture it is possible to set down with accuracy and completeness the attitude of dissatisfaction of the technical, scientific and professional men with their employer and some of the causes for it. In what is written here I am merely setting down in summary form representations made by the technical, scientific and professional services of the Government. This technical group comprises possibly a little less than ten per cent of the entire civil personnel of the Government. These technical men are employed in virtually all of the fifty separate establishments which comprise the executive branch of the Federal Government.

It requires no extended critical examination of existing conditions in the government service to disclose the fact that adequate standards of personnel and of performance are not being maintained; that the situation is becoming worse instead of better; that a force which was depleted by the demands of war has become still further depleted since the war ended and the depletion is proceeding at a constantly increasing rate. Since July 1, 1918, the Forest Service has lost over 700 employees, or twenty-eight per cent of its total force, including 460 of its technical personnel. The Coast and Geodetic Survey in the same period lost thirty-three per cent of its technical force. The Bureau of Standards lost 16.3 per cent of its permanent staff in the District of Columbia in 1915–16; twenty-seven per cent in 1916–17; 48.6 per cent in 1917–18; and 50.1 per cent in 1918–19, a total of 840 resignations in four years out of an average force of 535. The separations from the combined technical staffs in Washington and Pittsburgh aggregated 1400 in four years out of an average personnel of 478, making an average annual turnover of 85 per cent, with a maximum in the fiscal year 1918–19 of 145 per cent.

College Men Keep Away

All these technical services require men of specialized training and years of experience in the work to be performed before they reach their full efficiency. It is evident that the technical work of the Government cannot be efficiently or economically performed under present circumstances. It could not be done even if the replacement were by individuals of equal ability, but it is not possible to maintain previous standards in such replacement. There is and must be under present conditions a constant reduction of standards in order to fill vacancies. The demand from the outside is for the highest-grade men, for the trained professional workers and for the best of the administrative officers. Many of the most efficient and most valuable workers are leaving; the less efficient and less valuable remain. The result is a constant deterioration in personnel, which if continued will eventually result in reducing the government service to a mere training school for private business.

The government service must look largely to the graduates from colleges and universities in recruiting for its technical work. Replies to an inquiry addressed to some forty of the leading colleges and universities of the country to discover what class of men took civil-service examinations, whether the number is decreasing and, if so, the reasons, discloses vividly what the training schools of technical and scientific men think about the Government as an employer. They warn their graduates against government service and the graduates heed the warning. Purdue University reports that twenty-three graduates of its civil-engineering school entered the government service during the seven years 1903–10, and but one since. One only has entered from its civil-engineering school and one from its chemical-engineering school in the last eight years.

Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh reports: "It is certainly true that the best of our graduates are not interested in government employment because they feel that, first of all, it does not pay adequate salaries nor does it offer opportunity for advancement that private enterprise does. This spring I interviewed all the members of the graduating class, except the women, and none of them would consider government employment, although there were many positions open. . . . There are now about 1500 male graduates of the institute and I will venture to state that not more than ten are employed by the Government."

The University of Iowa reports: "I do not hesitate to state that my knowledge is to the effect that there has been a marked change in the attitude of young men toward government service within recent years. Very few of them now ask questions with respect to the work carried forward by the government bureaus. A few years ago the number of inquiries was far greater than now.

"There is no doubt in my mind our choice young men are seeking employment in their special fields with organizations which have no relation to the government service. I feel sure that if the Government hopes to offer an inviting field for lifework much better salaries would have to be paid than are now being paid."

Underpaid Scientists

Stevens Institute of Technology and the University of California state that they advise their graduates to keep away from government service. The reasons given are inadequate compensation, lack of recognition for individual work, restricted freedom of action and no opportunity for the future. Yale University reports that it "can emphatically state that the best students of Yale are not attracted by government work."

Replies of similar tenor and import were received from the University of Chicago, Leland Stanford University, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Princeton University, Indiana University and the University of Wisconsin. They all report that only the least capable men are attracted by the government service and the attitude of the better graduates is, "If I take a civil-service job people would think that I was not good enough for anything better."

Inequality of compensation, it will be noted, is one of the reasons that deter scientific men from going into government service.

Congress fixes the salaries of most of the government employees. I can give a concrete illustration of how it determines the salaries of scientific men.

Dr. Leland O. Howard and Dr. Edward W. Nelson are two scientists in the employ of the Government who have national reputations. Doctor Howard is an entomologist and chief of the Bureau of Entomology in the Department of Agriculture. He is a graduate and trustee of Cornell University and his degrees are B. S., M. S., Ph D., honorary M. D. and LL. D. He is a member and officer of various scientific and learned societies. He prepared the definitions in entomology for the Standard and Century dictionaries; in brief, a man of recognized scientific attainments and distinction. Doctor Nelson is a naturalist and chief of the Bureau of Biological Survey in the Department of Agriculture. He also is a man of distinction in his chosen field. Neither of these scientists dwells in a fog or is an obscure unknown. In their chosen professions in the scientific world they are as distinct figures as Mr. Bryan is in politics. Doctor Howard has been in the government service since 1878, a matter of forty-two years. Doctor Nelson has been with the Department of Agriculture twenty-nine years. During this long period Congress has been appropriating salaries for these two men. One might think they would become known to their employer in that length of time. Very well. Listen to this:

The appropriation bill for the Department of Agriculture was under consideration in the House on January thirtieth last year. The Secretary of Agriculture had been recommending for five or six years that Doctor Howard's salary be increased from $4500 to $5000. He proposed it again in last year's bill. When the item was reached in the discussion on the floor this colloquy ensued:

MR. STAFFORD: Mister Chairman, I reserve a point of order on the paragraph. Is the entomologist whose salary you propose to increase the same person recommended for an increase last year?

MR. LEVER: Yes; he has been in the government service many, many years.

THE CHAIRMAN: I make the point of order.

MR. LEVER: I concede it.

MR. MCLAUGHLIN of Michigan: Will the gentleman reserve his point of order?

MR. STAFFORD: I will reserve it.

MR. MCLAUGHLIN of Michigan: The committee made the recommendation to increase the salary $500, took testimony on it and considered it very carefully. In our judgment the increase in salary ought to be made for an official who has been in the department, as the chairman says, for a long time at the head of this bureau. He has performed able and faithful services. The salary is less than that paid to the heads of other bureaus. We felt, after listening to all that was said, and with a knowledge of the work he has been doing and has done, the salary proposed is not too large. We realize that it is subject to a point of order, but it was not put in carelessly and was not arrived at without due deliberation, and it was the unanimous vote of the committee that the salary should be increased.

MR. STAFFORD: How long has he been there?

MR. LEVER: He has been there forty-two years.

MR. STAFFORD: What is his age?

MR. LEVER: Over sixty, perhaps nearer seventy, but he is still vigorous and able to do good work. He is one of the greatest entomologists in the world.

MR. STAFFORD: Mister Chairman, I make the point of order.

THE CHAIRMAN: The point of order is sustained.

Five minutes later the matter of Doctor Nelson's salary was reached. The Secretary of Agriculture recommended an increase of his pay from $3500 to $4000. This happened:

MR. STAFFORD: Mister Chairman, I reserve the point of order on the paragraph. Will the chairman of the committee inform the House as to how long this biologist has been in the service of the Government, and how long he has been receiving the present salary of $3500, on which you recommend an increase of $500?

Payroll Injustices

MR. LEVER: Mister Chairman, this gentleman, whose name is Nelson, has been in the service of the department since November, 1890, a period of twenty-eight years. He has served as chief field naturalist from 1907 to 1912, and was assistant in charge of the biological investigation from 1913 to 1914. On August 6, 1914, he was appointed assistant chief of the bureau, and on December 1, 1916, was made chief of the bureau. He took the place of Doctor Henshaw.

MR. STAFFORD: And the salary has been $3500 since 1916?

MR. LEVER: Yes.

MR. STAFFORD: What is his age?

MR. LEVER: I should think that Doctor Nelson is round fifty years of age.

MR. STAFFORD: He is not superannuated?

MR. LEVER: Oh, no; he is a very vigorous man.

MR. STAFFORD: Mister Chairman, I withdraw the point of order.

Doctor Howard was refused his increase of pay because he was too old, "over sixty, perhaps nearer seventy." Doctor Nelson was allowed his increase because he was not superannuated but in his prime, "round fifty years of age."

Now, as a matter of fact, Doctor Howard is more than two years younger than Doctor Nelson. Is it any wonder that scientific men of any attainments are reluctant to enter a service where the measure of the value of their services is set down in any such haphazard and casual way? These two men of scientific training and distinction were receiving $4500 and $3500 yearly salary after serving the Government for forty-one and twenty-eight years, while a young woman who entered the government service after the war began as secretary to a bureau chief was promoted to a job that paid her the equivalent of $6000 a year.

I know another typist and stenographer who entered the classified civil service as a laborer at fifty dollars a month. She served in this grade and at this pay for six years, working in the same room with other men and women classified as stenographers who were getting $1200, $1500 and $1800 a year.

Telephone operators in the government service doing virtually the same work under virtually the same conditions are being paid from $720 to $1400 a year. The salary of the chief telephone operator at the State Department is $720 a year. The municipal government of the District of Columbia pays $900 a year. The War and Navy Departments pay $1350 a year to their chief operator. The Treasury Department and the Shipping Board pay $1400 a year. Junior telephone operators, the lowest class of telephone workers in the government service, receive from $700 to $1200 a year in Washington, some of them being paid nearly twice as much as the chief telephone operator at the State Department gets.

Salaries in the Thirties

It is salary, of course, or wages or compensation in some form or another that induces people to work at all. It makes them discontented and dissatisfied when 230 telephone operators or 230 clerks or 230 employees of any sort are paid wages that bear no relation to their work or no relation to what other people doing the same work are being paid. The miscellaneous clerks in the government service have recently estimated that their average wage is $1138 a year and that they are now receiving on an average only about seventy-two per cent a year more than clerks doing the same work were paid in 1833. They have worked out a table showing the increases in government salaries from 1833 down to the present time. This estimate shows the average increase in the pay of the Federal judiciary since 1823 to have been, in the case of the Supreme Court, over 300 per cent, and for judges of the United States district courts, over 350 per cent. Members of Congress received on an average from 1817 to 1833, $1071.50 a year; from 1829 to 1831, $1048 a year. To-day they get $7500 a year. This is an increase of pay since 1833 of over 600 per cent. Cabinet members at $12,000 a year have had an increase of 100 per cent since 1823. The average salary of the clerical forces of the Government is estimated over the period of years in these terms:

1823—Of all departments as listed in national calendar	$1137.38
1833—Of all departments as listed in national calendar. (Decrease due to number of employees taken on by the Post Office Department)	1114.55
1823—Of Pension Bureau (then a division of the War Department)	1146.67
1833—Of Pension Bureau (then a division of the War Department)	1186.00
1839—Of Land Office (then a division of the Treasury)	1194.67
1916—Of all employees within the retirement group, all departments	1138.00

In the early days members of the two branches of Congress were paid on a per diem basis when they attended the sessions, with an allowance for mileage. From 1789 to March 4, 1795, senators and representatives were paid six dollars a day and six dollars for every twenty miles of travel each way from the capital to their homes. From March 4, 1795, to March 4, 1796, senators received seven dollars a day and seven dollars for every twenty miles of travel. Members of the House continued to get six dollars a day and six dollars for every twenty miles of travel. From December, 1815, to March 4, 1817, members of both Houses were paid $1500 a year with proportional deduction for absence for any cause except sickness. Then the Congressmen, who fixed their own pay, decided to go back to the per diem basis, and from March, 1817, to August, 1856, they paid themselves eight dollars a day and eight dollars for every twenty miles of travel. All payments worked out this way in the Twenty-first Congress:

First session, December 7, 1829, to May 31, 1830, 175 days at $8 a day	$1400
Second session, December 6, 1830, to March 3, 1831, 87 days at $8 a day	696
Total for two years	$2096
Per annum	1048

(Concluded on Page 122)

Demonstrating how the spiral cut puts tension into the Inland Piston Ring and enables it to form a snug, tight fit against the cylinder walls.

Inland Rings save gas and oil

Owners of Inland-equipped motors have tangible evidence of what tight-fitting piston rings mean to them in the economical performance of their engines.

They know from experience that when their engines are Inland-equipped their fuel and oil bills are considerably less.

This is because the Inland is proof against leakage.

Its spiral cut gives it the tension of a powerful spring. It fits snugly against the cylinder walls.

Its expansion permits perfect lubrication and at the same time insures against the escape of compression.

Nor can there be oil leakage at any point in the ring. For the Inland is made in one piece, with no loophole or gap.

From the standpoint of economy in both oil and fuel, the Inland meets the test of the thrifty motorist.

And that is why Inland Piston Rings are being used on an ever increasing number of motor cars.

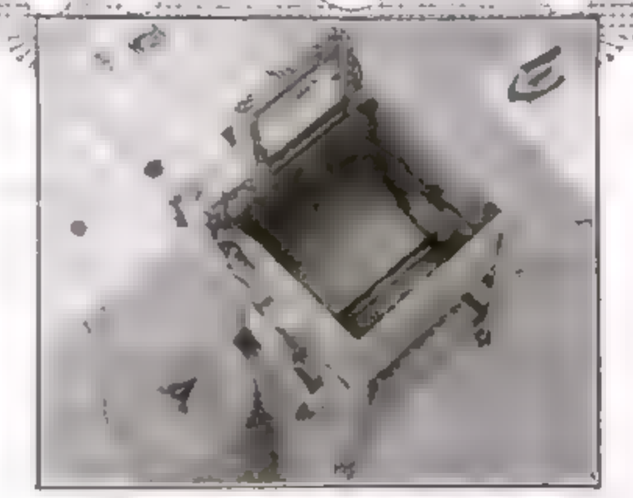
Inland Machine Works
1635 Locust St. St. Louis, Mo.

INLAND
ONE-PIECE PISTON RING

The ideal way of washing delicate things is the way the Eden washes everything

The

The Eden flushes the dirt out of clothes —not through them



The depression at the bottom of the tub is the Eden Sediment Zone—quiet water which traps all dirt and makes Eden-washed things cleaner.

The *Sediment Zone* is one of the exclusive Eden features that make Eden-washed clothes so thoroughly clean and fresh.

When dust or grime is released from clothes by the gentle Eden dipping, it falls through the holes of the sanitary washing cylinder into a zone of quiet water where it cannot be stirred up and mix again with things that are being washed. This exclusive Eden feature provides for greater sanitation in clothes washing. With the Eden Sediment Zone, dirty water cannot be flushed back and forth through your things—as a result, they look cleaner, feel cleaner, *are* cleaner.

Many other special features of the Eden, added and perfected during its eight years of successful service in the home, delight the thousands and thousands of Eden users.

A demonstration will gladly be given without cost or obligation. The easy-payment plan makes every housewife a possible Eden owner. Its payments are practically all met out of its large cash savings.

Send for our book, "An Eden in the Home," illustrated in colors. *Free on request.*

The Eden driving mechanism is fully and safely enclosed and is packed in solid grease which does away with all mussy oiling.

BROKAW-EDEN COMPANY

New York

Saint Louis *Denver* *San Francisco*

FACTORIES AT LOWELL MASS AND ALTON ILL

Armco rust-resisting iron is used in the Eden.

The Eden Automatic Clutch releases the motor if the washer or wringer is overloaded and prevents burnt out motors and blown-out fuses.

Eden

The Piggly Wiggly Stores "All Over the World" Use Highway Trailers

Treble Your Truck Capacity

Highway Trailers Were Adopted Without Modification by the U. S. Army and Navy, Which Operate More Than $1,000,000 Worth

Highway Trailers make profits from the power your truck now wastes.

They treble the value of truck and driver. Can you afford to leave two-thirds of your truck's usefulness idle?

That is what you do when you operate a truck alone.

One cent per ton mile is the average cost of transportation by Highway Trailer. Including depreciation, extra fuel, lubrication, tires, insurance and interest on investment, they cost less than 10% as much to operate as trucks of the same tonnage rating.

Yet they double and treble your hauling capacity.

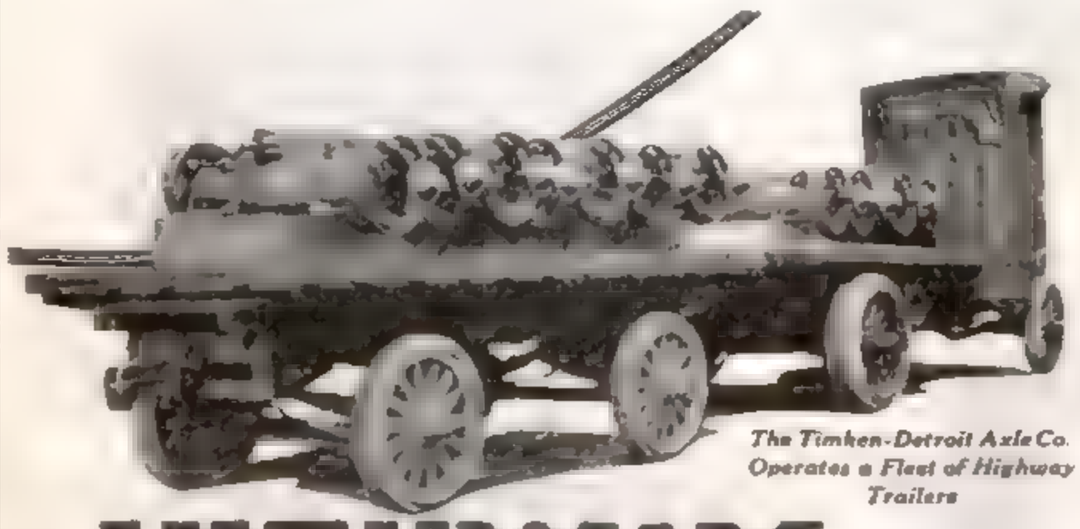
The U.S. Army and Navy, operating more than $1,000,000 worth of Highway Trailers, proved they cut haulage costs, in excess of ton rating by 80% to 90%.

Of course, firms like the Cadillac Motor Car Company and the Timken-Detroit Axle Company use Highway Trailers. They know transportation as to speed, economy and convenience. They also know construction values. Their use of Highway Trailers has the force of strongest expert endorsement.

Highway Trailers are just as important to the one truck operator. They are absolutely guaranteed not to side-whip or sway.

They are made in all types and sizes—four wheel reversible—pole trailers and semi-trailers—from 1 to 10 tons.

Note price advantage of Highway Trailers
1½ ton, $725; 3½ ton, $935; 4 ton, $1225, 6 ton, $1545



The Timken-Detroit Axle Co. Operates a Fleet of Highway Trailers

HIGHWAY TRAILER
EDGERTON WISCONSIN

(Concluded from page 118)

Some notable members of this Congress were Thomas H. Benton, John M. Clayton, Edward Everett, Theodore Frelinghuysen, Robert Y. Hayne, James K. Polk, John Tyler, Daniel Webster, James Buchanan, Edward Livingston and John Bell.

Here is a description of the jobs of two clerks employed in the Treasury Department in 1833:

"Francis A. Dickins—examines and registers the Revolutionary claims under the act of 15th of May, 1828; prepares and registers the certificates and warrants for the payment of those allotted; and generally attends to all matters connected with that business. Salary, $1400."

"William T. Read—examines applications for the relief of insolvent debtors of the United States under the act of the 2nd March, 1831; or of July, 1832; and prepares the cases, when reported by the Commissioners of Insolvency, for the Secretary's decision, and generally attends to all matters arising under these acts. Salary, $1400."

These entries apparently clearly show that these employees were in the examiner group. Now to-day of the 214 examiners in the Pension Bureau eighty-nine receive an annual salary of $1400; forty-eight receive from $1600 to $1800; one receives $2000; and seventy-six are actually paid less than some of their predecessors in 1833. The minimum wage of the examiner group in the Pension Bureau is still $900, which is what it was in 1833, and of the 214 employees now in the group only nineteen receive a greater wage than the maximum paid their predecessors in 1833.

In Washington in 1833 $1400 meant more than it does in 1920. Here are bits from the Letters of Horatio Greenough telling about life in Washington in those early days:

"WASHINGTON, Feb. 21, 1828.

"*My dear Henry:* I am quite settled here, and like the place so well that I could find it in my heart to stay here several months. Through the politeness of Mr. King I have a noble studio in his house. My lodgings cost three dollars per week, and my board two and a half, so that I spend less money than I anticipated."

"BALTIMORE, March 26, 1828.

"*My dear Brother:* My expenses here are light. My room is $1.75 a week; dinner, 37½ cents; breakfast and tea, fifteen."

The Bureau of Labor statistics and the local union of government clerks have tried to make up an estimate of a minimum living budget for government employees in Washington. The clerks' union has figured that a single man cannot live on less than $1320.71, while the Labor Bureau places it at $1057.55. It was reckoned that a family of five with a living budget of $2262.47 could save $247 in the course of a year, and that a single woman with no dependents could save $103.72 if she was earning $1140.92.

I think I will tuck in just here a letter I saw the other day, written by an unmarried woman government clerk. It discloses one of many such cases, and reads:

"I saw an item in the magazine speaking of a man who had been in service fifty-two years and never received over $1000. I thought I would tell you about my case. I entered the Pension Office in 1878 and worked seven years for thirty dollars a month, and as many more for fifty dollars; gradually advanced to $1000 a year. I stayed at this salary for sixteen years. When the agencies were consolidated at Washington, 1913, I was promoted to $1200 in 1914.

"I took care of an aged father and mother seventeen years on a small salary. They died in 1908. I am not wealthy, either, and have been in office forty-one years. Still in the harness; sixty-two years old. I am a member of the union."

While I was making the inquiry upon which these articles are based Representative Sims, of Tennessee, published in the Congressional Record a list of salaries amounting to $20,000 or more which were paid by the railroad companies in 1917, the last year of private operation. There were about 20,000 general and divisional railway officers at that time, and just about 200 of them were receiving $20,000 or more. Nobody in the permanent government service—I except the present temporary agencies—no matter what his capacities, no matter what his responsibilities, no matter what his duties, is paid so much as $20,000 a year, with the single exception of the President of the United States. The Justices of the Supreme Court receive only $14,500 a year. It turns out that a majority of the men receiving large salaries on railways have risen from the ranks of the employees. The number of individual officers receiving annual salaries of $50,000 or more who appeared on the list presented to Congress by Representative Sims numbered twenty-nine. Here is a list which gives the positions and the ages at which eighteen of these twenty-nine men entered the railway service:

R. H. AISHTON, axman, eighteen years old.
W. G BESLER, trainmaster's clerk, sixteen years old.
H. E. BYRAM, call boy, sixteen years old.
A. J. EARLING, telegraph operator, seventeen years old.
J. M. HANNAFORD, clerk in general freight office, sixteen years old.
WALKER D. HINES, attorney, twenty-three years old.
MARVIN HUGHITT, telegraph operator, nineteen years old.
L. E. JOHNSON, fireman, twenty years old.
E. P. KEARNEY, telegraph operator, seventeen years old.
J. KRUTTSCHNITT, engineering department, twenty-four years old.
L. F. LOREE, assistant in engineering corps, nineteen years old.
R. S. LOVETT, local attorney, twenty-four years old.
W. T. NOONAN, employee in accounting department, fourteen years old.
EDMUND PENNINGTON, warehouseman and brakeman, twenty-one years old.
SAMUEL REA, engineering corps, fifteen years old.
E. P. RIPLEY, contracting freight agent, twenty-three years old.
T. M. SCHUMACHER, telegraph operator, seventeen years old.
W. H. TRUESDALE, clerk, eighteen years old.

A. H. SMITH, WILLIAM SPROULE and F. D. UNDERWOOD have rendered it impracticable to ascertain offhand how old they were when they entered railway service, but Mr. Smith entered it as a messenger boy, Mr. Sproule as a clerk, and Mr. Underwood as a clerk, who soon graduated into a brakeman

It is pointed out pertinently enough that the railways had to pay $20,000 to $100,000 a year to their higher executives for two reasons: First, bidding among the railway companies themselves for the best brains in the business has placed a premium upon those brains and this premium is represented by the salaries paid to the principal officers; second, the railways have had to bid for brains against other industries. It has been no uncommon thing for men of ability to leave the railroad business in order to secure in other lines of business incomes larger than they could get in the railroad business. If the railroad companies did not pay high salaries to men of first-class ability most of the men of first-class ability in the industry would be attracted away to positions in other fields.

The handicap under which the great bulk of government employees work is that they are not in a competitive field. No matter how efficient they become in government work, there is no other government to compete for their services. They get caught up in government routine, which is unlike any other routine on earth, and after a few years of it they not only feel unfit to seek outside employment but they are actually afraid to leave their safe, sure jobs and go out and put themselves on a sharply competitive basis with men trained in modern business methods.

This partial and preliminary disclosure of some of the aspects and conditions of government employment is made, as the lawyers say, without prejudice. No one man is responsible for it. The Government has never had an employment manager and Congress has never given any bureau or administrative agency power and responsibility to fix wages and terms of employment for all the many types of workers in Federal jobs. I have set down in this first article certain ascertained facts that would illumine the general condition. Any survey, however incomplete, must betray at once how haphazard and disorderly and unfair to employee and public alike are the present conditions of employment. In a second article I purpose portraying the situation of other men and women in public office, and showing what they are endeavoring to do for themselves through their unions. It is a story that has not been fully told before.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Lowry. The second will appear in an early number

A User's Tire

Since last March, Oldfield Tires have been under test by American tire users.

They have successfully passed that test.

On thousands of cars they are proving themselves extraordinary tires—yielding to their users extraordinary mileage.

Emphatically these are users' tires, and with good reason, for they are tires designed by a user, tested by a user, and proven worthy by their service to Barney Oldfield, most merciless tire user in the world.

Users first! That is the idea back of this Oldfield success. And it is a success, too, far wider than mere mileage—a business success that has enabled us to pass, in one short year, more than 85% of all rival tire manufacturers.

This basic Oldfield idea, you may be sure, will be neither changed nor modified.

Users first! The tire that proves up to such an ideal is the tire that should be serving you.

THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO.
BARNEY OLDFIELD
PRESIDENT
CLEVELAND

Export Department: 42 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

OLDFIELD TIRES

"The Most Trustworthy Tires Built"

A PRINCE THERE WASN'T

(Continued from Page 17)

"Your English is excellent," he remarked. "You have perhaps studied in one of our universities?"

"No, sahib, not here—in Oxford. I have been in this country but a few months. Life has been a difficult problem here in this great democracy, but I am a fatalist, sahib, and I do not make myself uneasiness as to the future. It is useless, for it is written already on the scrolls of time."

The next instant he swept forward onto the stage with the others in response to a signal from the stage manager, who was peering through a small hole in the scenery.

"My word!" said the astonished Mr. Denby. "Fancy a chap like that being content to figure as one of the mob! He has the grand manner of an Indian prince."

Jimmy looked up at him quickly.

"It's moved and seconded that we make him one," he said.

"What's that?"

"All in favor of the motion signify their assent by saying aye. Aye! Contrary—no. The ayes have it and the motion is carried. What'll we call him?"

"I must confess that I don't grasp the significance of what you say," said the puzzled Mr. Denby.

"You will," returned Jimmy as he led the way out to the front of the house again. "I'm going to give you a little playmate on this trip if I can get Bartlett to go along. Local-color stuff. You've slipped me another grand little idea, old man. It's a bear."

III

PRINCE RAJPUT SINGH, the mythical only son of the ruler of Hyderabad, descended on Chicago two weeks later, accompanied by J. Herbert Denby, the distinguished authority on Far Eastern affairs. Their arrival at a leading hotel just before the dinner hour was a spectacular divertisement, to say the least, and one well calculated to make the unsuspecting general public sit up and take notice.

His Royal Highness wore a great gray cloak when he passed through the main entrance of the hotel, flanked on his right by the impeccable Mr. Denby and preceded by two massive and upstanding Hindus, whose bearded faces were frozen into a semblance of stoical indifference that was as grim and forbidding as a box-office man's impenetrable and imperturbable mask. On his head he wore a white silk turban trimmed with golden braid and his feet were incased in richly embroidered red slippers with turned-up toes.

He paused for a moment, surveying with a condescending air the crowd of gaping men which filled the lobby, and then clapped his hands sharply twice. The Hindu attendants moved into position back of him. Another pause, and then with a gesture of surpassing elegance he dropped the cloak from his shoulders into their waiting arms. No Roman emperor had ever done it better, Mr. Denby thought to himself. The prince stood revealed in a gorgeous silken robe which was such a shimmering mass of color that it almost made one blink to look at it. Purples, flaming shades of orange and green which seemed to suggest the rank, lush foliage of some tropical jungle were the predominating shades. The robe was admirably designed to set off to the best advantage the dark and finely chiseled features of His Royal Highness, who greeted the manager of the hotel with an air of haughty reserve that was positively imperial in its implications.

His progress through the lobby to the elevator was made amid a silence that Mr. Denby afterward paradoxically referred to as audible and when the clanging doors closed behind him and he was shot up to his quarters on the third floor the feelings of all the awed onlookers found expression in a concerted gasp.

Jimmy Martin, watching the proceedings from behind the cover of a newspaper he pretended to be reading while he sprawled over a great leather chair, chuckled quietly to himself and agreed that he was a grand little stage manager. Then he slipped out onto wind-swept Michigan Avenue and walked briskly away to his own hotel. He longed to remain and watch his drama unfold, but discretion warned him that it would be well for him to keep in seclusion for the present, inasmuch as representatives of the fourth estate would undoubtedly descend on the hotel shortly in a body.

Prince Rajput Singh graciously received the gentlemen of the press an hour later and discoursed at length upon the past, present and future of India. Hearing that his distinguished friend, Denby Sahib, whom he had entertained some years ago at his father's palace while the former was traveling in the Far East, was planning a lecture tour he had decided, he said, to visit America himself and lend his aid to the project.

"It has been long dream of my existence," he announced grandly, picking his words carefully, "to assist in bringing to new world of the West the culture and wisdom of the East. You have made wonderful discoveries in the world of material things. We have long ago found the secret of the soul. It is well we should make ourselves friends."

The prince posed for flash-light photographs, sitting in a great armchair, with his Hindu attendants, arms folded, standing erect and immovable behind him. All in all a pleasant time was had by everyone concerned and the results in the newspapers on the following morning were all that the most optimistic and sanguine publicity promoter could have desired. Two and three column pictures of His Royal Highness were given prominent positions and each interview was tagged with a paragraph announcing the first of Mr. Denby's lectures, which was to be given a day later in the grand ballroom of the hotel. The prince, it was announced, would supplement the lecturer's remarks with a little talk of his own.

"You Must Vibrate on Our Plane, You Know. I'm Certain You Must, Because You are His Friend, and One's Friends Always Vibrate on One's Plane"

Jimmy Martin, calling on him for the purpose of giving him a few more instructions concerning his general deportment and demeanor on the morrow, was somewhat dazzled by the splendor of his surroundings and by the extent of the apartment assigned to him. There were five rooms in all, overlooking the lake, and there was a canopied bed on a raised platform in one of them, as well as other evidences of extreme luxury to which he was not accustomed. He hunted up his friend, the assistant manager of the hotel.

"Say, Watson," he said cautiously, "I've been up to see this prince you've got stopping here. That's some set of rooms. I wonder what they're going to set him back?"

"That's the royal suite," replied Watson. "We don't get much of a chance to get any real royalty very often and I'm making the old boy a special rate. Mr. Denby arranged for it. We're only going to charge him two hundred dollars a day."

"You can't do a thing like that!" stammered Jimmy, almost swallowing his cigarette and clutching his friend Watson by the arm.

The look of hopeless distress on the press agent's face caused the hotel man to laugh uproariously for a moment, but he checked himself suddenly.

"What's the idea?" he inquired. "Why can't we? You act as if we were going to charge the bill to you."

"Maybe you are, old man," was Jimmy's response as he led Watson over to the latter's little office. "I want to slip you a little side line of conversation that you've got to promise to keep Masonic."

So it came to pass that in the quiet sanctity of the little office Jimmy outlined certain unpublished details concerning the activities and real mission of Prince Rajput Singh, though he said nothing about that dusky gentleman's previous condition of servitude. He represented him as being a genuine Indian nobleman—temporarily down on his luck—who had consented to assist in a carefully contrived and ingenious scheme of indirect advertising.

"Have a heart, old man," he pleaded when he had finished. "If you scale that two hundred down to about—well, say twenty-five—and Bartlett'll have heart failure even at that figure—I'll arrange to have his royal niblets have dinner every night in your biggest dining room. You know yourself you don't do much trade in there. We'll have those two Hindu birds cook a lot of these curry dishes right there in full view of the diners and wait on him. You'll be able to hang the little old S. R. O. sign out in a couple of days—take it from me."

The assistant manager succumbed to Jimmy's siren song and consented to slash the rate for the royal suite in return for the special performance by the prince and his entourage which the press agent promised to stage nightly.

Mr. J. Herbert Denby and Prince Rajput Singh made their joint début on the lecture platform on the following afternoon before a select and soulful audience largely composed of middle-aged females, who hung rapturously on every word.

Mr. Denby was in fine form. His discourse on the Rig-Veda was as vague and misty as a treatise on the Hegelian philosophy and about as full of real mental nourishment for that particular audience as a scientific monograph on the bony structure of the dactylopterus volitans would have been. He soared into the outer void and returned with bay leaves on his brow and with his tongue dripping esoteric phrases. The more hopelessly involved he became in the mystic maze of his metaphysical theme the more ardent seemed to be the rapt devotion with which his listeners received his remarks. When he finished in one grand exultant outburst of poetic fervor a hushed silence fell upon the gathering and when a ripple of applause broke in upon it there were those whose brows darkened as if something holy had been profaned.

It remained, however, for the pseudo Prince Rajput Singh to achieve the real sensation of the afternoon. Arrayed in a purple robe and turban of exquisite silk and carrying himself with a careless air of superb distinction that was fascinating to watch, he delivered a brief talk in which he pleaded for a better understanding between the East and the West and urged a study of Indian ways and customs as the best method of bringing such an *entente cordiale* about; such a study as was rendered possible, for instance, by witnessing a performance of a play he had recently seen in New York. Was it called The Ganges Princess? He was not sure.

His dark face gleamed with animation as he spoke and his gray eyes sparkled. When he smiled his white teeth flashed brilliantly in the rays of the afternoon sun, which poured through the mullioned windows; and when he laughed, tossing his head back like some medieval troubadour in rollicking mood, all the impressionable women there present, young and old, went voyaging for a moment or two into the land of romance, and forgotten memory pictures of scenes from the Arabian Nights came back into their several and respective—not to mention respectable—minds.

Taking it by and large, Ranjit Lal, former supernumerary, devious adventurer in a foreign clime and now, by the grace of one James T. Martin, Prince Rajput Singh, was—in the parlance of the boulevards—a knock-out. When the formal festivities were over he was surrounded by a chattering swarm of females of assorted ages and subjected to that particular form of obsequious flattery which is usually reserved by the weaker sex for long-haired pianists and Italian tenors.

Mr. J. Herbert Denby, feeling himself somewhat out of the picture, viewed the proceedings from a short distance away and particularly noticed one worshiper, who had edged herself into a position directly in front of his confrere and who seemed to be trying to monopolize entirely the swarthy-skinned lion of the occasion.

She was at least fifty. There was no doubting that, though she was dressed with all the gay abandon of a débutante in a silken frock which did not quite touch the tops of her extremely high boots. She was also inclined to stoutness, though a straight-front corset kept her somewhat ample proportions cabined and confined, permitting her to present to the world at large at least a semblance of curvilinear grace. There was, Mr. Denby thought, something decidedly suspicious looking about her flaxen tresses, whose symmetrically marceled regularity was relieved by two little curls which hung coyly in front of each ear. She was, it was plain to see, convinced that she was the living embodiment of Peter Pan, the young person who never grew old.

Mr. Denby could hear her high-pitched voice and the gurgling laugh with which she punctuated almost every remark.

"I won't take 'no' for an answer, you dear man," she was saying. "Four-thirty to-morrow afternoon in our Indian room—I'll have just a few notables there and I have just one favor to ask of you. Please bring those perfectly dear gentlemen with whiskers along to help serve! They'll help my background. Don't you just love the proper background? It's so stimulating. Oh, yes, background is the most important thing in life, if you grasp what I mean."

A grunt escaped a tired-looking man next Mr. Denby. It was so expressive that the eminent authority on the Far East turned a questioning look on his neighbor.

"Who is she?" he inquired.

"That's Fannie Easton," replied the tired-looking man. "Old-maid sister of Junius P. You've heard of him of course. Oodles of money, houses in Chicago and New York, ranch in California, villa in Florence, three private yachts and not a damned soul to decorate 'em with except that blond nut sundae. Life's a weird thing, sir. Too much for me."

(Continued on Page 127)

Seem the dangerous climbing, lifting and straining necessary when filling ordinary bins.

This Exclusive Feature Alone Costs Us $52,000 Extra, Annually

SELLERS leadership is not a matter of chance. It has been won only because of the superior service rendered by the Sellers.

Our Automatic Lowering Flour Bin, for example, costs us $52,000 extra each year—that is, $52,000 more than the best of other types of bins would cost us. But see the service it gives.

Instead of having to clamber up on a chair, straining and puffing, with a heavy sack of flour, to fill the bin, you merely pull Sellers Automatic Flour Bin down level with the work table. You fill it with absolute ease. Then a quick movement unlocks it and it slips quietly up into place. This single, long-wanted improvement is welcomed by women everywhere as a godsend. Any physician will approve it.

But this is only one of the exclusive developments which have helped win leadership for the Sellers. Altogether there are 15 important betterments *combined in no other cabinet.*

To supply them costs us over $100,000 extra each year. They have won preference for the Sellers in thousands of homes.

We invite you to inspect this cabinet of super-convenience. Compare it critically. Judge for yourself whether any of these important improvements can be omitted from a cabinet without seriously interfering with its service. Remember, too, that to have these extra conveniences costs you nothing.

The price of the Sellers is not a dollar more than that of any good cabinet having none of them. Your dealer will accept cash or arrange terms to suit your income. Go see him today. Also write for a free copy of our beautiful "$100,000 Feature Book," which fully describes and illustrates the many exclusive improvements of the SELLERS.

G. I. SELLERS & SONS CO., Elwood, Indiana

Canadian Factory:—Sellers Kitchen Cabinet Co. of Canada—Southampton, Ontario, Canada

SELLERS KITCHEN CABINETS

"The Best Servant in Your House"

In the Old Swiss Guilds Was Made the First Jewelled Watch Movement

IN the latter part of the seventeenth century Nicolas Facio learned the "art and mastery" of watchmaking from the masters of the Swiss guilds.

But he learned more than the mechanics of his chosen trade. He acquired the ideals and traditions of the guild masters who had gone before—he was taught to strive, earnestly and unceasingly, towards perfection.

Facio was an apt pupil. As he fitted the minute parts of the watch together, he discovered deficiencies. He set about to improve them. Out of his seeking for improvement came the idea of jewelled bearings for the tiny gears and wheels—and this same principle is employed today in all fine watches.

In the mountainous cantons of Switzerland the art of the watchmaking guilds attained its fullest development. There Facio toiled and gave his invention to the world. There the masters of the guilds dedicated their lives to their work, and passed down the art as a priceless heritage to their sons and grandsons.

Out of the Modern Gruen Guild Came the First Accurate Thin Watch—The Verithin

IT remained for Gruen to bring into the Gruen Watchmakers Guild the descendants of these old guild masters, that the ancient ideals might be preserved.

In the Gruen Guild workshops at Madre-Biel, Switzerland, the ingenious Gruen *Wheel Train*—the idea that made possible the *first* accurate thin watch—was developed. Here this unique device that cuts down the thickness of the movement one-half, without sacrificing size or strength of parts, was perfected. (See illustration to left.)

Here, today, with the aid of the most modern American machinery, master craftsmen fashion the Gruen movements—and here these artisans, with the same skill and devotion as was possessed by the masters of old, do what no machine can do—finish by hand and adjust each movement to the exacting standards of Gruen Precision accuracy.

On Time Hill, Cincinnati, is the American workshop of the Gruen Guild where the hand-wrought cases are made, and the movements inserted and given final adjustment. Here, also, is maintained a *real* service workshop, where standardized duplicate repair parts are always on hand for prompt delivery to any jeweler in America.

Thus, in Gruen Guild Watches, are combined the old ideals that made the Swiss guildsmen the watchmaking masters of the world, and the new American principles of standardization that make for uniformity and sustained quality of output.

You may see the Gruen Verithin at one of the 1,200 jewelers agencies, the best in each locality, to whom the sale is confined. Look for the Gruen Guild Emblem displayed in the store windows of all Gruen agents. Remember, however—not every Swiss watch is a Gruen.

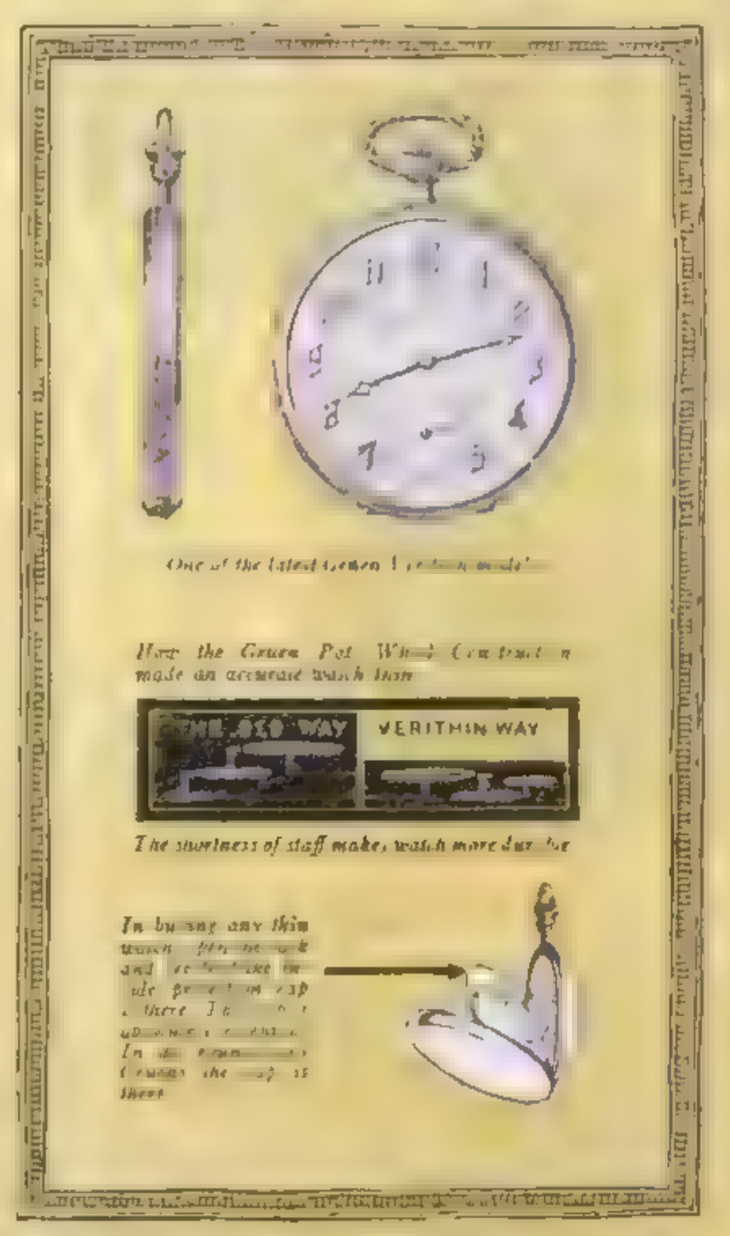
Write for the Gruen Guild Exhibit

A book of Etchings and Photographic Plates showing Gruen Guild Watches for men and women will be sent if you are sincerely interested.

Dutch Cream Models, $115 to $825. Ultrathin Models, $[illegible] to $[illegible]. Very Verithin Models, $60 to $[illegible]. Verithin Models, $60 to $[illegible]. Thin Models, $27 to $60. Men's Strap Models, $27 to $250. Ladies' Wrist Models, $27 to $275 with full cut AAA diamonds, up to $4,000.

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, O.

Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1874. Canadian branch, Toronto, Can.



One of the latest Gruen [illegible]

Here the Gruen Pat. Wheel Construction made an accurate watch from

The slimness of staff makes watch more durable

In buying any thin watch [illegible]

Exact reproduction of Gruen Watchmakers Guild [illegible] Watch. [illegible] movement, Gruen duplicate [illegible] parts are always on hand

GRUEN Guild Watches

(Continued from Page 124)

Mr. Denby, forgetting his own isolation for the moment, watched the continuation of the episode with a new interest. He saw the gurgling Miss Easton catch hold of his associate's arm and he observed that the latter was devoting himself to her with assiduous attention as they walked slowly out into the corridor and disappeared, leaving behind a collection of thoroughly disappointed admirers. As the echoes of a silly laugh came floating on the air from some unseen corner of the hallway something seemed to tell Mr. Denby that all was not well.

IV

JUNIUS P. EASTON, popularly known on "the Street" as "old J. P.," was sulking in his tent like a certain ancient Greek, the said tent being the Florentine library in his lakeside home. He was pacing up and down the great somber room with its tapestried walls and its high-raftered ceiling, chewing ferociously on a thick cigar, mumbling incoherently and thinking things utterly unfit for publication. Every two or three minutes he paused at the door opening into the music room and listened to the confused medley of sounds which came to him from an apartment in a far corner of the house—the light laughter of women, the clink of china tea things and the occasional echo of a man's voice, an aggravatingly bland and urbane voice with a trace of a foreign accent in its rhythms.

Every time J. P. caught the sound of that voice his bushy and grizzled eyebrows came together over a deep perpendicular furrow in his forehead and he swore audibly and with gusto. This performance had been going on ever since a quarter to five that afternoon, when he had arrived home from his office after a particularly trying day, full of perplexing business problems, and had been greeted by the butler with the announcement that Miss Fannie was entertaining some sort of an Indian prince and a group of friends at tea.

J. P. had tiptoed to the door of the Indian room, had cautiously peeped through the heavy curtain and had been greeted with the spectacle of Prince Rajput Singh, flanked by his bewhiskered servitors, lounging luxuriously on a divan completely surrounded by adoring females of uncertain age, among whom his more or less revered sister was the central figure. Fannie was running true to form and was successfully monopolizing the attentions of the foreign visitor.

Filled with disgust, J. P. had tiptoed away from the scene to the quiet serenity of the library and had begun his imitation of a caged beast of the jungle. It was one of the best things he did, and he generally felt himself called upon to perform in this manner two or three times a week, for there was no way of ever figuring what Fannie was going to do next or whom she was going to invite into the house. One afternoon it might be an anarchist preaching the parlor variety of red-revolutionary doctrine, and the next it was just as likely to be the latest exponent of the simple life, tastefully attired in sandals and a robe made from Turkish towels.

As J. P. remarked once to his closest friend: "There's only one thing you can ever be certain about so far as Fannie is concerned—she's always sure to make a damned fool out of herself."

And J. P. spoke by the book. He had lived with her for fifty years and he knew whereof he spoke. He was always prepared for anything, and yet he was never able to maintain that air of philosophic calm with which he would have liked to greet each new ebullition of her tempestuous temperament. He pictured himself sometimes in moments of reflection treating her with cold contempt and silent scorn. When each new issue rose, however, he greeted it with an emotional outburst which was utterly futile in its effect on her, but which gave him some slight measure of satisfaction. A psychologist would have told him that his affection for his sister found expression in that way. We can never be coldly contemptuous of those we love. However, J. P. was no psychologist.

The festivities in the other corner of the house lasted until nearly six o'clock, and when the last guest had been given a gushing farewell by the arch Miss Fannie the hostess bounced into the library to meet her brother. She was attired in a short-skirted pink-silk afternoon gown that looked as if it might have been designed for a sixteen-year-old high-school student, and she flounced onto a sofa with an assumption of girlish ingenuousness that was really pathetic to watch.

"I've just had the darlingest afternoon, brother dear," she said gayly, not heeding the glowering aspect of the head of the house, who stood facing her with his hands in his trousers pockets. "We've had the spirit and the mystery of the great inscrutable East with us and it's been so uplifting and so perfectly wonderful that I'm in a daze. I'm sorry you didn't meet the dear prince, brother dear. He's so charmingly soulful and his eyes—well, they're just deep pools of moonlight, as some poet said. I'm giving a dinner for him on Friday night. You'll have to come to that of course."

Junius P. Easton tossed back his head and erupted.

"I'll be damned if I will!" he shouted. "And I'll be damned if I'm going to let you hobnob with this fellow either! I've stood a lot from you, Fannie, but there's a limit. I didn't put up much of a holler last winter when you had that greasy Eskimo here that evening with that polar explorer, and I've stood for Japanese, Chinese, Hawaiians, South Sea Islanders, snake charmers, Bolshevists, shimmy dancers, poets and short-haired female nuts, but I'm going to draw the line on darkies—and don't you forget it!"

J. P. strode over to a long table, opened a humidor, extracted another cigar and savagely bit the end of it off. His sister was as unruffled as the placid surface of a mountain lake on a hot midsummer day. She laughed a little before replying. It was such an irritatingly serene sort of laugh that J. P. winced at the sound of it.

"You poor, dear, foolish man!" she said with the patronizing condescension of an indulgent aunt rebuking a fractious eight-year-old boy. "He isn't a colored man. You can be perfectly ridiculous at times."

"Well, he's the next thing to it, isn't he?" inquired her brother helplessly.

"Don't be absurd, J. P.," she replied. "He is the descendant of kings and potentates and mighty warriors and he's quite the most fascinating man I've ever met. To know him is a privilege. He calls to your soul and bids you voyage with him to the heights where you can leave behind you the petty affairs of life and commune with the eternal and the unknowable."

"Oh, bunk!" retorted her brother testily. "You give me a pain. The heights, eh? If you take a trip up there you'd better be sure before you start that you've got a return ticket. You're likely to get all tangled up in the cosmos and the eternal and lose your way as well as your mind. And take a tip from me, old lady: Choose some other companion besides that coffee-colored harem keeper if you want to keep your friends."

"My dear brother," returned Miss Fannie in a perfectly even tone of voice, "I feel extremely sorry for you. You are of the earth earthy. You have no soul. When the infinite calls you cannot hear it. I—fortunately—am so attuned and delicately adjusted that it reaches me and I can pulsate in harmony with its vibrations. I know, because the dear prince told me so. It's just wonderful!"

"Oh—piffle!" retorted J. P. impotently as he threw up his hands in a gesture of hopeless despair and tore angrily out of the room with the bitter realization that he had once more suffered defeat.

Miss Fannie Easton smiled indulgently and fondled a jade ring on her left hand—a ring which Prince Rajput Singh had slipped from his own royal finger and given her with the whispered expression of a hope that she would wear it as a token of their friendship. Assuring herself that no one was looking, she kissed it long and ardently as something akin to a rapturous look crept into her foolish, lusterless eyes.

V

JIMMY MARTIN, couchant on a chaise longue in the royal suite of the prince's hotel, had difficulty in persuading himself that he was wide awake and in full possession of all his senses. Opposite him sat the pseudo Prince Rajput Singh in his shirt sleeves, looking decidedly unromantic. The East Indian was talking rapidly and the inner import of the tale he was unfolding was of such a nature that Jimmy was aquiver with eager curiosity and aglow with anticipatory delight. He did not notice that the other's eyes glinted unpleasantly as he spoke and that there was something positively repulsive about the smugly complacent manner in which he detailed the progress of his love affair with the wealthy sister of Junius P. Easton. All Jimmy could think of at the moment was the tremendous publicity possibilities inherent in the culmination of this incongruous romance.

"As you see, she is very much head over heels with me," said the prince, smiling mockingly, "is that foolish lady with the yellow hair. I have made a most successful attack on her young affections, eh, Mr. Martin? Is it not so? I have but to bend my small finger and she will do what I ask. I have not made myself waste any time. Do you think I have, Mr. Martin?"

"Say," said Jimmy enthusiastically as he rose to a sitting posture, "you're the quickest worker I ever saw in action. A glance of the eye and a twist of the wrist and they're ready to break the old-home ties and kiss the pet canary good-by. You've certainly got winnin' ways. There's no use in denyin' that. When'd you see her last?"

"This afternoon I swear my undying love for this lovely lady in quiet corner of her drawing-room. We have made exchange of rings. How much you think this one is worth, eh, Mr. Martin?"

The fictitious heir to the throne of Hyderabad reached into the pocket of his waistcoat and took therefrom a diamond ring, which flashed brilliantly as he handed it to the press agent. Jimmy examined it critically.

"Oh," said he carelessly, "this is just a gaudy little trinket that isn't worth more than about fifteen hundred dollars or so. I've got to give you credit. You're immense. Where do we go from here?"

Prince Rajput Singh looked puzzled.

"I do not mean to go," he said. "I mean to stay for a little while."

"Of course, of course!" said Jimmy. "You don't understand. What I mean is—what's the next move? You said somethin' a little while ago about the double-harness stuff—about marryin' this old gal, I mean. When are we goin' to pull the finale?"

"Whenever we wish, Mr. Martin. I have, as I say, but to bend my small finger. It will make a nice publication for you in the journals, will it not?"

"You said somethin' that time, old Frank J. Bombay," returned Jimmy, who was now in the grip of one of his moods of exultant exuberance. "This one'll land in places where press agents fear to tread. They'd stop the presses for it if necessary and miss the mails. They'd leave out ads for it. And when it's all over you've got to do me a favor. You've got to keep on with your tour and take Mrs. Princess Rajput Singh along with you as a ballyhoo. Why, say, we'll land so much stuff in every town that the agent of every other outfit'll just naturally pack up and move on to the next stand without even leavin' a forwardin' address."

Jimmy's swarthy friend nodded in response to this enthusiastic outburst. Then he narrowed his eyes and the mean, sordid soul of him peered through them as he spoke.

"This Mrs. Princess—as you call her—that is to be," he inquired cautiously, "has really much money in her own name? I have asked many questions from others and I find general opinion that she has. Do you know?"

"Just a few millions—that's all," responded Jimmy nonchalantly. "Just about five or six or somethin' like that. Father left it to her. You're in softer than you realize, you old Hindu son of a gun, you, and you've got to go along on this honeymoon trip I'm plannin'. You owe a whole lot to yours truly, Mister Man. If it wasn't for me you'd be makin' six changes of costume a night for twenty-five cases a week. Don't forget to remember that."

"Of course I am very much thankful to you, my fine good friend," replied the other dimly—"most thankful and most very much in favor of your honeymoon plan."

Jimmy arrogated to himself the task of arranging the details of the projected marriage. He fixed upon an elopement to a near-by suburb as being the best method of giving the affair a news slant that would add to the story what are technically known in newspaper circles as feature values. It would also, he figured, prevent the possibility of any last-minute interference by some trouble-making relative.

It was agreed that he was to meet the prospective bride on the morrow in the guise of a close friend of Prince Rajput Singh and was to go over with both parties a detailed plan of campaign which he was to map out in the interim. The prince was to bend his small finger and announce that impetuous and headlong haste was absolutely essential to his peace of soul and was to insist upon the ceremony being performed within twenty-four hours.

When Watson, the assistant manager, met Jimmy in the lobby a few minutes after the latter had left the royal suite he couldn't help noticing the wild, exultant light that shone in the press agent's eyes.

"Well, well," he remarked cordially, "you look as if you'd just made a clean-up or something. Can't you let me in on the good news?"

"Not for about forty-eight hours," returned Jimmy, "and then I'm goin' to let the whole U. S. A. in on it at the same time. I've got somethin' on the fire that's just about ready to serve that'll make folks everywhere forget to eat their 'ham and' one of these mornin's."

VI

JIMMY permitted Prince Rajput Singh to precede him by half an hour to the Easton home on the following morning. He thought it would be better to have the blushing bride-to-be apprised of the rough outline of the elopement plan without the disconcerting presence of an intruder. Mr. J. Herbert Denby, a little disturbed and flustered at being assigned to such a task, was even then arranging with a clergyman in the next county to preside at the marriage, which was to take place in the parlor of the rectory, and all the other essential details had been carefully worked out.

Jimmy had collaborated with the prince on a telegram which was to be sent by the bridegroom to Junius P. Easton immediately after the ceremony. It would, he felt, give an added touch of the picturesque to the proposed program of events.

"Your sister has done me the high honor of becoming my princess," it read, "and all Hyderabad will kneel in proud homage at her feet. I have cabled my revered father for his august blessing. May we not hope that you will shower your honorable good wishes on us?"

The prince and Miss Fannie were in the music room when Jimmy was announced. She had just been singing Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes to her own accompaniment on the piano and she was as radiant as a June morning. She wore a tea gown of baby blue embroidered with pink rosebuds and her bleached hair was done up into a billowy cluster of tiny curls, which swayed with every movement of her head and which somehow accentuated the essential maturity of her foolish fat face. Jimmy gave an almost audible gasp when he crossed the threshold. He was prepared for the worst, but he had not expected to find himself face to face with a being out of the comic supplement. She ran to meet him, laughing sillily.

"How do you do?" she said gayly, extending a pudgy hand. "It isn't necessary for the dear prince to introduce you. He's told me all about you and I know that we're going to be kindred souls. You must vibrate on our plane, you know. I'm certain you must, because you are his friend, and one's friends always vibrate on one's plane. Don't they, Rajjy dear?"

"Of course, my jasmine bud," replied the prince from the sheltered embrace of a huge armchair. "Mr. Martin is of our inner circle. He shares the secrets of our hearts, sweet lily. He is my counselor and chosen guide. Let us bid him sup coffee with us which you will pour with your much-to-be-adored hands."

Jimmy cast a roving eye in the general direction of his dark-skinned fellow conspirator and was greeted by the latter with an expressive wink, which was not visible to Miss Fannie, who was bustling about a silver tray on which was a pot of steaming coffee. She poured and served it with a fluttering air of heavy coquetry, which irritated the press agent beyond measure and which made him feel decidedly uncomfortable. She was such a simple, trusting, foolish soul that he didn't have the heart to enlarge upon the merits of the bridegroom-to-be in the expansive and flowery fashion he had decided upon on the way from the hotel. He remained strangely silent for a time, listening to an exchange of preposterous love words between this oddly assorted and incongruous pair and wishing himself a long distance away.

"And when shall we visit dear Hyderabad, Rajjy?" Miss Easton was saying. "I can see myself under a silken awning by the

(Concluded on Page 130)

To every father and mother, and to the children, too, the advent of the "Slipova" Kiddies means a new chapter in comfort, because the "Slipova" Kiddies stand for common sense in children's clothing.

When children play, they should be dressed for play, in sensible, roomy garments designed to stand hard wear and many trips to the washtub. Childish fun is impossible to the child who is turned out to play with a "now mind your clothes" resting heavily on his heart. Neither can the mother have a free mind when she is constantly thinking of what the children are doing to their nice dresses and suits.

"Slipova" play-clothes are a national blessing, because they make both parents and children happy. They are sensible clothes for the children, and economical clothes from the standpoint of the parents, because they make good clothes last much longer.

Study the four "Slipova" Kiddies shown at the top of this announcement. Are they not properly dressed for play? Did you ever see more sensible clothes for children's play hours? The clothes these four kiddies have on are representative of the enormous line of "Slipova" play-clothes, sensible, comfortable and economical.

Every "Slipova" garment can be identified by the "Slipova" label sewn in the pocket. Be sure it is there when you ask to see "Slipova" play-clothes. It is your guarantee that you are looking at a genuine "Slipova" garment. There are scores of imitators.

SLIPOVA

Mothers will quickly mark how full and roomy a genuine "Slipova" garment is. Notice also the strong double seams to prevent rips, the buttons put on so tight that they defy strain, the well-made button-holes. Every "Slipova" is made of standard fabric, by skilled American labor, and is positively guaranteed to be fast color. A "Slipova" has no fear of the wash tub. Notice also in what a wide variety of styles, colors and prices "Slipova" garments are made. There is a "Slipova" made to suit every taste and every purse.

Made for boys and girls, from 2 to 8 years. "Slipova" *creepers* for the tiny tots, "Slipova" *play-clothes* for rough wear, "Slipova" *rompers* for ordinary play, "Slipova" *sleepers* for bed-time, and "Slipova" *middies* for girls of all ages.

"Slipova" middy blouses are stylish, durable, and full; and are distinguished by their finished tailoring. Made in a wide variety of fabrics.

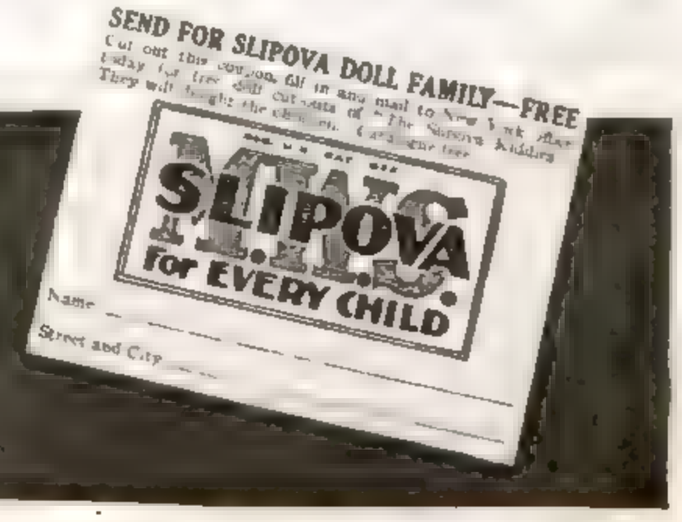
Progressive merchants from coast to coast are featuring the "Slipova" line in all seasons. "Slipova" was the first nationally recognized trade-mark for this class of merchandise, and is the most heavily advertised line on the market. "Slipova" is becoming a household word. The children's department of a store is incomplete without "Slipova."

Ask your dealer to show you "Slipova" play-clothes. If he has none, he can get them easily.

Consult the nearest jobber. They all carry "Slipova" garments in stock

McCawley & Company, Inc.
253 Church Street - New York City
Factory: M. W. S. Building, Baltimore, Md.

CLOTHES FOR CHILDREN



(Concluded from Page 127)

shores of the little lake you spoke of—the lake by your summer palace, I mean; and I can see you beside me and the native servants are salaaming and serving us with a wonderful feast. We must go there at once, Rajjy dear—at once. My soul cries out for the sound of those tinkly temple bells that Kipling wrote about. It just cries out for them."

Prince Rajput Singh stirred uneasily in his chair and leaned forward.

"In time, sweet nightingale," he said suavely. "I must make a continuation of my lectures and then I must visit your wonderful California. It will please me to be your honored guest at your home there. Then when we have tired of the sunshine and the flowers we shall make long journey to my homeland. The spell of this new country is on me and until it passes I must remain here. Besides, I must await a salutation from my father. That breach must be healed, fair bulbul."

Miss Fannie sighed resignedly.

"Whatever you say, Rajjy dear," she said. "You shall stay in California as long as you wish and I'll write to that father of yours if you don't hear from him. I think it's terrible the way he is treating the prince, don't you, Mr. Martin?"

The bridegroom-to-be coughed nervously and rose quickly from his chair, breaking into the conversation before Jimmy could stammer a reply.

"Fair one," he said, gripping her by the arm, "my friend tires of these much-repeated references to my own poor self. We have more important matters to discuss. Let us make busy with them."

Thus pressed, Jimmy enlarged upon the detailed arrangements which he had completed for the exciting events of the following day—arrangements which included provision for everything from the marriage license to the formal and ceremonious delivery to all the newspaper offices of elaborately engraved announcement cards by the Hindu attendants of Prince Rajput Singh.

Miss Fannie gushed her approval of the program and was positively gurgling with delight as she escorted him to the door.

"The prince is so proud," she said when she was out of earshot of that dignitary, "that he can't bear to have me say anything about the perfectly outrageous way in which he has been treated by his father. I think it's perfectly scandalous, don't you?"

"I'm not very clear about it myself," returned the press agent guardedly. "What'd the old gink—I mean, what did the old man do?"

"Oh, dear, I thought you knew! Why, he cut off his allowance for a perfectly trivial something or other—he's never told me exactly what—and here he was on the verge of being unable to keep up appearances and the dignity of his station. It must have been most humiliating. Poor Rajjy cried when I forced it out of him. He'd been so depressed that I knew something must be the matter and I just made him tell me. I was so glad to help."

Jimmy cocked his head at the last sentence and looked up at her quickly.

"So you helped him, eh?" he inquired.

"Just a little," she replied. "What are a few thousand dollars if they will bring peace to a troubled spirit! Peace is everything, Mr. Martin—quite everything worth while. And I'm going to keep the poor dear prince peaceful forever and always and aye. Good-by, dear Mr. Martin. I'll see you in the morning."

Jimmy went down the gravel path in a thoughtful mood. Somehow he felt rather fed up with Prince Rajput Singh.

VII

MR. J. HERBERT DENBY, between sips of his morning coffee next day in a secluded corner of the breakfast room of his hotel, was reading for the second time, with an inner glow of satisfaction, a letter he had just received. It was a brief communication from Chester Bartlett complimenting him upon his success as a lecturer and announcing the manager's forthcoming arrival in Chicago that very morning.

"I can't resist the temptation," Bartlett wrote, "to look in on one of your séances and catch His Royal Highness and yourself in action. I must congratulate you on the success which you have achieved in putting this stunt over on the natives and I have instructed the office to give you a twenty-five per cent increase in salary."

Mr Denby laid the letter down and decided that after all theatrical managers had their proper place in the scheme of existence. Up to that moment he had always been inclined to consider them as useless encumberers of the earth.

He picked up the morning paper which lay at his elbow, adjusted his glasses and turned to the front page. He glanced cursorily at a story in the left-hand column dealing with the newest series of what are technically known in newspaper offices as red raids, let his attention wander to an account of the launching of a new presidential boom and then took a look at the right-hand corner. What he saw emblazoned there caused him almost to drop the cup which he had just daintily raised to his lips and provoked an audible spluttering that sent the head waiter hurrying in his direction from the other side of the room.

"Anything wrong, sir?" deferentially inquired the chief servitor, noting with apprehension the blanched cheeks and the startled mien of the eminent lecturer.

Mr. Denby tried to compose himself.

"Nothing important," he managed to reply. "Just some unwelcome tidings from home. I'll be all right in a moment or two."

When the head waiter had bowed himself away Mr. Denby turned to a perusal of the paper. The words which struck his eyes seemed to spell to him the collapse of all things temporal:

BOGUS PRINCE BAMBOOZLES SOCIETY;
"RAJPUT SINGH" PROVED
RANK IMPOSTOR

Alleged Son of Ruler of Hyderabad and Glib-Tongued Lecturer Associate Revealed as Wily Promoters of Publicity for a Theatrical Enterprise

FAKERS ALMOST GOT AWAY WITH IT

The harrowing details which followed were dressed up in such sarcastic verbiage that Mr. Denby's soul went sick and his appetite for breakfast vanished like morning mist before the rising sun. He paid his check and sought the seclusion of his room. He wished to hide his face from the public gaze and apply poultices to his wounded dignity.

Jimmy Martin, coming up unannounced, found him a half hour later gazing pensively out of the window—a picture of incarnate misery.

Jimmy wasn't in a particularly jaunty mood himself, but he assumed his best cheer-oh manner when he caught a glimpse of his associate's face.

"What's the matter, little song bird?" he inquired breezily. "You look about as lonely as a bartender."

Mr. Denby turned a pair of ineffably sad eyes on the press agent and sighed mournfully.

"I'm disgraced, Mr. Martin," he said feebly, "irretrievably disgraced. I should never have gone into this masquerade—never! My saner judgment should have prevailed. I shall never recover from this. I'm the most miserable man in Chicago this morning—the most utterly miserable."

"You've got another think coming, old popsy-wop," replied Jimmy. "I've just seen His Royal Highness. You're a care-free babe in arms compared to that bird. He's passin' on to New York on the twelve-forty."

"What I can't understand," said Mr. Denby, "is how the story got out. Have you any idea?"

"Yes, I have," replied the press agent slowly. "As a matter of fact, I gave it out myself."

"You gave it out yourself!" stammered the bewildered Mr. Denby. "I—I don't understand. Why did you do such a thing as that?"

"Well, the low-down of it is that I had to. I was out to that Easton dame's house yesterday afternoon with his royal niblets and when I saw the way the poor nut was makin' a fool out of herself over that little brown brother it just made me sick. He'd been usin' her for thousands and I could see he was layin' lines to wish himself into an easy life at her expense. She's a good-natured old gal, too, but she'd fallen for him so hard that she'd have believed him if he told her he was that Buddha party come back to earth for a little holiday.

"She told me about some fairy tale or other he'd pulled—something about a row with his father and how his allowance had been stopped and so forth and so on, and when I took one last look at her at the front door and thought of that baby lollin' round on sofas and lettin' her wait on him and callin' her a lot of flossy names so's to keep his stock up I didn't have the heart to let her go through with the marriage thing, story or no story. Somethin' sort of caught hold of me and wouldn't let me go on. I wonder what it was?"

"Some philosophers call it the categorical imperative," replied Mr. Denby thoughtfully.

"They do, eh? Well, maybe that's a good name for it, but I've got a kind of a hunch that it was the little old Golden Rule that made me ashamed of myself. I thought the best way to cramp Rajjy's style would be to get word to that brother of the blushin' bride, so I got in to see him last night and coughed up everything. He's a fine fellow. They don't grow 'em better. He was mighty grateful, but he said it wouldn't do any good for him to say anything to her. He figured that would make it worse. He said she wouldn't believe him. The only thing that'd get to her, he said, would be to have some paper expose his royal joblots and make him ridiculous in the eyes of all her friends.

"So I came downtown and slipped an earful to Cunningham, a friend of mine on the Times, and he did the rest. I'm sorry, old boy, but I just couldn't help it. It'd 'a' been one of the best stories ever put over if we'd let it go through, and it puts the kibosh on the lecture tour, but there just naturally wasn't anythin' else to do. Women and children first, as they say when the ship hits an iceberg. Am I right?"

Mr. Denby sprang up and grasped Jimmy by the hand.

"You certainly are," he said enthusiastically. "I feel better already. I'm sure Mr. Bartlett will understand. Did you know he was coming to town to-day?"

"I did not," returned Jimmy. "That's a good exit cue, though. I haven't the nerve to face him until this thing kind of blows over. I'll duck under cover for twenty-four hours and let you break the news to mother. Slip him the real inside stuff. Maybe he'll fall for it."

Chester Bartlett was the maddest man in the entire state of Illinois when he read the story of the exposé on the incoming train to Chicago that morning, and the quips which were hurled at him by dozens of his friends in his club at luncheon gave substance and solidity to his rage. His interview with Mr. Denby was a stormy affair and his reaction to what Jimmy termed the real inside stuff was violent in the extreme. While still in the throes of his anger he wrote a brief message to the press agent, which the erstwhile lecturer on Far Eastern affairs was requested to deliver in person to his friend.

Mr. Denby found Jimmy at his hotel immersed in the preparation of advertising copy. He looked up hopefully. Mr. Denby handed him the note in silence and he tore it open with a foreboding of disaster.

"No man can make me ridiculous and remain in my employ," it ran. "You're through the moment you receive this. You should never have encouraged such an affair as the romance Denby tells me about. As a matter of fact, it was a foolhardy thing to try and palm that fellow off as a prince. You might have known you'd come a cropper sooner or later. You've got too many ideas for your own good and I'll be satisfied to go along hereafter with someone who's perhaps a little shy on brilliancy but who's long on balance."

"Can you beat 'em?" inquired Jimmy helplessly. "They're all alike. No matter what you do you're always in wrong."

The telephone bell rang just then and he barked a rude hello into the transmitter. The voice at the other end was hearty and good-natured.

"Is that Mr. Martin—Mr. James T. Martin? This is Easton talking—Easton—Junius P. Easton. Thought I'd let you know that my sister is cured. Can't begin to thank you for what you did. Tried to reciprocate this morning. Told my brokers to carry a thousand shares of Consolidated Gutta-Percha in your name. Closed out at a quarter to three—ten-point rise. You'll get the check in the morning. Had a little inside information, you know. Did pretty well myself too. Say, you impress me as being a pretty clever sort of a lad. Ever think of going into business on your own? It's the only game. Why work for anyone? Think it over!"

Jimmy was still mumbling his thanks when the other excused himself and hung up. Mr. Denby, who hadn't grasped the import of the telephonic conversation, betrayed a deep interest in the proceedings.

"What's up?" he questioned.

"Consolidated Gutta-Percha," replied Jimmy. "Want a job?"

"You know I do. With whom?"

"Why with me, of course, you old high-brow. And look here! Don't you go palmin' off any fake dukes or rajahs or anythin' like that. If you do you'll get the bum's rush and I won't take the trouble to write you a letter about it either."

The Isle of Memories

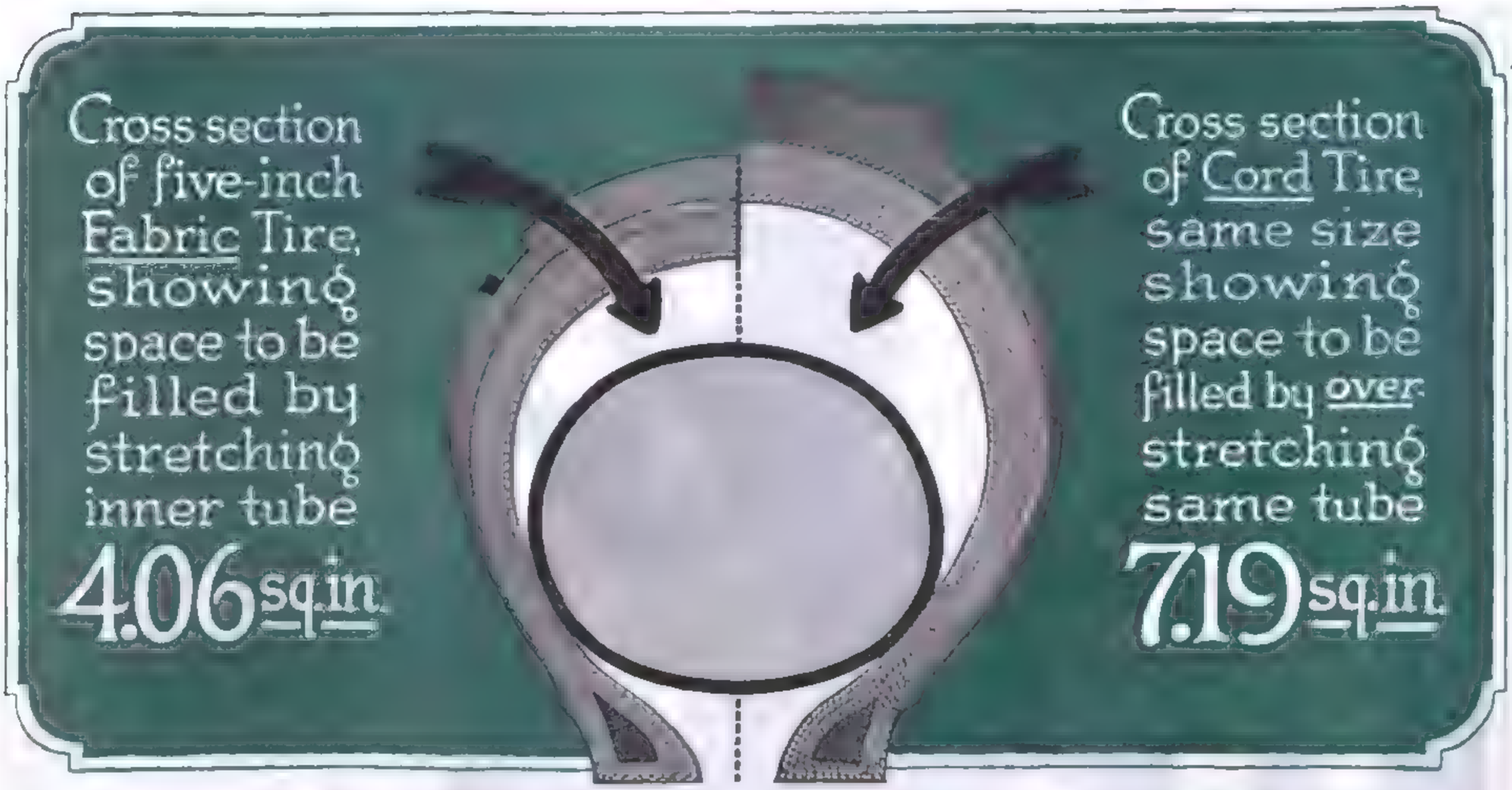
WAS it so in Old England when kings went to war?
Did the cottages grow silent as the lads went away,
Leaving all they loved so, the wan face of the mother,
The lips of the young wives, the gray head and the golden,
While birds, in the blackthorn, made ready for the May?

It was even so, even so in Old England.
The homesteads were emptied of happiness and laughter.
The fields were forsaken. The lanes grew lonely.
A shadow veiled the sun. A sea mist of sorrows
Drifted like a dream through the old oak forests,
Flowed through our valleys and filled them with visions,
Brooded on our mountains and crowned them with remembrance,
So that many a wanderer from the shining of the West
Finds a strange darkness in the heart of our land.

Long, long since, in the days of the crossbow,
Unknown armies from the forge and the farm
Bought us these fields in the bleakness of death.
The May boughs budded with the same brief glory;
And sweetening all the air in a shower of wet petals
The blackbird shook them with to-day's brave song.
His note has not changed since the days of Piers Plowman,
The star has not changed that, as curfew chimed,
In the faint green fields of the sky, like a primrose
Woke, and looked down upon lovers in the lanes.
Their wild thyme to-night shall be crushed into sweetness
On the crest of the downs, where, dark against the crimson,
Dark, dark as death, on the crimson of the afterglow,
Other lovers wander, on the eve of farewell,
Other lovers whisper and listen to the sea.

It was even so, even so in Old England.
In all this bleak island there is hardly an acre,
Hardly a gate or a path upon the hillside,
Hardly a woodland that has not heard or seen them
Whispering good-by or waving it forever.
This rain-drenched, storm-rocked earth we adore,
These ripening orchards, these fields of thick wheat
Rippling into gray light and shadow as the wind blows;
These dark rich plowlands, dreaming in the dusk,
Whose breath in our nostrils is better than life;
This isle of green hedgerows and deep rambling lanes;
This cluster of old counties that have mellowed through the ages,
Like apples in autumn on a gray apple tree;
Those moorlands of Cornwall, those mountains of Cumberland,
Ferny coombs of Devonshire and gardens of Kent;
Those russet roofs of Sussex, those farms and faint spires,
Those fields of known flowers, whose faces, whose fragrance,
Even in this darkness, recall our lost childhood,
Sleep like our own children, and cherish us like angels—
All these are ours, because of the forgotten.

—*Alfred Noyes.*


Cross section of five-inch Fabric Tire, showing space to be filled by stretching inner tube
4.06 sq.in.
Cross section of Cord Tire, same size showing space to be filled by over-stretching same tube
7.19 sq.in.

Why Ordinary Tubes are Misfits in Cord Tires

THE ordinary inner tube was designed to fit a fabric tire. When it is used in a Cord tire it has to stretch 175% more in order to fill the larger air space. (See photographs.) This extra stretching draws out or thins the wall of the inner tube so that it is even weaker than when used in a fabric tire. This is wrong.

A tube in a Cord tire should have stronger, not weaker, walls than one in a fabric tire.

There is greater friction between tube and casing in a Cord tire, due to the fact that the air pressure in Cords is habitually carried lower than in fabric tires —and the softer the tire the greater the internal friction, heat and wear on the tube.

Therefore, ordinary inner tubes in Cord tires are called upon to do much heavier duty than they were designed to do, and at the same time are badly weakened by overstretching while trying to do it. This is neither fair to the tube nor to the Cord casing.

The Horse-Shoe Re-Cord Tube was developed a year ago to meet this condition. It is not overstretched in Cord tires, because its walls are 50% heavier than those of ordinary tubes (nine ply instead of six). Furthermore, it survives the added friction because it is made of extraordinary rubber—rubber so free from adulteration that it floats on water—rubber so toughened by special treatment that you cannot tear or break a strip the thickness of a wedding ring.

We have named this the Horse-Shoe Re-Cord (for Cords) Tube to emphasize the fact that it was designed especially to stand the harder duty—the extra stretching and the friction in Cord tires. If you have long been a user of Cord tires, you will appreciate the necessity for such a tube as the Re-Cord. The small extra cost is negligible when compared with the extra service assured by this big brown tube.

RACINE AUTO TIRE COMPANY, RACINE, WISCONSIN
Export Department, 144 West 65th Street, New York

RACINE HORSE-SHOE TUBES TIRES

The
Children's Laundry Problem
—Solve it with

Peet's
Crystal White

MOTHERS know the need of a generous supply of clean undergarments, suits and dresses for the kiddies—especially during these tempting outdoor days of early spring.

CRYSTAL WHITE, because of its purity and unusual cleansing energy, solves the children's laundry problem ideally, and at the same time lightens the many tasks of mothers everywhere. In the laundry, kitchen and throughout the household, this pure, white vegetable oil soap answers every cleansing requirement.

PEET BROS. MFG. CO.
KANSAS CITY ▪ ▪ SAN FRANCISCO

THE FATE MAKERS

(Continued from Page 27)

It was the worst thing he could have said at the moment. Peggy jumped up and evaded him with a feeling of repulsion.

"You don't look fagged," she said. "No one could accuse you of overwork—of any work. Ted, what are you going to do, now you are out of the Army?"

"I'm going to marry you, dear, if you will have me," he said suddenly. "Peggy, I've been meaning to say this ever since I got back. And I haven't had the nerve. Something in you seemed to stand me off. But to-night you look so tired, dear, you simply must listen. Won't you have me, old thing, and leave off this wearing yourself out over nothing?"

"Oh, I'm not a bit more tired than the—the men down at the mill!" she said impatiently. "Don't, Ted—it's no use, dear boy. I can't marry you. I dare say I'll never marry anybody."

"But what's wrong?" he asked in his nice boyish way. "I rather thought you—well, that we hit it off pretty well. What have I done?"

"Nothing!" she said. "Perhaps that's it! Oh, I haven't forgotten your aititude medal! When it was a question of the war, of course, you were all right. But before that, Ted. And after it—right now. Are you really going on loafing through life, dancing, sailing the Ione, fishing and supporting little theaters that you don't give a hang about?"

"What would you have me do?" said Aigne. "I have all the money in the world right now!"

"Money!" she said. "What has that got to do with it? What right have you to that money unless you earn the right?"

"But if I get a job I'll probably be taking it away from some chap who really needs it!" he expostulated.

"Then don't get a job!" she cried in exasperation. "Make a few instead! You don't spend a third of your income. Start something with your money. Instead of investing it in some inflated corporation make a real one. Do it yourself. There's a lot of room in this country to-day for square industrialism. Make something, put a small per cent of the unemployed at doing it. Give them jobs and keep one for yourself."

"Great Scott, what a bawling out!" said Ted. "I don't know but that there is truth in what you say, just the same. It's idlers like myself that are part of the cause of the unrest, and all that. The Army taught me that. And I'd rather thought of doing something or other this year."

"Do it now," said Peggy briefly.

"And how about us?" he asked wistfully.

"I—well, I'll tell you later," said Peggy. "I don't feel the way you want me to now. But perhaps if you make good—I don't know. But oh, Teddy, make it something real! Working people are unionizing all over the world to get themselves a fair deal. Can't you do something on the other side, say, like setting up an industry to give them one?"

"You little—little firebrand!" he said tenderly, laughing, yet serious. "You make me feel such a lightweight. Am I really that?"

"Find out and let me know," replied Peggy. And then they heard the senator come in.

"Good-by," said Aigne.

"Good-by, Ted," said Peggy. "When shall I see you again?"

"I don't know," he said. "I think I'll go back to New York to-night."

"Oh," said Peggy; and that was all.

When he was gone she found her father in his study. He was pacing up and down the long room, his head now thrown back, now bent or tossing angrily, his hands clasped behind his back in his senatorial attitude.

Felde was seated at the senator's desk busily making notes from a newspaper spread before him. Other papers were scattered about the floor and instinctively the girl started to withdraw from the atmosphere of excited discussion which invaded the place.

"Of course Haig is backed by the Wall Street gang!" Felde was saying. "Who else would dream of a revision of the tariff at this time? And this Bolshevik-inquiry idea of his is simply paid propaganda, probably financed by one of the big oil companies to exclude the industrial workers' organizations."

"And it's got to be met!" exclaimed the senator. "Tell Sullinski to ——" Just then he caught sight of Peggy and caught himself up short. "Well, daughter, come in," he said, and Peggy entered.

"Well, what is the latest discovery at the mill, eh?" said Felde. "Any more flies in the rice pudding?"

"No," she said, unsmiling. "The cook attended to that. He said it was sabotage on the part of the man who sells sandwiches at the gate. But I have something real this time."

"Tell us," said her father.

And Peggy told, all unaware of how big her eyes grew in the recital, how eager her voice was; nor did she realize the significance of the look that her father and Felde exchanged as she mentioned the nature of Benson's invention. When her recital was done she at once received the consent she had anticipated.

"You used to play with him," remarked her father. "Old Benson the shipman's son, eh. Well, Felde," he went on, turning to the German, "you see the rich don't always keep their money in America nor the poor their poverty."

"Maybe it's a good invention!" said Felde, ignoring the truism. "Suppose we take a look at it, yes? Make a date for—how's Friday morning, ten o'clock in my office at the mill? And tell him to bring it along, Peggy."

"Thank you, Uncle Herman," said Peggy. "I'll write him a note at once."

And she went off to do so forthwith. Aigne's existence was forgotten.

It was of a Wednesday evening that Peggy wrote her glad news in formal phrases, guarding each written word jealously for fear it might betray her. And at noon next day Benson received it.

It did not reach him sooner for the simple reason that he was working a twelve-to-twelve shift, and came off duty only at that hour. When he had turned the crane over to Billy and walked slowly back to the cottage, there lay the note inside the door upon the mat, in company with the Arm of Labor and the installment notice for his mother's headstone. He picked it up wonderingly and read with delight.

So it was true, then! She could do the trick—she had done it! At ten o'clock to-morrow the world would be in a fair way of belonging to him! He marveled at the ease with which the thing had come about after years of hopeless effort. To-morrow would begin a new world. He had no fear of his invention's failing. It was good, and he knew it. So perfect, so simple that it could never be trusted out of his own hands except in such a way as this. And it meant his hope of Peggy. An elation that was as foreign to his nature as it was sweet to experience filled him; and in this beautiful restlessness he could not go to sleep, but after making himself a pot of tea sat instead upon the little stoop, the dog at his feet, a volume of Kirk's Theories of Social Revolution unread upon his knees.

The street before him was a dingy scene, yet not inhuman. A few unkempt lusty youngsters danced about a hurdy-gurdy. Across the way Mrs. Finnigan struggled with her weedy geraniums, her fiery head the brightest thing among them. A housewife dickered over eggs at seventy cents a dozen with the man at the corner stand, and ended by buying three. A battle-scarred tomcat passed by, casting a belligerent eye upon MacNab without eliciting response. All in all it was a not disheartening street—it was, at any rate, alive and peaceably going about its own business. And then without warning came the rumor of alarm.

Down the street sped a man without a hat. He called something to Benson in passing and pointed to the mill. But he did not pause to explain, and John Israel did not understand what he said. Then came an excited group of Germans, workers who like himself were at this hour off duty. They, too, were bound toward the mill, and Benson hailed them. They were not in his shed, but they knew him and had attended meetings.

"What is it?" he called.

"I dunno!" said one of them. "But something iss up. Blucher's boy told us the mill iss stopped!"

And Benson, listening, realized that it was true. The untoward sense of peace and quiet was accounted for. The mill had indeed stopped, though the furnaces were still flaring against the cloudless sky. But the sound of them had ceased and now he could hear the silence terribly.

In such a town the event produced an effect almost like that which an earthquake would have induced. The reaction upon Benson was almost automatic. Instinctively, hardly conscious of what he did, he slipped back into his shoes and coat, and in another moment was making his way back to the mill in company with a rapidly augmented group of stragglers. "What is it?" everybody asked, but none knew. At Fritz Freigh's corner saloon a boy met them—breathless and disheveled. He made out Benson in the group and hailed him.

"You, Benson!" he shouted, though he was quite close. "It's Billy Schwartz! They sent me for you."

"Dead?" asked John Israel, a wave of nausea seizing him. Why hadn't he restrained the boy by physical force?

"Guess so—or somethin' worse," said the boy. "The mill quit. It's fierce up there. Sullinski is acting crazy!"

They hurried on, Benson in an inchoate daze of self-reproach. He might have stopped the boy—somehow. Damn the bosses! They were to blame for this! Billy would never have touched the stuff if it hadn't been for the long hours. He was—he had been—such a sweet little fellow when he wasn't under the drug! Oh, the pitiful, stupid, blind waste of human lives! It was more terrible than war, because it was endless.

At the mill gate a mob was surging back and forth in the hysteria of suddenly broken, habitual repression, each man infecting the others with a lust for revenge on they knew not what oppression; their rage came partially from their own inarticulateness and inadequacy of expression. The capacity for temperate discussion was not in them, never had been, and therefore the wine of their anger mounted the quicker to their brains.

Nobody seemed to know exactly what the trouble was—at least among those upon the outskirts of the crowd, which was recruited largely from suddenly returned workers who had not been at the mill when the catastrophe actually occurred.

Benson fought his way through the mob until he was inside the yard. There he saw and seized upon the gateman.

"Where is Billy?" he shouted, holding the man by the sleeve.

"In here," said the fellow. "Come through quickly and keep them others out!"

Benson braced himself for what might be within, and entered the gateman's shack. And there was Billy Schwartz—not in the least dead. He was standing by the cold stove and pounding upon it with his fist. An excited group was gathered about him and he was speaking what their thoughts echoed.

"To hell with 'em!" Billy shouted. "We've got 'em going now! Burn the place—wreck it! We'll show 'em what!" Then without warning he collapsed and fell upon the iron, face in his arms, sobbing loudly and wildly.

"In heaven's name, Billy, what has happened?" said Benson. "Stop that, man! Stop it!"

It was a long time before John Israel succeeded in piecing together the facts, which were briefly these: Coming on duty in a semicomatose state for the third successive day Billy had gone to sleep on the big crane, and had wakened barely in time to prevent himself from being killed, but not in time to prevent a serious injury to the company's property. The crane had in its collision temporarily disrupted the entire electric plant, shutting off two-thirds of the work and causing a good deal of damage outside its own immediate territory. The crane itself would cost a pretty penny to repair.

This was bad enough, but what followed was worse.

Billy, up before Sullinski in short order, had been testified against by the manager and arbitrarily dismissed. His hysterical indignation had infected the men who had witnessed the accident. The confusion had spread into a panic, but within the hour the power plant had been restored and the hum of its activity was again upon the air. A cyclone of excitement had passed over the mill, and before evening there was no outward trace of what had occurred. Not so in the minds of the men, however.

The crane could not be repaired for twenty-four hours and so Benson took the disorganized Billy home with him. The crowds in the yards dispersed under pressure from the private guards that Felde employed, and outwardly everything was as before. But that night a meeting was called by induction, as it were. The men gathered almost without notification. Everyone in the assembly-room day shift knew that there would be a meeting, and the hall at the far end of the town was jammed by eight o'clock.

Benson took a heavy heart with him to the place; and he came away from it with a bitterly troubled one. No need to describe that meeting. Such gatherings as it was are known to all but the socially deaf and blind. But in one essential it differed widely from that long-forgotten meeting in the Walltown sail loft which had so astounded the first John Israel Benson. Whereas his sailmakers had been stirred to dissatisfaction by a single disgruntled foreigner, and the second John Israel had been brought face to face with ruin and death by alien workmen who were mad with the greed of newly found power, the third Benson presided willingly at a meeting of intelligent American laborers, among whom he ranked himself, and who were driven to organization by the unjust methods of an unscrupulous foreign capitalist.

But greater by far than the social problem which lay upon him like an intolerable pack was the personal problem which had all at once become involved with it. The meeting had unanimously decided that Benson must present its demands to Felde. They asked the immediate reinstatement of Billy Schwartz, a three-man shift, and the recognition of the union which had been born that night amid the wildest excitement. Inevitably they had chosen Benson as spokesman. He had always claimed that adjustment was possible through a frank understanding between the men and the boss. Now they were giving him a chance to prove it. A delegation was named and he was to head it.

The situation was so amazingly simple in its complexity. He was to head a committee which would demand something which he believed to be just. And in doing so he would destroy his own future. His one chance of ever being in a position to ask Peggy to marry him lay in the development of his invention. If he pleaded the cause of his fellow workers his own would be lost. Millionaire backers did not grow on every tree. And that was all. So simple.

It takes a big man to weigh his love honestly against his sense of social justice, and John Israel spent a bad night upon it, while the weak-faced cause of this precipitation of events slept in the adjoining room, his lax mouth open, his watery eyes gummed. Once Benson stood over his unconscious body in contemptuous reflection. Bah! What a thing! Was it worth saving? Were any of these weak cogs in the great machine worth fighting for? It was like holding back a schoolroom full of normal children until the one backward child could be promoted with them. They did not contribute so much to industry that industry need pander to them—and yet in a way that was exactly what the union was demanding. Billy's place had already been filled at the mill, and always could be. The industrial world was full of Billy Schwartzes. They could endlessly take the place of better men. They would accept lower wages if it were demanded of them. They were that kind, and they constituted a continual menace to the efficient laborer unless he carried them along in a pact against which the employer had no defense. The sound must carry the weak or be consumed by the weak.

"And they say the battle is for the strong," murmured Benson, turning away. Then he adjusted the light so that it would not shine into Billy's face.

These men already were in the mills, the factories, everywhere. They were a fact, not a theory, and they must be coped with. The owners must be made to share the burden of them, because the owners of past generations had made them. But, after all, had they? He recalled his father's yarns and shook his head. Not there, surely. Nor in his grandfather's. Those men had

(Continued on Page 137)

That it should bear the seal of a great organization dedicated to the saving of labor in the American Home, only serves to *intensify* the unmistakable preference for the established superiority of the Crystal Machine.

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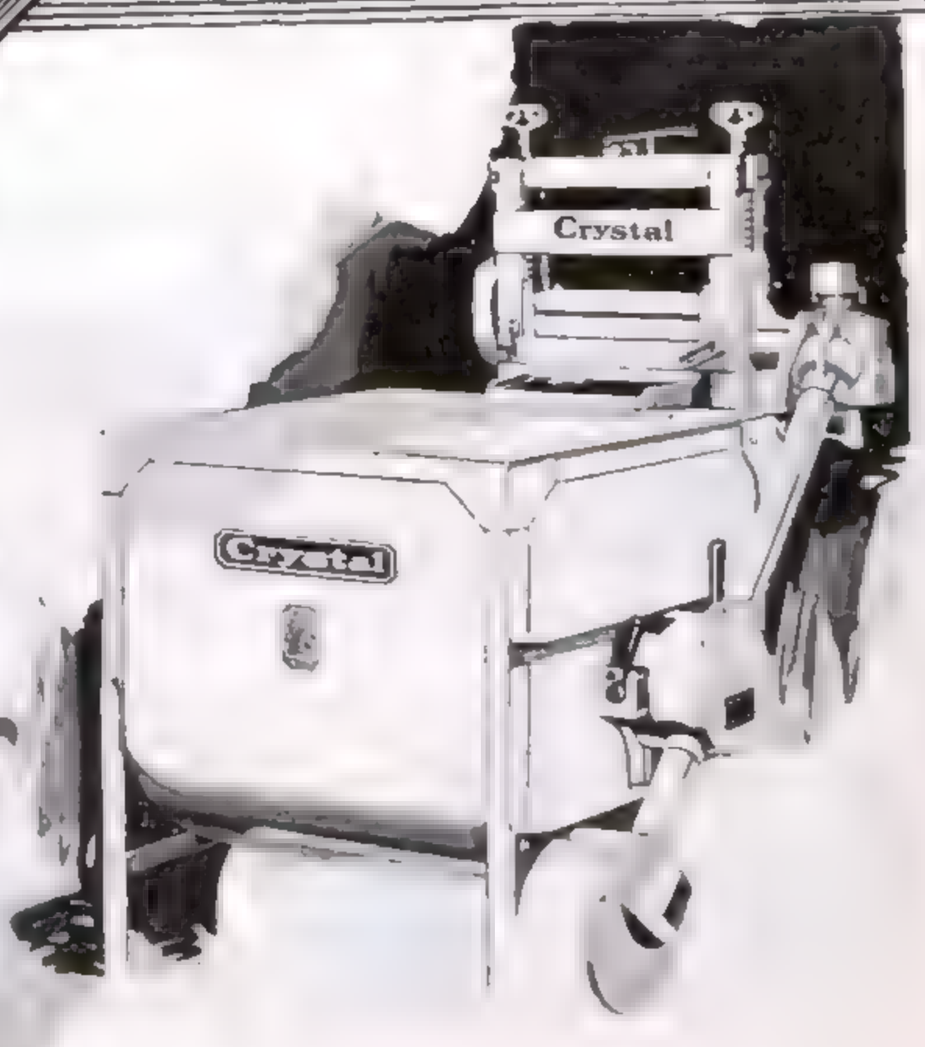
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So perfect is it in engineering balance and construction that it meets every demand without the penalties which superiority in power has heretofore exacted.

Absolute reliability and perfect flexibility combine to give full driving pleasure.

Complete balance throughout the Standard Eight's construction offers faultless riding ease.

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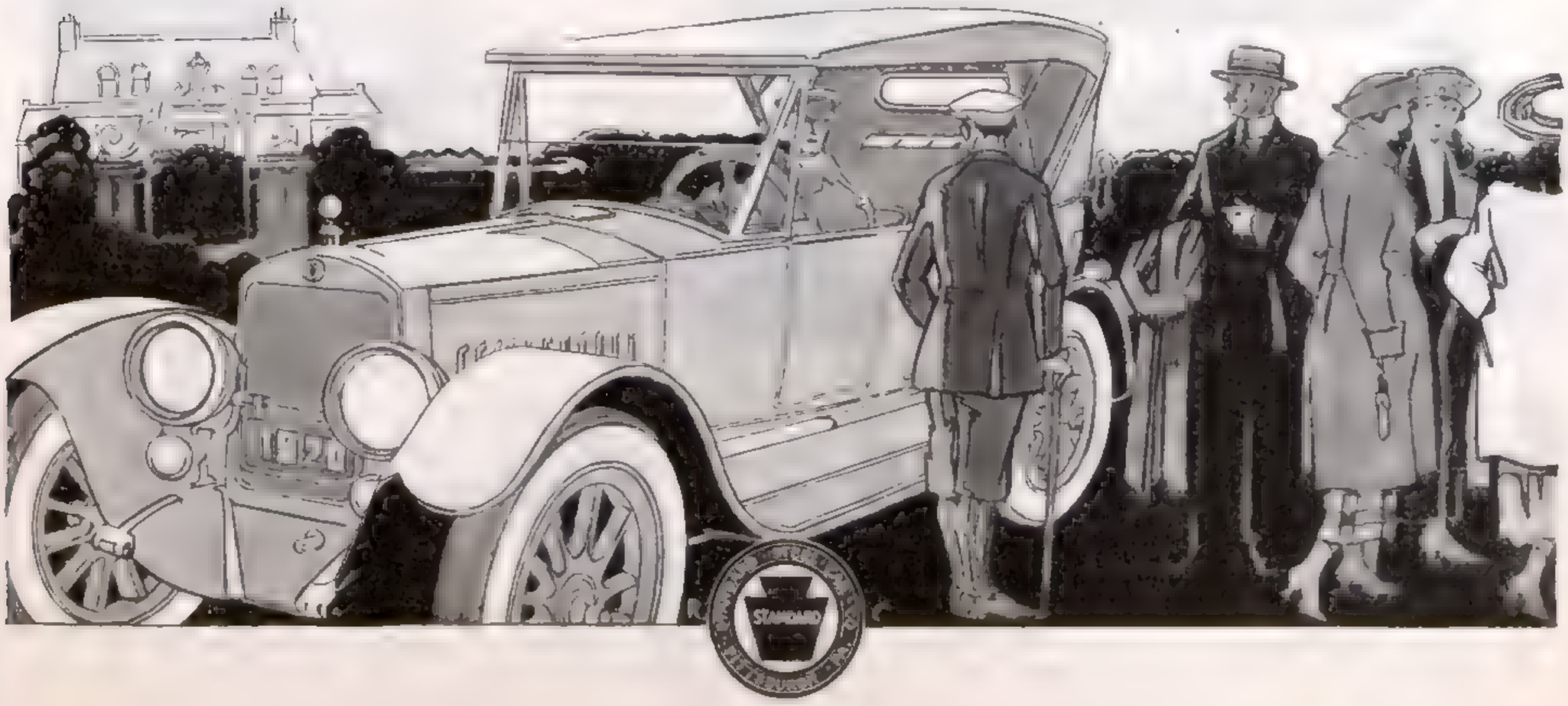

(Continued from Page 133)

not reared a generation of weaklings among their employees!

What made some people weak and some strong? Giants had sprung from the poorest soil and pygmies from the most fertile. Take Lincoln. Or Benedict Arnold. The environment did not appear to count so much as the spirit which was mysteriously within you. Yet the weak must somehow be carried. And labor should not, need not bear the burden alone. Capital had always fattened upon weakness, while labor struggled in competition with it. Now no more of that! They would, they must, for the sake of attaining a decent equity for the world at large, share the burden and the responsibility. After all, the whole labor problem centered in this question: Had mediocrity a claim upon existence—had the weak a right to live just because they were already alive?

Benson frowned over it in a maze of perplexity, struggling to see clearly in his soul what the true answer was, fighting off the Nietzschean rage which his baffled love for Peggy gave being to and which demanded that the parasitic members of the race be wiped out by slaughter, like so many infected cattle. But always he came back to the remembrance of the cosmic consciousness in them. They had souls, these slackers, these idlers, these pitiful ineffective slaves of their own ignorance who had neither skill nor enthusiasm, who were formed by God alone knew what influences and who in turn completed the vicious circle for an oncoming generation. Perhaps a sense of solidarity would develop something better in them.

"In union there is strength," he thought, and in a flash perceived a new meaning in the phrase. There was more than one sort of strength in unions. A spiritual strength ought to exist, born out of the banding together of men. And if this spiritual strength failed the whole thing failed. The danger, of course, lay in the temporal power developed by the lesser minds. The often stupid tyranny of trade unions was traceable to these very weak members. When ignorance had too much power it was likely to defeat its own end. Weak men and their inefficiency were the true menace of the world.

"It is the unworthy opponent who disarms us!" he thought. "The strong only incite their peers to effort. Damn the weak!"

Then he realized that they were damned already—without the help of him and of others like him. If they were let they could destroy the world. But it must be risked. America had sprung into existence through the desire of men to be free. She had opened her arms to the weak of other nations, believing that opportunity and trust would make them strong. It was too late to close the door. She must stand by her invitation and see them through somehow; and the men who could see this were the men to do the job. And he, Benson, was one of them.

It seemed very strange to John Israel Benson that the day should come so naturally—that the early sparrows on the sun-tinted eaves should twitter so busily and the town stir to life in the light of a dawn that put the hectic luminosity of the sleepless mills to shame just as it had always done before. Red-eyed and weary of heart and brain he set about the small tasks of the house mechanically, but with a deep sense of rest within his furthest consciousness. His choice was made. Indeed from the beginning he had had no choice. And so he was at peace.

He let Billy sleep on, and having washed in cold water left the coffee on the back of the stove for the boy, and set out early for the mill.

At ten o'clock he kept his appointment with Senator Willing and Herman Felde in the latter's private office. But he did not bring his model or his plans. He brought instead a demand from the union which Felde had said could not exist within those gates. And by eleven o'clock Benson had no job, and the incipient union no leader within the mill gates.

VII

A MONTH later this would not have occurred, for by then the mill was on the verge of transfer from Felde's hands, and a labor union of any sort, but preferably of the most radical denomination, would have been fostered and encouraged by him. True, his agreeing to it at the time of Benson's crisis would not have hurt him, as things turned out, but the German was taking no chances in the liquidating of his American holdings, and a healthy mill uncontaminated by union labor fetched a better price. The revolution was to begin after his interests were cleared, and not before, and the mill was the last of them to go.

But though Felde went out of business, owing, as he proclaimed, to his age and his desire for a few quiet years of leisure, Mr. Petrov Sullinski did nothing of the sort. Indeed the former manager at the mill, handing in his resignation a week after Benson's dismissal, set up in an elaborate suite of offices of his own. They were situated on the eighth floor of the city's newest office building, and the door, under the skillful manipulation of a gentleman in blue overalls, presently bore the modestly set forth information that this was the suite of the local Revival of Russian Trade Bureau, P. Sullinski, Rep. And those who had formally accused Felde of an almost inhuman lack of interest in his employees would have now been compelled to an abashed apology, for occasionally the millionaire might be seen in the act of calling upon his former manager, doubtless with the altruistic motive of seeing how the fellow was getting on.

Many strange fish came into this net, some of them innocently seeking good investments and being supplied with imposing statistics about everything Russian from coal to sables, and some left their good money behind them. But though no one who brought cash was actually unwelcome Mr. P. Sullinski's business would have survived if these had been wholly lacking. Mr. P. Sullinski took a deep interest in all pertinent facts concerning American industry, and was fond of explaining just how he intended to apply his vast and growing stock of knowledge to the development of his native land when he should return to it.

The walls of his office were lined breast high with filing cabinets containing card indexes, and these were in constant use. Mr. Sullinski would gladly show them to any government inspector or curiously inclined secret-service man who came that way. There was nothing contained in them that would not bear the closest scrutiny, and yet he could not have carried on his business without them—and that business was something which would have vastly interested the aforementioned officials had they bethought themselves that here lay the exceedingly simple answer to the seemingly complex puzzle of Bolshevism.

But even if they had guessed correctly they could have proved nothing from these files. Indeed occasionally some enterprising official made the attempt, particularly after an interview or two had appeared in the newspapers in which Mr. Sullinski, pictured with a neat frock coat and a lovely pointed beard, enunciated the brave intent of the Russian proletariat and the sovereign democracy of the soviet. When Mr. Sullinski, through the medium of the press and some enterprising cub reporter on space, gave utterance to some such verbal picture of the millennium the office would straightway receive a visit from a painstaking Federal man who would remake the following alarming discoveries, after which he would depart in disgust, leaving the soviet representative to the pursuit of his harmless idiosyncrasy:

That there was upon the south side of the wall a complete list of the basic industries of America alphabetically cross-indexed under their character and the names of the corporations or individuals conducting them. In each instance the number of workers of voting age employed was recorded, likewise the corporation's gross business for the preceding year.

That the east wall housed two sets of cases, the first dealing with railroads and shipping, the second with aeronautics.

That the west wall was devoted to labor organizations and their personnel, with a little star after certain names, which Mr. P. Sullinski cheerfully explained meant that those so indicated were not citizens. Nothing illegal so far; nor yet in the remaining cases, which covered public utilities and produce. Not even the smallest cabinet of all bore anything sinister in its aspect, for surely anyone has the right to list the names and addresses of prominent persons, and if they all happen to be those of conservative judges, capitalists, bankers and politicians, that is nobody's affair either.

That, in Mr. Sullinski's mind and in the mind of the occasional visitor who was interviewed behind closed doors in his little private office, these men were marked for destruction by violence could not as yet be proved, even though after the office had been in operation little more than three weeks the stenographer—a wild little radical with bobbed hair and thick glasses—took out two cards, one bearing the name of a prominent Republican state senator and one of a prosecuting attorney in a neighboring city, and deftly slipping them into her machine put a star beside these names.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. P. Sullinski when questioned about this. "It just means that they are dead. Oh, yes."

And as this was undeniably true and the police had failed to trace any connection between him and the fact that the senator's house had been wrecked by a bomb and the attorney killed in an automobile accident from which the Austrian chauffeur had miraculously escaped, the law simply took its departure once more to wait on its haunches for the next signal to invade the premises.

It was during the lull which followed the latest of these futile investigations that Benson came into connection with this office—not in person but as a matter of record. It happened in a rather curious way. Herman Felde had dropped in and finding Petrov alone had added a card to the bureau's information on aëronautics. He looked up some matter that had to do with dirigibles, and as he did so his former employee put a question to him.

"I am a few thousand dollars ahead, boss," said Mr. Sullinski, "and I don't know what to do with it. As things are I sure don't want to put it into any stocks over here. And the savings bank pays so little. Haven't you got anything safe?"

Felde paused in his work and turned about.

"Yes," he said, "I've something big. But it will take a little time yet."

"What is it?"

"Zeppelins," said Herman. "Wait! Don't scoff! Remember that once the stock of the biggest automobile companies in the world went begging. The telephone was a hard thing to float, not to speak about the Atlantic cable! This is an age when miracles are trite. At no great distance we shall have the time when the trade of the world is carried over land and sea in the air. And where will the first great merchant aircraft come from except the place of their invention?"

"But they are so far from perfect!" objected the Russian.

"And so the stock in my company is still cheap," retorted Felde. "But they are already making terrific strides at home. The real problem is landing. When that is solved there is no limit to the future of aircraft. For myself, I am putting my money into this Zurich Zeppelins Company as fast as I take it out of this country. Think of German trade carried all over the earth on our Zeppelins, which it will take a crippled America years to imitate, to approach! With the work our agents are doing in that line here the thing is practically assured."

"Speaking of landing dirigibles," remarked the Russian, "do you remember that young fellow Benson at the yards?"

"The amateur agitator?" replied Felde. "I have cause to. He nearly made me trouble with Willing. The senator and little Peggy had some interest in him. They don't like my firing him. But he called me names to my face when I knifed the union. What of him now?"

"He had some kind of an invention for landing the big airboats," said Petrov.

"That's true," said Felde. "But what makes you think it was any good?"

"I didn't say so," said Petrov. "But I believe it is, just the same. He talked a little about it to me once. And he's a smart feller."

"Look him up for me," said Felde. "I was to have seen the device the morning of the row. It may be good. Try to find out about it. Get hold of him and buy it for dear Russia. And meanwhile send a man over to the shoe factories at North Daulton. They are too quiet there. Send someone who speaks good English. Those fellows are mostly Americans and they mistrust an accent."

And so upon Felde's departure North Daulton was looked up under "Clothing," then "S. Shoe Manufacturers." The catalogue declared that a thousand men were employed at the factory of Stephen Smith, who had inherited the business from his father; that five hundred or more worked in the shoe business belonging to Henry Wadron, who had graduated from the original Smith factory; that a third American-run factory employed some nineteen hundred souls; and that no strike had occurred there in as much as six months.

"I'll send a moderate man up there," mused Petrov. "They wouldn't stand for confiscation."

A telephone call sent a man named Elbert Stone, the radical editor of a small labor paper, on his way to North Daulton. Felde's method was as simple and effective as a machine. There were no records of Mr. Stone. Petrov's list of this type of operator was in his very excellent memory. Dissension being thus sent forth to unsuspecting Daulton, where things were actually going rather to the employees' taste, Petrov set about locating Benson.

This proved less simple than the setting in motion, by the mere pressing of a button as it were, of a strike which indirectly caused shoes to soar in price. Petrov sat in his office like a spider in the heart of its sensitive web, his perfect organization vibrating to every touch. But of all respectable humans the workingman is the most easily lost, the most difficult to find once he changes his locality, unless he be a union man, and so far Benson was not. He had sold the little frame house and forthwith disappeared. The money from the sale of his property had been deposited with a local savings bank, but the only address given was the general delivery, and no one had heard of Benson, nor of his dog, nor yet of his friend Billy Schwartz. It was to be presumed that they had gone away in company.

One thing, however, Petrov did succeed in unearthing. The instructor at the night school said Benson was a genius. He even went further and declared that he believed his invention to be practical. He did this, good soul, from the fullness of his admiration and liking for John Israel, and under the impression that Petrov was a benevolent capitalist—an idea fostered by the latter. But the instructor could give no information of Benson's present whereabouts. He had a vague idea that the young mechanic had gone somewhere into the wilderness—but where or for what purpose he did not know.

"It's ten to one he's living on the money from the house and working at his model," Petrov told Felde in making his report. "But the place was heavily mortgaged. He got less than four hundred dollars clear, and it can't last forever. Sooner or later he will have to go back to work."

"Send word to all the likely mills and steel works that we are to be notified when he applies for a job," Felde instructed him.

Temporarily dismissing the matter from his mind the German and his assistant spent the remainder of the afternoon in discussing an unexpected move on the part of one Senator Haig, who has not hitherto come into this story except through reference to the fact of his being an uncle of Ted Aigne's. This gentleman having had the impudence to demand an official investigation of the Bolsheviki in America—a most disturbing, though not unforeseen development—it behooved the sensitive to take notice. This development had, moreover, come almost without warning, and quick action was necessary if the move was to be counteracted. That night Felde followed his telegram to Washington, where Senator Willing had taken a most reluctant and somewhat hysterical daughter several weeks earlier.

VIII

OCCASIONALLY the heated tumult of political intrigue gathers the carbon of some fine spirit and produces a diamond amazingly; and a long career, with a small beginning as an assemblyman in a backwater town, had done this thing to Francis Haig. A conservative by experience, he was without the limitations of knowledge of those who generally come under the term, and he was a builder rather than a destroyer. It was his consistently constructive policy which had given him his unique distinction of being practically without political enemies. A fine stalwart figure of a man, at sixty-eight he was still buffeting the winds of an astonishing career, steering his course clear and firm in the midst of the confusion and unrest under which the country labored.

Haig knew what he thought right with a surety not given to many men, and though in the nature of things he was sometimes wrong his very positiveness stood out like a rock amid troubled waters—a safe place to

(Continued on Page 141)

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NOTHING is more quickly noticeable than shabby automobile upholstery. It makes many an otherwise good car look badly used up—and adds greatly to the rate of depreciation that you have to stand for.

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The great contribution of Duratex to better automobile value is the fact that Duratex lasts as long as the car itself and looks bright and new all during the life of the car.

It is especially compounded to include all the elements necessary to a really serviceable automobile upholstery.

Duratex has tensile strength beyond the toughest fiber you can imagine. Yet it is so soft and pliable that it lends itself readily to folding, tufting and pleating.

It never stiffens. It will not crack. It does not scuff or check. It is absolutely waterproof—can be washed as often as you wish. It never fades. It wears longer and looks better—in short, it *is* the Better Automobile Upholstery from every standpoint of *Service* and *Value*.

Many of the most progressive automobile manufacturers are now equipping their cars with Duratex.

It is decidedly worth while to see that the car *you* buy is upholstered with genuine Duratex.

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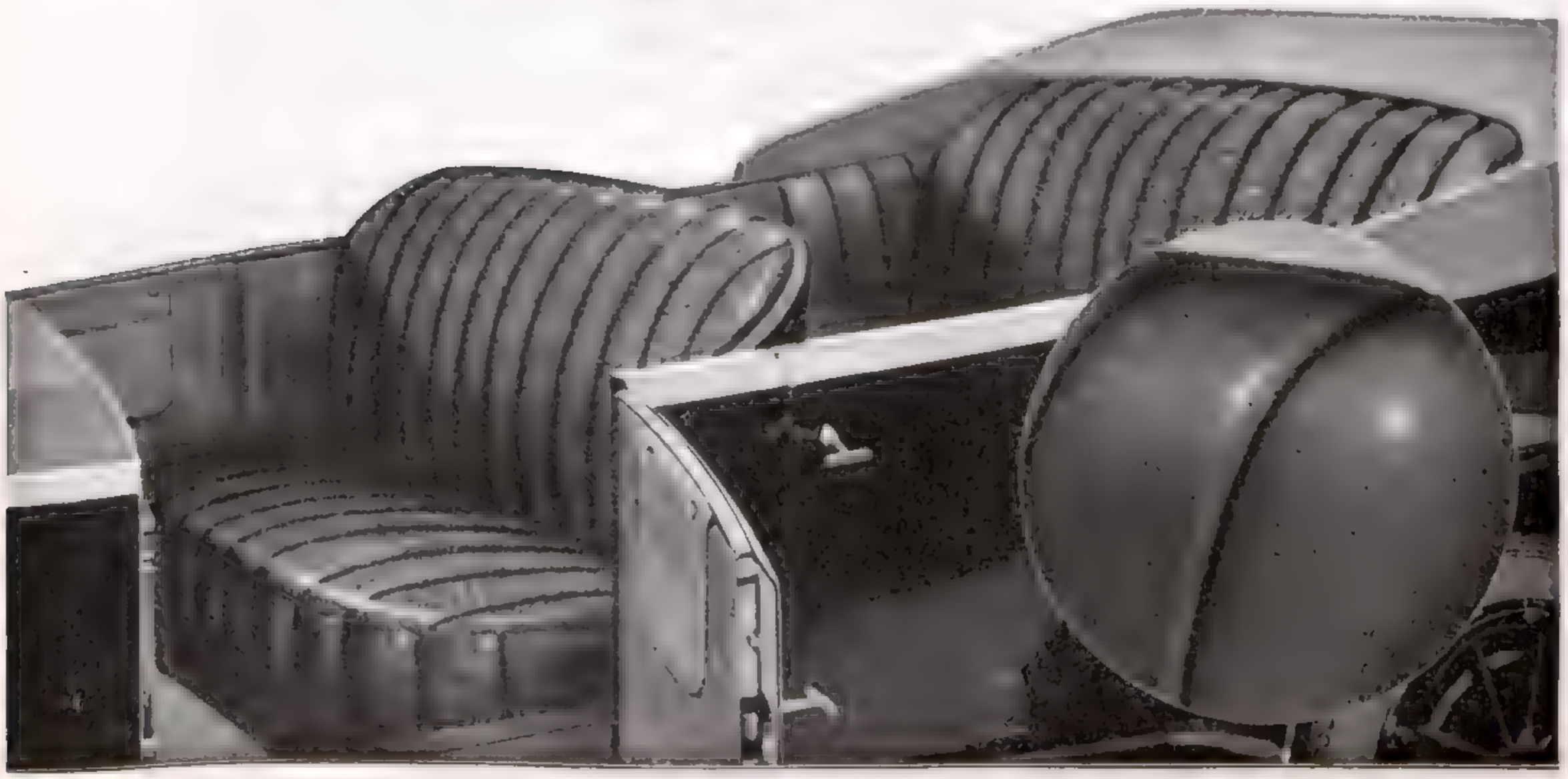

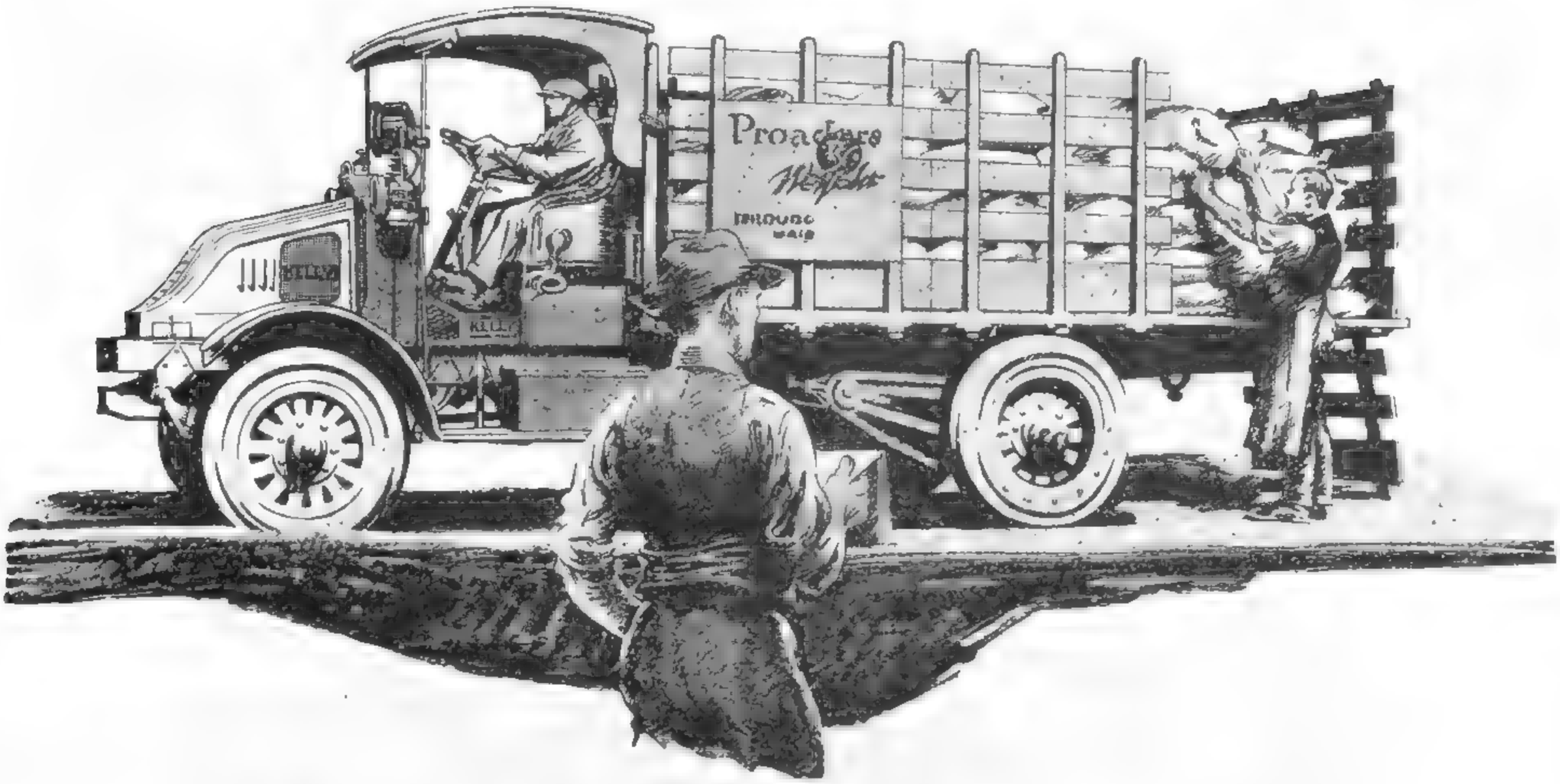

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UPON a manufacturing experience of fifteen years rests the judgment to build the double chain drive equipment on heavy duty Kelly trucks. Time has proved its value.

Upon that same fifteen years' experience truck owners can safely base another equally vital judgment—permanency of institution. The first Kelly-Springfield truck built can obtain parts today, and better service than ever. This permanency and growth are important not only to old truck owners but to those looking another fifteen years ahead.

This long experience has also guided our judgment in the development of Kelly worm drive and overhead drive, which round out our line to meet every transportation problem.

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The reliability of our product and the financial responsibility of our institution can be credited to this fact: we develop every vital part of our truck in our own plant, instead of assembling the ideas and the products of others.

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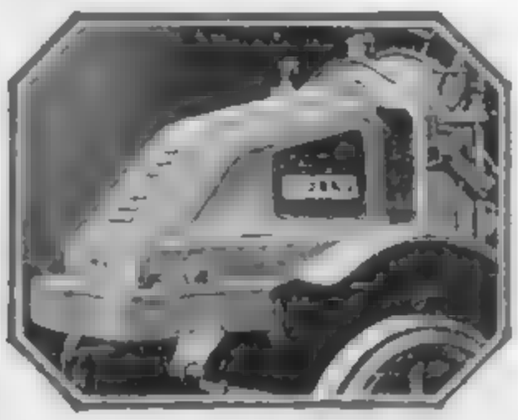

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land upon, a bad thing to break against. And at the moment his beliefs were clear-cut and precise. He believed in democracy, he opposed Bolshevism, he intended to protect American industry, and trusted in God Almighty and the Anglo-Saxon race.

This creed he was with his usual effectiveness trying to put into operation, and while Herman Felde out in Muxton was sending his telegram to Willing, Haig was completing a committee on The American Aircrafts Program; and having attended its initial meeting returned to the simple apartment he shared with Ted Aigne.

That luxurious young man was on the eve of his departure for New York, having taken a run down to Washington in a new roadster that looked and acted like one of the dragons of old. He had hung about Peggy in a helpless fashion, praying mercy, to no avail. He had not intended to come back when he said good-by that afternoon in Muxton unless he had accomplished something to her liking. But a lifelong habit of idleness and complete freedom from responsibility was not easy to shake off, and he had come to her again despite himself, overwhelmed by the fierce need he had for her. Men may be that way even when they look like tailors' manikins; and Ted was troubled both by his apparently futile love and by a slow awakening of soul. The pangs attendant upon the birth of his consciousness were bitter. More, he was pitiably confused. He did not know what it was that he wanted to do, and there was in him that cautiousness which had held the first Aigne, the foreman shipwright, in service to old Benson until it seemed safe to leave, just as he possessed also the ability to make a radical change in his life, once the course was clearly set. But the course was not yet laid. There was nothing that he wanted to do, and he was too clever to embark on any enterprise unless his entire interest was in it. Moreover, the unrest of the times was upon him and he had developed a guilty feeling toward the possession of enormous wealth of which he had not earned a penny.

During the war the air service had given him an absorbing occupation, intriguing his attention to an extent far greater than anything else he had ever done, certainly at least since as a boy he had built and sailed whole fleets of small boats with a surprising deft skill and long-lived enthusiasm. But now the war was over—a dim, rather boresome memory it would seem if one were to judge by the attitude of the noncombatants he encountered upon his return home. And though it had given him a temporarily completely absorbing occupation it had not offered him a profession. He was groping. It seemed as though the stabilizing interest wouldn't materialize. And his heart was very sore, in a clean, rather naïve way.

"Are you off?" asked the senator, seeing Ted's motor coat. "You look as if the worm of remorse were devouring you. What is it, Ted, before you go?"

"I don't mind telling you it's Peggy," said Aigne. "She won't have me."

"And why not?" inquired Haig, lifting his shaggy brows.

"She flays me for doing nothing," said his nephew. "But what can I do? She says I'm a beastly capitalist and all that. And, of course, in a way she's right. But I don't know a darned thing!"

"She is an extremely astute young lady!" said the senator unexpectedly. "I congratulate her upon her good sense. Any other female would snap your money up, and she merely tells you to go to work! Good for her! Go, why don't you?"

"Into what?" said Ted plaintively. "I've no objections to work and I've recently been overwhelmed by the brilliantly original notion that a chap ought to earn his salt no matter how his governor may have left him fixed. Owes it to the working chaps and all that. But how the devil shall I start?"

"Create a new industry and set new groups of men to work!" cried Haig with enthusiasm. "Why not make something, anything. Only boost industry, boost production! This is no time for slacking, for theorizing. It's the time of times to produce and keep producing. Boy, if half the men in your position would see matters as you are beginning to see them—thanks to Peggy, bless her heart!—there would be no talk of Bolshevism!"

"Thanks awfully," replied Teddy. "I'll simply have to make good now. I'll start something right off."

This time Teddy Aigne kept his word. He had a long face with a funny little mustache, and wonderful and fearful garments. But he kept his word and was decent about women, and if he did take an hour to dress it took him precious little time to fight if occasion required. The English army is full of such men. In America they seldom run so perfectly true to type.

Being possessed at once of a clear-cut determination to do something and a perfectly blank mind as to what it would be, Fate or Nature or what not, as he later put it, decided to help him out, instanter, and so gave him a blow-out in Walltown, halfway to New York, and left him stranded in a deserted section of the river front without an extra tube and never a garage in sight.

To right and left stretched the long wall of an inclosure of some sort, *sans* the usual embellishment of advertising signs. Above it towered the giant walls of enormous shops and foundries; and beyond these the steel lacery of stupendous ways on the water's edge reared their delicate strength against the evening sky. There was a curious quiet over the place, like that of a giant sleeping. It was evidently one of those shipyards which at the close of the war had been either reduced in activity or wiped out of existence. It was evidently not in operation, but something about it—a poignant air of waiting, a portentous sense of its dormant power—drew Aigne through the gate in company with the watchman, and standing there amid the active silence the answer to his problem seemed presented. The place was for sale. It was in the hands of a receiver, so the watchman said.

Dreams of his boyhood came back to Aigne as he stood there only half listening to the garrulous stream of the old watchman's talk. Dreams of himself upon a pirate vessel, of himself as a heroic engineer saving his ship amid incredible storms. Then of the fleet of little boats that he had once built; and, suddenly, of aviation. What if clouds of aircraft were to be one day launched from these structures, ponderous yet swift, strange pigeons from his trap? Why not? Here was a place in which to do both. Ships; and, later, airships.

With a sudden deep conviction he knew that this was what he wanted. He would set the dormant giant into motion and create beautiful semianimate things that would go forth over the world on its waters and through the skies above it, bearing the romance of life to the corners of the world. At least that is what he felt; or a very small part of it.

What he said was, "This would be a damn fine place if it were running—eh what? I'll say so!" Then: "Where is the receiver chap, do you suppose? What is the place called?"

"It's the Community Ship nowadays," said the old man. "But folks that's always been here like I have still calls 'em the Benson Yards."

The receiver chap proved amenable, and shortly after this John Israel Benson the third knew what had happened. There seems to be in the generic mind of humanity an arrangement of thought strata similar to the belts of wind. People thinking on the same level the world over have their minds acclimated, as it were. Witness the spontaneity with which the same character of reform, of education, of what not, will spring up simultaneously with apparent complete independence in different countries.

And if people belong to a certain group activity, sooner or later they will be drawn into it, affected by it, known of it, though they be buried leagues from it in the depths of some wilderness.

And it was in a wilderness—a real wilderness, not one created only through loneliness of the mind—that Aigne's advertisement reached Benson. For the instructor's guess had been a shrewd one. John Israel, taking Schwartz and the dog, had gone out into the country.

For ten weeks the two had worked upon the model of the engine control, living in a shack which they hired from a farmer on the outskirts of a village consisting of a crossroads, a forge and one shop; a place as dreary as the Middle West could offer—which is saying a good deal.

Something had gone very wrong with Benson's spirit after his dismissal from the mill. A slow anger at the injustice of society at large filled him, together with a determination to show the world that in spite of everything his sheer genius, his immortal soul, would find expression in the work that was peculiarly his. He had turned all his little property into cash and in a blind fervor had sought out the silence of the country for the development of his model.

Billy had accompanied him rather unwillingly. But a breakdown had followed his experience on the crane. The drug had poisoned his system and he could not eat. Neither could he have found employment in Muxton had he been able to work. So in the end he agreed, sulkily enough, to go with Benson. As he grew better he chafed under the inactivity. Like all true city-bred workers he loathed the country with a deep and unconquerable hatred. He was bored beyond endurance, and as he grew in health he developed the habit of nagging Benson to move. Their money was running short, owing in part to John Israel's expenditures upon his device. Soon they would have to find employment and meanwhile he was eventually more helpless in his isolation than in a group of fellow workmen.

Once the model was in a fair way of completion when an accident ruined it. His money would meet the repairs upon it, but ahead of that loomed patent lawyers, the expenses of exhibition, of living while he showed the thing. It was overwhelming. A big thing like this invention of his required big capital to float it. There simply was no other way. Benson had grown rugged and brown through his life in the open, but his intelligence at length recognized the need for compromise. And Aigne's advertisement swayed him to a decision.

It is probable that no other such announcement, coming from a different section of the country, would have stirred him so profoundly. He was in an angry defiant mood. His model was still incomplete, though in his mind it was a finished thing, and his diagrams were, he was convinced, perfect. But there was so little money. And there was that inborn restlessness of the city dweller upon Billy. When the boy brought Aigne's notice to his attention it was at once a pain and a relief.

WANTED!

Experienced steel workers in all branches. Men to operate machines in large shipbuilding corporation. Skilled forgemen, rollers, shipwrights, men who have been employed in aëroplane or dirigible construction particularly desired.

Address
THE AIGNE SHIPYARDS, Walltown, N. J.

Walltown! That was the secret thing that drew him after all! A shipyard at Walltown! At once the old yards came to mind like a pleasing but half-forgotten dream. And the homestead the flowery orchard and his mother bidding old Mrs. Schwartzer farewell. But Walltown must be reborn. What had the war done for the place? How had it grown? Did they send out splendid modern vessels now? Who was in charge there? No, it is quite certain that no other advertisement could have affected him so. The longing for the sea that was in his blood, that had been there for generations, was upon him.

John Israel Benson the third could no more have resisted the solace promised to his sore spirit by the sight and sound of the yards than he could have destroyed the incomplete model of his invention. He counted over his meager remaining store of money and agreed to Billy's proposal that they answer the advertisement.

"We can just about make it!" said Benson grimly. But in his heart he believed that good fortune would magically reach him in the place where he belonged. An exultation filled him from the moment of his resolve to go.

"If a man has a good thing he's bound to deliver it!" he said solemnly to the tolerant Billy. "You can't bury a real man or a real invention. Wait and see! This thing of mine is of the imperishable sort. I'll put it away now—I have to. But it's part of the next step ahead for the world, and some day we'll put it over!"

"Gimme s'more of that pie!" replied Billy, reaching across the table. But John Israel only laughed. He was going home. And somehow he had already managed to find solace and assurance in the fact.

IX

A NEWSPAPER conveys such vastly different messages to its various readers. One sees only such an item, and another that different thing which has a peculiar significance for himself. Herman Felde coming down the steps of the office building which sheltered the Russian trades representative, Mr. Petrov, and his orderly offices, bought of a passing newsboy a copy of that selfsame sheet which had revolutionized Benson's plans, and at once became absorbed in an account of the dynamiting of the home of a prominent judge who was noted for his distaste for foreign-born, unnaturalized labor leaders. A curious smile twisted the corners of Mr. Felde's mouth as he read, and for the time being the paper contained nothing else for him.

"Very crude—very crude!" he murmured to himself. "I must have Petrov take this up with the Buffalo people. They should either have killed him or left him alone. Stupid pigs! If only they could realize how much more they can accomplish simply by labor disturbances! But they are such hotheaded children! They lose their *verdammte* tempers!"

He preserved the paper for further examination, and at his club, fortified by a large cigar, he presented the perfect picture of a respectable and worthy citizen whose interests would probably lie in the devotion of his grandchildren and an occasional mild game of golf, the while he puffed a comfortable halo of smoke round his sleek head and perused the item concerning the bomb once more.

Then satisfied that he had overlooked no detail of the case he turned his attention to the remainder of the sheet, and in due course of events came upon Aigne's advertisement. It drew his interest for a double reason. To begin with, it was his custom to make a note of any such announcement, with the view of putting the place on record at the office. Secondly, the name of this particular corporation struck him. He knew something of the almost limitless Aigne fortune and of the family's history. Indeed he even had a slight acquaintance with young Aigne, though it held no great degree of warmth, owing in part to the young man's relationship to Senator Haig, whose political enmity toward Willing was of long standing. And so, of course, he knew that Ted was the last of his name. It was extremely unlikely that the young fop, for so he had always regarded him, could be behind the new enterprise in person, and yet that it was his money he made no doubt. This being the case the corporation would undoubtedly come to be one of immense importance. It would be as well to have a reliable man upon the ground from the start. Tearing out the advertisement with the aid of a diamond-studded penknife, his execution of even this small matter a perfect thing in its exact neatness, he marked in one corner a legibly printed "Rush," inclosed the clipping in a type-addressed envelope, and mailed it before he left the club.

"When Petrov gets that," he reflected, "he will probably send Michael Dort from the rolling mill. A bright fellow. Indeed I will speak to Petrov and make certain."

So this Michael Dort, long a skilled engineer in the local mill, and indeed the very man who had been Benson's boss, preceded him to Walltown; and by the time both were on their way there Felde had packed an amazingly neat traveling case and in leisurely comfort proceeded to Washington, with the benign intent of visiting his beloved "niece" and her distinguished father—a habit which had grown upon him of late, especially since an increasing number of accidents in the coal districts, closely frustrated bomb plots, and similar activities on the part of seemingly unorganized labor had attracted the outspoken attention of Senator Haig.

Willing had come to look upon these visits from Felde with a sort of dread that was only half stifled by the latter's eloquent pleas for the cause of universal brotherhood and the pictures he constantly painted of a glorious internationalism. Something very like a doubt of his own line of conduct was beginning to creep into Willing's mind—a wonder whether perhaps the people whose doctrines he had so unhesitatingly advocated were, after all, capable of governing themselves on the lines of their idealistic doctrines. The reports from Russia were disquieting—horribly so. Hungary had the poison, for so it now began to seem to him, and there was danger of other European countries becoming infected.

Gradually he was overcome with a terror of the thing he himself had fostered. It was like the alarm of the mischievous

(Continued on Page 145)

How Canned Food will help a Woman with Her Greatest Problem

NATIONAL CANNERS ASSOCIATION

A nation-wide organization formed in 1907, consisting of producers of all varieties of hermetically sealed canned foods which have been sterilized by heat. It neither produces, buys, nor sells. Its purpose is to assure, for the mutual benefit of the industry and the public, the best canned foods that scientific knowledge and human skill can produce.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

© 1920 National Canners Association

Three Meals a Day - a Thousand a Year

DO you feel like "just giving up" sometimes when trying to tempt the appetites of that family of yours?

Haven't you stood in the middle of your kitchen or pantry many a time, wondering what you would "get" for the next meal?

But suppose that the next time you look around your pantry for inspiration, you discover a variety of canned foods on the shelves—*real* foods that give you surprising suggestions for tempting meals!

Canned Food Variety Solves your Meal Problems

The variety of canned foods is wonderful, and the number of things that can be made with such foods is still more wonderful. You need not worry about variety to your meals if you are using canned foods as freely as you *can* use them.

You need not worry that meals won't look tempting, taste delicious and satisfy fickle appetites.

Greatest Allies a Woman can Have

With plenty of canned foods on hand in full variety of fruit, vegetable, fish and meats, to say nothing of soups and milk, a woman is more resourceful than her family would have believed possible.

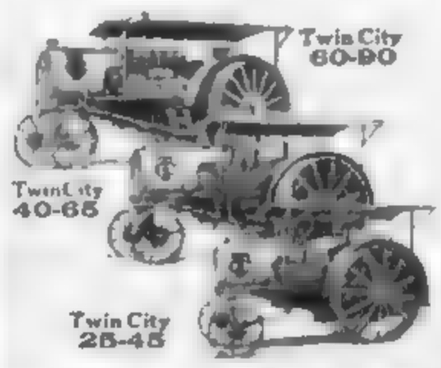
Many a Surprise in store for your Family

It is almost like travelling all over the country and eating the choice foods of each State of the Union when you use canned foods in all the variety of kinds and "dishes."

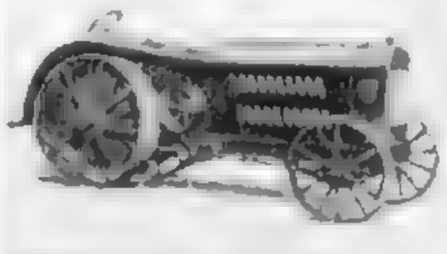
NATIONAL CANNERS ASSOCIATION ▾ WASHINGTON, D. C.

On the road to everywhere

Twin City 12-20—The newest member of the TWIN CITY Line.



The great TWIN CITY Line of Tractors now provides power for *all* farm work on any size farm.



TWIN CITY 16-30—The 16-30 has every characteristic that has made our larger tractors famous

All-Steel TWIN CITY Threshers—Built in three sizes: 22-42, 28-48, 36-60

Twin City Tractors are known to good farmers everywhere. Their reputation has put them in the fields of Europe as well as America.

Their unvarying dependability, backed by the most far-reaching service organization, has kept them there.

Year by year their numbers increase, as the old ones stay on the job and a steadily increasing volume of new ones go wherever good farming is done.

In particular, the new 12-20 tractor is on the road to everywhere. The reputation of its performance has created for it an eager demand all over the country. For this tractor has lived up to the full promise of its unique design.

The sixteen-valve-in-head engine, with removable sleeves and counter-balanced crankshaft; the Hyatt-mounted dustproof transmission—examples of its engineering perfection—have carried it smoothly through year-long schedules of the roughest work.

Its soundness now stands proved by every test of performance. ***Built to do the work, not to meet a price.***

Write for the full story of the 12-20 and four other sizes.

There is still some good territory for responsible dealers.

TWIN CITY COMPANY, Minneapolis, U. S. A.
Selling Products of
MINNEAPOLIS STEEL & MACHINERY COMPANY

Branches:
Denver, Col. Fargo, N. D. Salt Lake City, Utah Wichita, Kan. Peoria, Ill Kansas City, Mo.
Des Moines, Iowa Great Falls, Mont. Spokane, Wash. Indianapolis, Ind. St. Louis, Mo. Lincoln, Neb.
Distributors: Frank O. Renstrom Co.—San Francisco, Los Angeles, Stockton, Oakland and Sacramento, Calif.
Baskerville & Dahl Co.—Watertown, S. D. Southern Machinery Co.—Atlanta, Ga.
R. S. George Machinery Co.—Dallas, Houston, Amarillo, San Antonio, Texas and Crowley, La.
Eastern and Export Offices: Minneapolis Steel & Machinery Co.—154 Nassau Street, New York City
Canadian Distributors: Minneapolis Steel & Machinery Co. of Canada, Ltd.—Winnipeg, Manitoba, Regina, Sask., Calgary, Alberta

TWIN CITY
Power Farming Equipment

(Continued from Page 141)

small boy over the wrong he has half unwittingly done. And then he would sway back to his emotionalism for the "downtrodden mass of the proletariat," as he rhetorically called them to Felde. But on this latest visit of the German's a proposition was put to him that seemed impossible. He revolted.

It was then that Herman showed him how completely he held Willing in the hollow of his hand.

"Your income," he said comfortably—"what of that? It's all in German Zeppelin stock now, my friend. Can you live on your salary—you with your taste for comfort, not to say luxury? And what about your campaign fund? Would you relish a Sunday story in any of our leading newspapers about that?"

"You furnished it," retorted Willing. "You only expose yourself by such a threat!"

"I didn't furnish a cent of it," replied Felde amazingly. "The contributions are all on record—in my office—and three prominent I. W. W. men stand as the largest contributors. I simply arranged to keep this quiet at the time, for I knew that though you desired the support of labor—well, one must be discreet. But in view of the help you have received from the radical element you can scarcely turn and rend them now. Can't you oppose or at least in some way quietly defeat this new investigation of the Bolshevik question?"

"Oppose it!" exclaimed Willing. "You must be insane, Felde. To do that would be suicide."

"Well, then," said the German, still placidly smoking, "you must be chairman of the investigation committee."

The proposal was so astounding that for a moment Willing was unable to grasp it.

"I won't do it!" he said at length.

"Oh, yes, you will!" said Felde, at length openly hostile. "And the investigation will not hurry itself. Or some enterprising young politician in Muxton may start digging up your political history—to say nothing of your personal fortune—and who knows how he might misinterpret your motives?"

For a moment it was open warfare. Willing all at once saw with a horrid clearness just what the German stood for. Then the latter began to speak again, and the true vision faded before that great dream of a world made perfect, which, to do him justice, was as sincere a desire with the senator as was his belief in the hereafter.

"For heaven's sake, man!" said Felde in the sudden change of tone with which he was accustomed to play upon his victim's weakness and vanity—with which he cajoled the impractical flowery-tongued idealist into a belief that the millennium was at hand—"don't you see that the end must justify the means in this case as in no other? When have the capitalists ever worked openly? When have they scrupled to use any methods that would achieve their aim? Don't you see, man, that this is simply a dose of their own medicine? The friends of internationalism must use what comes to their net. You will be of inestimable service as chairman of that committee ——"

And so on, far into the night; the web drawing closer. But though Willing yielded in the end, the burden of his situation lay heavily upon him. Like all theoretical revolutionists he shrank from the actual application of his declared beliefs. Hitherto he had done precious little except talk. Even his opposition to the war had been verbal—endlessly so. Now there was an actual task to do.

He must delay the work of the investigating committee. Talk might do it, but the undertaking bore an uncomfortably close resemblance to action. His shoulders drooped with it, and there were lines in his erstwhile placid face.

On the morning that the newspapers announced his appointment as chairman of the committee which was to inquire into the spread of Bolshevik propaganda in America, Willing came downstairs to confront an empty seat where ordinarily Peggy sat waiting to pour his coffee. He was a trifle later than usual this morning, a night session having given him cause for oversleeping, and as a rule his daughter was there long before he came down. To-day he allowed the servant to serve him.

"Is Miss Willing not well?" he inquired.

"I think she's gone out, sir," replied the man.

"Out?" said the senator.

"She breakfasted very early, sir," said the man. "I think she left that note, please."

It lay upon the folded newspaper beside his plate, and waiting until the servant had left the room he opened it in bewilderment. A note from Peggy—at such an hour! He read it in a daze. She had written:

"*Dearest Daddy:* When I saw the headlines in the paper this morning I knew I could not stay here any longer. I didn't believe you would do it. But you have, and I cannot endure the pain. You know how I felt about the war. That was bad enough, but this is worse. I know a great deal more than you realize. I have twice overheard you and Uncle Herman, once out at home and once last month. Of course I cannot betray you, but, dear, neither can I live any longer on German money. I'm twenty-two, and I can earn my own living. But for a while I am going to a place where I shall be quite safe, and can think things over in new surroundings. Don't trouble about my safety and don't try to find me. To do so at this time against my will would be fatal to any hope of readjusting our relationship. I've got to think that you are sincerely doing what you believe is right. But I cannot agree to it.

"Your loving daughter, PEGGY."

The senator sat quite a long time, motionless, with the letter in his hands, his food untouched, the pleasant sunlight pouring through the bay window and playing upon the cheerful breakfast table. The coffee urn steamed softly, and Aleck, his old dog, stirred at his feet. He shrank a little in his chair, his tall figure breaking unconsciously. Then as the servant cautiously peeped round the swinging door the old man drew himself together and looked at the newspaper headlines.

"What sacrifices!" he murmured to himself. "For the people—for freedom! She is a child—a mere child! She will come back. The magnificent sacrifice—of personal honor if need be. She does not understand, she does not believe it."

And such was the inherent vanity of the man that almost he convinced himself. He took up the newspaper and read of himself with a proud pain which he thoroughly enjoyed.

But Peggy did not come back. She had in the haste-filled hour preceding her departure collected only those things which she felt to be rightfully her own, and among these was Ruffles the cat, to which she had become very much attached. It was a nice cat, rather deaf, with blue eyes and a companionable habit of mind beyond the usual run of her kind. A white Persian was rather an incumbrance for a young lady leaving home with the avowed intention of evading discovery, but the thought of a live companion swung the balance in Ruffles' favor, and so it was that only one of the bags which Peggy took with her contained clothing.

For a good many weeks—indeed ever since the episode of Benson's dismissal from the mill—Peggy had been laying her plans for some such emergency. She had found it impossible to talk frankly with her father. Her protest at John Israel's dismissal had simply ended by her own work at the mill being brought to an abrupt close, for Felde had in his turn held her to her end of the bargain—to stop if the work was a failure. It was undeniably just that. An attempt to have any real discussion of her life and work resulted in a suspicion of her own personal interest in Benson. But if it was impossible to talk with the senator she foresaw that it would shortly be impossible to live with him, and she had made her plans accordingly.

She possessed a little piece of property of her own, a tiny cottage in Walltown which had been her grandmother's and which was now hers through the old German woman's death. Peggy had paid the taxes on it for a year now and had even gone so far as to make it one secret visit, finding it in good order. It was to this little dwelling, nestled down just beyond the apple trees of the now deserted and ruinous Benson estate, that Peggy betook herself, together with her cat, a few hundred dollars and a troubled but courageous heart.

It was a sweet little place, its poverty dignified by age, and sheltered by enormous bushes of lilac and syringa which grew to the very eaves. There was moss on the roof and the place smelled musty, as is the way of tired old houses, until the young mistress flung up the protesting window sashes and flooded the low rooms with air and sunlight. The cat newly released from its long confinement in the other suitcase stalked from room to room on a supercilious round of investigation, while Peggy brushing the cobwebs from her hands surveyed her domain with a delicious sense of peace and freedom. It was her own—her very own! And despite her German grandmother—despite even the lithograph of Bismarck upon the wall—it was a typical little American home, dating back to Revolutionary days and growing with the passing generations into the very soil whereon it stood, taking root along with the red roses at its porch, the white daisies on its lawn, the blue myrtle about its foundations. And it was hers—hers! Here she would be free to come and go as she chose, to live as she chose, and to think—that was best of all! Here she would work at her problem of the future while her hands were busied with simple household tasks—for she intended to perform these herself. Delightedly she examined every portion of the little house, planning its rearrangement. Physical effort would give her soul the peace it longed for.

Far from being afraid to be alone there she welcomed the notion. How sweet and quiet and mercifully forgotten it all was! She thanked the fortune that had swung the growth of the town along the river front and in the direction of Philadelphia, leaving this section almost countrified and clinging to its tradition of garden patches and shady trees. There was not even a movie theater in the neighborhood, and one had to walk a quarter of a mile to the grocery store. Across the stretch of meadow that made a peninsula of the section, the ways of the giant shipyards were silhouetted back against the sunset of evenings, and a pleasing friendly sense of the town's activity came across the open marshland through the day.

A tangled mass of neglected growing things with the crispness of autumn upon them half hid the deserted, gaunt-windowed Benson mansion, and the brown leaves lay in drifts upon its rotting porch. Yet it was not melancholy to her eyes, for Benson, the fourteen-year-old lad, played there in her imagination—herself, muslin-clad, with bows of blue ribbon, his ghostly companion—and the game of watching these two wraiths was balm to her wounded heart.

Benson, the denim-clad young engineer, seemed in the quiet busy days that followed to smile at her and at the two memory children from behind some vine-draped tree, from the steps of his old home, from the gate of her little garden. And at such moments she would wish intensely that she had let him into her friendship more closely before it was too late. By every right of outward circumstance he should have vanished out of her life in exactly the way that he had. By every right of their inner consciousness he should have communicated with her. But what had their relationship been, after all? A workingman and a social uplifter. Bah! Ridiculous, absurd, a farcical set of terms which meant less than nothing when put to the acid test of reality! And yet the habit of social differences was so strong! Perhaps it was her own fault for being traditionally shy and formal when she felt – what? She scarcely knew, for all she beat the braided rug upon the clothesline so savagely. But one thing was clear to her honestly self-searching mind: Peggy for the first time in her life was seriously, frankly considering the matter of a lover, a husband, a companion for herself and a father for her dream children that always somehow contrived to resemble those two whose ghosts played in the orchard next door.

She would brush this vision aside and try to think of the men who had at one time or another wanted to marry her. And she thought of Aigne – good, stilted, overdressed Teddy, with his gentle eyes and his futile, gay existence. She wondered why she had not heard from him since he last left her in Washington, and laughed when she wondered what he would say if he were to see her in her calico house dress, her blond hair caught in a careless topknot of curls, a broom wielded capably by her round young arms, and a very spicy cake baking in the oven and sending forth an aroma of blissful domestic significance upon the autumn air.

How he would laugh at her! He would never believe that she was doing this thing seriously—living as she preferred, gaining balance and health both mental and physical from such simple elemental things as the making of her bed, the polishing of her iridescent windowpanes, the raking of leaves in her tiny garden, the leaning on her whitewashed fence to watch the antics of the Italian laborers' goats across the way. Poor Ted! If only he would do something worth while, what a fine chap he might be! She encouraged herself in this thought, playing at being a prudent mother to herself—a fantasy she had long indulged in. But always Benson would reappear when she least expected him. His rugged face that was a little like Lincoln's became almost evident in the flesh, so vividly did it spring to mind, and she seemed to hear his low-pitched clear voice enunciating the answers to her larger questions.

"The world is due for a change. Let us help it intelligently, rather than oppose it with bloodshed." She put the words into his mouth. Then she wondered anew, and he seemed to speak again. "No one can predict what a change will be. Until it is completed how can we tell? And nothing is ever completed. The world has never witnessed a settled order of things." Then again: "Of course many of labor's demands are just—you have seen our mill. But the ignorance which stands in the way of betterment cannot be overcome in a day. We have an almost perfect democracy right now, but we don't trouble to use it."

She discussed her father and his Utopia with this ghost of Benson while she sat in the twilight and stroked the loudly purring Ruffles, who seemed thoroughly aware of what was going on, as is the mystic way of cats.

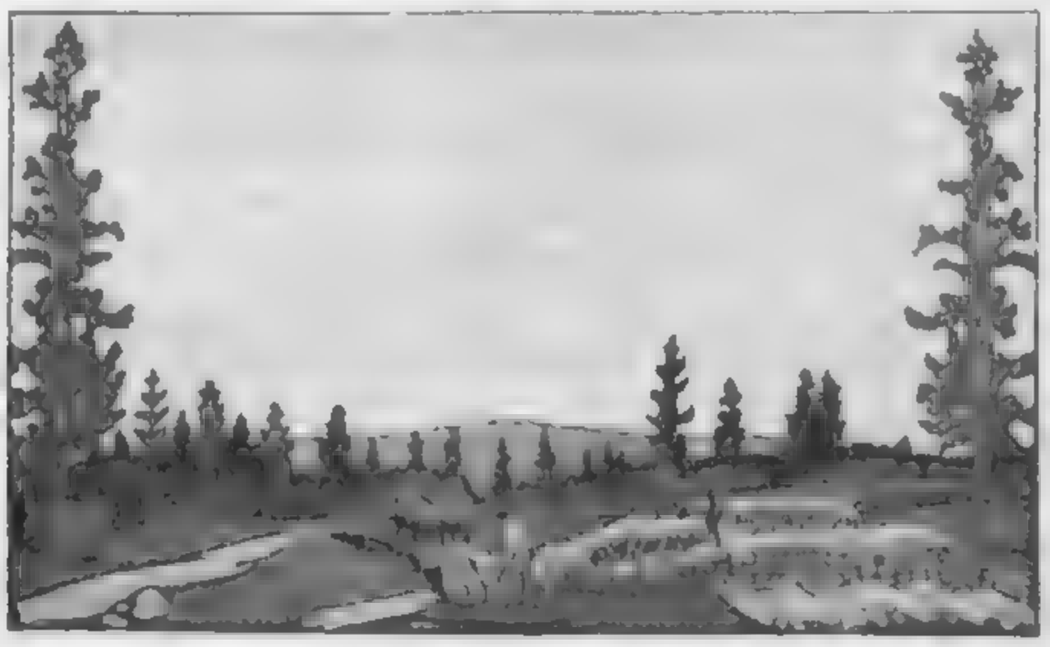
"Can he be right?" she thought. "Must one betray one's country and incite or cover up mob violence to gain the brotherhood of man?"

Then Benson's silent voice. "We are not the uneducated starved French of the Revolution," it said. "We do not need the guillotine when we already have the ballot."

And so it went from day to day, Benson always coming to fill the place in Peggy's mind that the mother in her had reserved for Teddy Aigne. And not two miles away Aigne was wrestling with a gigantic scheme for the biggest single enterprise this terrestrial globe has yet seen. When at length he was assured of its development he wrote to her—a long letter, to which he received no answer.

The senator tucked it away in her little desk against the time of her return.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



Stewart
MOTOR TRUCKS

America's greatest truck value

By hitching its wagon to a star—
By fixing an ideal and living up to it—
By expert designing, modest profit-taking at moderate prices—
By creating a world market through far-sighted advertising and salesmanship—
By building only high-grade trucks at quantity production prices—

The Stewart Motor Corporation has realized a goal desired by many and reached by few—a high-grade truck for practically every line of business, at less-cost-to-buy and less-cost-to-run—a truck that is all business from the ground up—a truck that stands up, delivers the goods, lives a long life and pays profits to its owner from the start.

Five popular models, ready for any load, ready for any road, adapt themselves to 90% of the requirements of American business, at about 20% less than the average cost.

Stewarts cost $200 to $300 less to buy than the average prices of other trucks.

Stewarts cost less to run—

For through scientifically simplified design, hundreds of really needless parts, consequently hundreds of pounds of needless weight, are eliminated.

Hence you get a stronger, simpler truck—simpler to operate, easier to maintain—a truck that drags no needless dead weight—is economical of oil, gasoline and tires—a truck that costs less for time in dry dock, repairs and replacements—

And a sound, business-like, attractive, high-grade truck—built to last, built for day-in-day-out service—a truck that does a great deal more than it promises.

Quality trucks since 1912

STEWART MOTOR CORPORATION, Buffalo

Owners' satisfaction proved—

1. By use in 38 foreign lands
2. By fleets that grew from one

The international use of Stewarts is no less impressive than the growth of multiple Stewart fleets at home.

Abroad, Stewarts are giving daily and profitable service to owners in 38 foreign countries.

At home, the unique quality of Stewart service has caused the growth in hundreds of cases from the original one Stewart (write for names) to large fleets.

But it isn't the size of a fleet that tells the real story. A big firm may decide to motorize its hauling—may buy 20 to 50 trucks at once. It's the experience of a concern that started with one Stewart, found it a business-winner, bought more Stewarts one after another to keep pace with expansion, which is a real guide.

Here are the letters of a couple of owners. This owner-satisfaction with Stewart performance has made the Stewart Motor Corporation a world leader in truck building in only seven years.

MACON TRANSFER CO.
MACON, GA.

After running our first truck a short while we purchased a 1½ ton truck and four months later we purchased a second one-ton

After all three of these trucks had given us splendid service for six or eight months we decided to purchase our fourth, a ½ ton Stewart, four months ago, which makes our fleet number four trucks at the present date.

All four of these trucks are giving absolute satisfaction and we will further state that the first one-ton which we purchased is running as good and doing as much work as it did the day we drove it out of your place

If business increases in the next month as much as it has in the past we will be obliged to add another Stewart to our fleet, which will make five of these trucks

(*Signed*) WALTER S. HERIN

THE STIENEN DYEING CO. INC.
NEW YORK

It might be interesting for you to know the experience we gained with the two trucks purchased from you

We have been operating the 1½ ton truck for two and one-half years, running it at an average of 40 miles per day, every business day in the year, and got the best satisfaction we ever did with any truck. We have only spent $80 on repairs in the two and one-half years we have been operating same. We have used this truck on long distance trips to Providence and found that we got an average of 14 miles on one gallon of gasoline. For this reason we placed another order for a 3½ ton truck, which we have now been running for two months and we find same to be equally as good as the other one. We have no trouble whatsoever loading 5 tons at a time.

We appreciate your prompt attention given at your service stations, and remain, (*Signed*) ERNEST A. STIENEN, President

Chassis prices f.o.b. Buffalo: ¾-ton $1350; 2000 lb. $1655; 1½-ton $2250; 2-ton $2875; 3½-ton $3895

STEWART MOTOR CORPORATION, Buffalo

BEAVER BOARD

for Better Walls and Ceilings

The Mark that Insures the Result

This trade-mark is for your protection; it stands for genuine Beaver Board. You can't expect Beaver Board results unless this trade-mark is on the back of the board you buy.

Beaver Board is more than a "knotless, crackless manufactured lumber," it is *a long lived and attractive wall and ceiling result.* When you buy Beaver Board for your new home or for remodeling *you buy this result.*

No time is lost waiting for plaster to dry, you'll have a greater variety of decorations and you'll never have to contend with cracked wall paper or falling plaster.

Send for a copy of our new book, "Beaver Board and Its Uses," and Color Card of Beaverlona, a velvety flat paint especially made by the manufacturers of Beaver Board

THE BEAVER BOARD COMPANIES
Administration Offices, Buffalo, N. Y.; Thorold, Ont., Canada; London, Eng.
Offices in principal cities of the United States and abroad
Distributors and dealers everywhere

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 21)

Now Miss Minerva, as her name connoted, was a wise woman; and she had reached an unerring conclusion by two different and devious routes, to wit, intuition and logic, the same being the high road and low road of reason—high or low in either case as you may prefer. Thus intuition: Camel—small boy. Reason: Small boy camel. But there was here an additional element—a direct personal relationship between this particular small boy and this particular camel, rising out of the incident of the ink bottle. She realized that that camel must have acquired for William a peculiar quality—almost that of a possession—in view of the fact that he had put his mark upon it. She knew that Willie could no more stay away from the environs of that camel than said camel could remain in that attic. Indeed we might go on at some length expounding further this profound law of human nature that where there are camels there will be small boys; that, as it were, under such circumstances Nature abhors an infantile vacuum.

"If I know him he is!" agreed Mr. Tutt, referring to William's probable proximity to Eset el Gazzar.

"Speaking of camels," said Tutt as he lit a cigarette, "makes me think of brass beds."

"Yes," nodded his partner. "Of course it would, naturally. What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean this," began Tutt, clearing his throat as if he were addressing twelve good and true men—"a camel is obviously an unusual—not to say peculiar—animal to be roosting over there in that attic. It is an exotic—if I may use that term. It is as exotic as a brass bed from Connecticut would be, or is, in Damascus or Lebanon. Now, therefore, a camel will as assuredly give cause for trouble in New York as a brass bed in Bagdad!"

"The right thing often makes trouble if put in the wrong place," pondered Mr. Tutt.

"Or the wrong thing in the right place!" assented Tutt. "Now all these unassimilated foreigners——"

"What have they got to do with brass beds in Lebanon?" challenged Miss Wiggin.

"Why," continued Tutt, "I am credibly informed that the American brass bed—particularly the double bed—owing to its importation into Asia Minor was the direct cause of the Armenian massacres."

"Tosh!" said Miss Wiggin.

"For a fact!" asserted Tutt. "It's this way—an ambassador told me so himself—the Turks, you know, are nuts on beds—and they think a great big brass family bed such as—you know—they're in all the department-store windows. Well, every Turk in every village throughout Asia Minor saves up his money to buy a brass bed—like a nigger buys a cathedral clock. Sign of superiority. You get me? And it becomes his most cherished household possession. If he meets a friend on the street he says to him naturally and easily, without too much conscious egotism, just as an American might say, 'By the way, have you seen my new limousine?'—he says to the other Turk, 'Oh, I say, old chap, do you happen to have noticed my new brass bed from Connecticut? They just put it off the steamer last week at Aleppo. Fatima's taking a nap in it now, but when she wakes up——'"

"What nonsense!" sniffed Miss Wiggin.

"It's not nonsense!" protested the junior partner. "Now listen to what happens. Some Armenian—the Armenians are the pawnbrokers of Asia Minor—moves into that village and in three months he has a mortgage on everything in it, including that brass bed. Then the Turkish Government, which regards him as an undesirable citizen, tells him to move along; and Mister Armenian piles all the stuff the inhabitants have mortgaged to him into an oxcart and starts on his way, escorted by the Sultan's troops. On top of the load is Yusuf Bulbul Ameer's brass bed. Yusuf looks out of his doorway and sees the bed moving off and rushes after it to protect his property.

"'Look here!' he shouts. 'Where are you going with my brass bed?'

"'It isn't yours!' retorts Mister Pawnbroker. 'It's mine. I loaned you eighty-seven piasters on it!'

"'But I've got an equity in it! You can't take it away!'

"'Of course I can!' replies the Armenian. 'Where I goeth it will go. The Turkish Government is responsible.'

"'Not much,' says Yusuf, grabbing hold of it, trying to pull it off the cart.

"'Hands off there!' yells the Armenian.

"Then there is a mix-up and everybody piles in—and there is a massacre!"

"That's a grand yarn!" remarked Mr. Tutt. "Still, it may be——"

"Bunk!" declared Miss Wiggin. "And what has that got to do with camels?"

"My point is," affirmed Tutt, waving his index finger—"my point is that just as a Yankee brass bed in Turkey will make certain trouble, so a Turkish camel in New York is bound to do the same thing."

A door slammed behind them and Willie's voice interrupted the conversation.

"Mr. Tutt! Mr. Tutt!" he cried hysterically. "There's been a murder down there—and we—I'm—partly responsible. I spent the night with the camel and he's—she's—all right—in Regan's Boarding Stable. But Kasheed is in the Tombs, and I told them you'd defend him. You will, won't you?"

Mr. Tutt looked at the excited boy.

"Who killed whom?" he asked correctly. "And where does the camel come in?"

"Somebody killed Sardi Babu," explained Willie. "I don't know exactly who did it—but they've arrested Kasheed Hassoun, the owner of Eset el Gazzar."

"Who?" roared Tutt.

"Mr. Tutt! Mr. Tutt!" He Cried Hysterically. "There's Been a Murder Down There—and We—I'm—Partly Responsible"

"The camel. You see, nobody knew she was in the attic until I saw her stick her head out of the hole in the roof. Then I told Murphy and he went up and found her there. But Kasheed thought Sardi had told on him, you see, and nobody would believe him when he said he hadn't. The judge fined Kasheed twenty-five dollars, and he—Kasheed—accused Sardi of being a Turk and they had a big row right there in court. Nothing happened until the cops had got Eset out of the window and she was over at Regan's. I stayed there. Her head is bright red from the ink, you know. Then somebody went over to the restaurant where Sardi was and killed him. So you see, in a way, I'm to blame, and I didn't think you'd mind defending Kasheed, because he's a corker and if they electrocute him Eset will starve to death."

"I see," said Mr. Tutt thoughtfully. "You think that by rights if anybody was going to get killed it ought to have been you?"

Willie nodded.

"Yes, sir," he assented.

And that is how a camel was the moving cause of the celebrated firm of Tutt & Tutt appearing as counsel in the case of The People against Kasheed Hassoun, charged with the crime of murder in the first degree for having taken the life of Sardi Babu with deliberation and premeditation and malice aforethought and against the peace of the People of the State of New York.

"And then there's this here Syrian murder case," groaned the chief clerk of the district attorney's office plaintively to his chief. "I don't know what to do with it. The defendant's been six months in the Tombs, with all the Syrian newspapers hollering like mad for a trial. He killed him all right, but you know what these foreign-language murder cases are, boss! They're lemons, every one of 'em!"

"What's the matter with it?" inquired the D. A. "It's a regular knock-down-and-drag-out case, isn't it? Killed him right in a restaurant, didn't he?"

"Sure! That part of it's all right," assented the chief clerk. "He killed him—yes! But how are you going to get an American jury to choose between witnesses who are quite capable of swearing that the corpse killed the defendant. How in hell can you tell what they're talking about anyway?"

"You can't!" said the D. A. "Send the papers in to Pepperill and tell him on the side it'll make him famous. He'll believe you."

"But it'll take ten weeks to try it!" wailed the chief clerk.

"Well, send it down to old Wetherell, in Part Thirteen. He's got the sleeping sickness and it will be sort of soothing for him to listen to."

"Might wake him up," suggested the other.

"You couldn't!" retorted the D. A. "What's the case about anyhow?"

"It's about a camel," explained the subordinate hesitatingly.

The D. A. grinned. Said he: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a just prosecutor to convict a Syrian of murder. Well, old top, send for a couple of dozen Korans and hire rooms for the jury over Kaydoub, Salone & Dabut's and turn 'em loose on *kibbah arnabeiah*, *kashtah* and *halawee*."

Mr. William Montague Pepperill was a very intense young person, twenty-six years old, out of Boston by Harvard College. He had been born beneath the golden dome of the State House on Beacon Street, and from the windows of the Pepperill mansion his infant eyes had gazed smugly down upon the Mall and Frog Pond of the historic Common. There had been an aloof serenity about his life within the bulging front of the paternal residence with its ancient glass window panes—faintly tinged with blue, just as the blood in the Pepperill veins was also faintly tinged with the same color—his unimpeachable social position at Hoppy's and later on at Harvard—which he pronounced Haavaad—and the profound respect in which he was held at the law school in Cambridge, that gave Mr. W. Montague Pepperill a certain confidence in the impeccability of himself, his family, his relatives, his friends, his college, his habiliments and haberdashery, his deportment, and his opinions, political, religious and otherwise.

For W. M. P. the only real Americans lived on Beacon Hill, though a few perhaps might be found accidentally across Charles Street upon the made land of the Back Bay. A real American must necessarily also be a graduate of Harvard, a Unitarian, an allopath, belong to the Somerset Club and date back ancestrally at least to King Philip's War. W. Montague had, however, decided early in life that Boston was too small for him and that he owed a duty to the rest of the country.

So he had condescended to New York, where through his real American connections in law, finance and business he had landed a job in a political office where the aristocrats were all either Irish, Jews or Italians, who regarded him as an outlandish animal. It had been a strange experience for him. So had the discovery that graft, blackmail, corruption, vice and crime were not mere literary conventions, existing only for the theoretical purposes of novelists and playwrights, but were actualities frequently dealt with in metropolitan society. He had secured his appointment from a reform administration and he had been retained as a holdover by Peckham, the new district attorney, by reason of the fact that his uncle by marriage was a Wall Street banker who contributed liberally without prejudice to both political parties. This, however, W. M. P. did not know, and assumed that he was allowed to keep his four-thousand-dollar salary because the county could not get on without him. He was slender, wore a mouse-colored waistcoat, fawn tie and spats, and plastered his hair neatly down on each side of a glossy cranium that was an almost perfect sphere.

"Ah! Mr. William Montague Pepperill, I believe?" inquired Mr. Tutt with profound politeness from the doorway of W. M. P.'s cubicle, which looked into the gloomy light shaft of the Criminal Courts Building.

Mr. Pepperill finished what he was writing and then looked up.

"Yes," he replied. "What can I do for you?"

He did not ask Mr. Tutt his name or invite him to sit down.

The old lawyer smiled. He liked young men, even conceited young men; they were so enthusiastic, so confident, so uncompromising. Besides, W. M. P. was at heart, as Mr. Tutt perceived, a high-class sort of chap. So he smiled.

"My name is Tutt," said he. "I am counsel for a man named Hassoun, whom you are going to try for murder. You are, of course, perfectly familiar with the facts."

He fumbled in his waistcoat, produced two withered stogies and cast his eye along the wall.

"Would you—mind—if I sat down? And could I offer you a stogy?"

"Sit down—by all means," answered W. M. P. "No, thanks!"—to the stogy.

Mr. Tutt sat down, carefully placed his old chimney pot upside down on the window ledge, and stacked in it the bundle of papers he was carrying.

"I thought you might forgive me if I came to talk over the case a little with you. You see, there are so many things that a

(Continued on Page 153)

Note the broad road pattern
of the Super Tread Tire

GATES SUPER

CORD and FABRIC

Here's a tire that lasts longer because it has a really scientific tread

AS a car owner, you know it is the tread of your tire that first shows wear. You can see that.

But even more important than *outside* wear is the unseen wear *inside* the tire body where the weakened side-walls finally give way, resulting in the blow-out you dread.

Through the application of a simple engineering principle it has now been established that internal friction in a tire can largely be controlled by the construction of the tread.

This discovery led to the designing of the Gates Super Tread Tire—with a really scientific tread that adds much longer life to this tire. And the whole secret of its longer life lies in how the tread makes its contact with the road in travel.

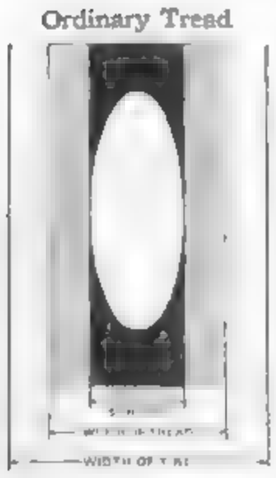
This new, broad, sturdy tread lays down a shorter, wider pattern at every road contact. This affords a sure-footed, substantial road-grip and greatly relieves internal stress in the tire body. There is less bending and flexing of the side-walls and consequently much longer life in the tire.

When you see this tire you will see at once why the broad road contact of the Gates Super Tread Tire has such a great advantage over the narrow road contact of the ordinary tire. The road contact patterns below show the difference.

Car owners welcome this scientific tread principle. For longer life has *always* been the one thing tire buyers wanted.

GATES RUBBER COMPANY, DENVER, COLORADO

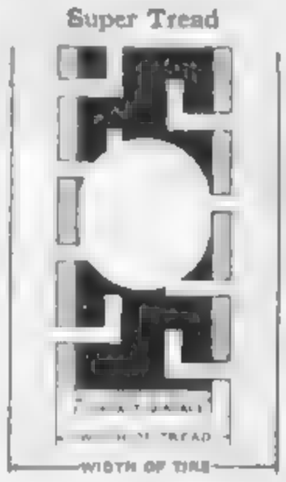
Ordinary Tread



The road pattern at the left shows you how the ordinary tire makes its contact with the road—a long, narrow pattern. If you will look at the tires on your car you will see that the wear begins along a comparatively narrow strip following the center line of the tread.

The road pattern at the right shows the Gates Super Tread contact with the road—broader, shorter; more sure-footed. Naturally, too, this kind of contact makes the Gates Super Tread last longer because the wear is distributed over a greater width of the tread. You will find that Gates Super Treads wear down very slowly and evenly.

Super Tread



GATES SUPER TREAD TIRES

Doing many little things well has helped to place electrically driven small tools in the class of big achievements

Where Tiny Motors Do the Little Jobs Better

IN industry, the wheels within wheels perform little jobs on which the big ones depend.

The machine shop of any manufacturing concern has innumerable small tools which require power of some kind to drive them. Their work is varied in nature. Some of them operate at high speed, some at low, and the quality of the work they do is dependent on the careful application of power.

Because of this, electric motors are ideal, since their performance can be regulated to suit the particular machine. As a result, machines with built-in G-E motor drive for grinding, polishing, filing, riveting, jig-sawing, drilling, turning, threading, punching and many other small but important operations are now available—complete in themselves.

The work of the General Electric Company is not to make these machines, nor simply to sell motors to manufacturers who do make them. But rather, to study these operations and their varying requirements, and then apply G-E knowledge of electric power to the individual problems of each machine. This has resulted in the application of a particular type of motor, perhaps specially designed—making a good machine better.

In doing this, the General Electric Company has gained a broad experience which may readily be capitalized by the makers of similar machines in other fields.

Sensitive drill with direct connected G E motor drive.

Flexible shaft grinding machine driven by ½ H. P. motor

Air compressor driven by ½ H P. motor.

Die filing machine driven by 1/10 H P. motor

Look for this mark of leadership in electrical development and manufacture

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

G-E motors

From the Mightiest to the Tiniest

55 B-12

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 149)

prosecutor has to consider—and which it is right that he should consider." He paused to light a match. "Now in this case, though in all probability my client is guilty there is practically no possibility of his being convicted of anything higher than manslaughter in the first degree. The defense will produce many witnesses—probably as many as the prosecution. Both sides will tell their stories in a language unintelligible to the jury, who must try to ascertain the true inwardness of the situation through an interpreter. They will realize that they are not getting the real truth—I mean the Syrian truth. As decent-minded men they won't dare to send a fellow to the chair whose defense they cannot hear and whose motives they do not either know or understand. They will feel, as I do and perhaps you do, that the only persons to do justice among Syrians are Syrians."

"Well," replied Mr. Pepperill politely, "what have you to propose?"

"That you recommend the acceptance of a plea of manslaughter in the second degree."

Deputy Assistant District Attorney William Montague Pepperill drew himself up haughtily. He regarded all criminal practitioners as semicrooks, ignorant, illiterate, rather dirty men—not in the real American class.

"I can do nothing of the kind," he answered sternly and very distinctly. "If these men seek the hospitality of our shores they must be prepared to be judged by our laws and by our standards of morality. I do not agree with you that our juridical processes are not adequate to that purpose. Moreover, I regard it as unethical—un-eth-i-cal—to accept a plea for a lesser degree of crime than that which the defendant has presumptively committed."

Mr. Tutt regarded him with undisguised admiration.

"Your sentiments do you honor, Mr. Pepperill!" he returned. "You are sure you do not mind my smoke? But of course my client is presumed innocent. I am very hopeful—almost confident—of getting him off entirely. But rather than take the very slight chance of a conviction for murder I am letting discretion take the place of valor and offer to have him admit his guilt of manslaughter."

"I guess," answered Pepperill laconically, indulging in his only but frequent solecism, "that you wouldn't offer to plead to manslaughter unless you felt pretty sure your client was going to the chair! Now——"

Mr. Tutt suddenly rose.

"My young friend," he interrupted, "when Ephraim Tutt says a thing man to man—as I have been speaking to you—he means what he says. I have told you that I expected to acquit my client. My only reason for offering a plea is the very slight—and it is a very slight—chance that an Arabian quarrel can be made the basis of a conviction for murder. When you know me better you will not feel so free to impugn my sincerity. Are you prepared to entertain my suggestion or not?"

"Most certainly not!" retorted W. M. P. with the shadow of a sneer.

"Then I will bid you good day," said Mr. Tutt, taking his hat from the window ledge and turning to the door. "And—you young whippersnapper," he added when once it had closed behind him and he had turned to shake his lean old fist at the place where W. M. P. presumably was still sitting, "I'll show you how to treat a reputable member of the bar old enough to be your grandfather! I'll take the starch out of your darned Puritan collar! I'll harry you and fluster you and heckle you and make a fool of you, and I'll roll you up in a ball and blow you out the window, and turn old Hassoun loose for an Egyptian holiday that will make old Rome look like thirty piasters! You pinheaded, pretentious, pompous, egotistical, niminy-piminy——"

"Well, well, Mr. Tutt, what's the matter?" inquired Peckham, laying his hand on the old lawyer's shoulder. "What's Peppy been doing to you?"

"It isn't what he's been doing to me; it's what I'm going to do to him!" returned Mr. Tutt grimly. "Just wait and see!"

"Go to it!" laughed the D. A. "Eat him alive! We're throwing him to the lions!"

"No decent lion would want him!" retorted Mr. Tutt. "He might maul him a little, but I won't. I'm just going to give him a full opportunity to test his little proposition that the institutions of these jolly old United States are perfectly adapted to settle quarrels among all the polyglot prevaricators of the world and administer justice among people who are still in a barbarous or at least in a patriarchal state. He's young, and he don't understand that a New York merchant is entirely too conscientious to find a man guilty on testimony that he would discount heavily in his own business."

"Go as far as you like," laughed Peckham.

"Oh, I'm only going as far as Bagdad," answered Mr. Tutt.

Deputy Assistant District Attorney Pepperill complacently set about the preparation of his case, utterly unconscious of the dangers with which his legal path was beset. As he sat at his shiny oaken desk and pressed the button that summoned the stenographer it seemed to him the simplest thing in the world to satisfy any jury of what had taken place and the summit of impudent audacity on the part of Mr. Tutt to have suggested that Hassoun should be dealt with otherwise than as a first-degree murderer. And it should be added parenthetically that W. M. P., in spite of his New England temperament, had a burning ambition to send somebody to the electric chair.

In truth, on its face the story as related by Fajala Mokarzel and the other friends of Sardi Babu the deceased pillow-sham vender was simplicity itself. Besides Sardi Babu and Mokarzel there had been Nicola Abbu, the confectioner; Menheem Shikrie, the ice-cream vender; Habu Kahoots, the showman; and David Elias, a peddler. All six of them, as they claimed, had been sitting peacefully in Ghabryel & Assad's restaurant, eating *kibbah arna beiah* and *mamoul*. Sardi had ordered *sheesh kabab*. It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and they were talking politics and drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes.

Suddenly Kasheed Hassoun, accompanied by a smaller and much darker man, had entered and striding up to the table exclaimed in a threatening manner: "Where is he who did say that he would spit upon the beard of my bishop?"

Thereupon Sardi Babu had risen and answered: "Behold, I am he."

Immediately Kasheed Hassoun, and while his accomplice held them at bay with a revolver, had leaned across the table and grabbing Sardi by the throat had broken his neck. Then the smaller man had fired off his pistol and both of them had run away. The simplest story ever told. There was everything the law required to send any murderer to the chair, and little Mr. Pepperill had a diagram made of the inside of the restaurant and a photograph of the outside of it, and stamped the indictment in purple ink: Ready for Trial.

Contemporaneously Mr. Tutt was giving his final instructions to Mr. Bonnie Doon, his stage manager, director of rehearsals and general superintendent of arrangements in all cases requiring an extra-artistic touch.

"It's too bad we can't cart a few hundred cubic feet of the Sahara into the court room and divert the Nile down Center Street, but I guess you can produce sufficient atmosphere," he said.

"I could all right—if I had a camel," remarked Bonnie.

"Atmosphere is necessary," continued Mr. Tutt. "Real atmosphere! Have 'em in native costume—beads, red slippers, hookahs, hoochi-koochis."

"I get you," replied Mr. Doon. "You want a regular Turkish village. Well, we'll have it all right. I'll engage the entire Streets of Cairo production from Coney and have Franklin Street crowded with goats, asses and dromedaries. I might even have a caravan pitch its tents alongside the Tombs."

"You can't lay it on too strong," declared Mr. Tutt. "But you don't need to go off Washington Street. And, Bonnie, remember—I want every blessed Turk, Greek, Armenian, Jew, Arab, Egyptian and Syrian that saw Sardi Babu kill Kasheed Hassoun."

"You mean who saw Kasheed Hassoun kill Sardi Babu," corrected Bonnie.

"Well—whichever way it was," agreed Mr. Tutt.

When at length the great day of the trial arrived Judge Wetherell, ascending the bench in Part Thirteen, was immediately conscious of a subtle Oriental smell that emanated from no one could say where, but which none the less permeated the entire court room. It seemed to be a curious compound of incense, cabbage, garlic and eau de cologne, with a suggestion of camel. The room was entirely filled with Syrians. One row of benches was occupied by a solemn group of white-bearded patriarchs who looked as if they had momentarily paused on a pilgrimage to Mecca. All over the room rose the murmur of purring Arabic. The stenographer was examining a copy of Meraat-ul-Gharb, the clerk a copy of El Zeman, and in front of the judge's chair had been laid a copy of Al-Hoda.

His honor gave a single sniff, cast his eye over the picturesque throng, and said: "Pst! Captain! Open that window!" Then he picked up the calendar and read: "'People versus Kasheed Hassoun—Murder.'"

The stenographer was humming to himself:

Bagdad is a town in Turkey
On a camel tall and jerky.

"Are both sides ready to try this case?" inquired Judge Wetherell, choking a yawn. He was a very stout judge and he could not help yawning.

Deputy Assistant District Attorney Pepperill and Mr. Tutt rose in unison, declaring that they were. At or about this same moment the small door in the rear of the room opened and an officer appeared, leading in Kasheed Hassoun. He was an imposing man, over six feet in height, of dignified carriage, serious mien, and finely chiseled features. Though he was dressed as a European there was nevertheless something indefinably suggestive of the East in the cut of his clothes; he wore no waistcoat and round his waist was wound a strip of crimson cloth. His black eyes glinted through lowering brows, wildly, almost fiercely, and he strode haughtily beside his guard like some unbroken stallion of the desert.

"Well, you may as well proceed to select a jury," directed the court, putting on his glasses and studying his copy of Al-Hoda with interest. Presently he beckoned to Pepperill.

"Have you seen this?" he asked.

"No, Your Honor. What is it?"

"It's a newspaper published by these people," explained His Honor. "Rather amusing, isn't it?"

"I didn't know they had any special newspaper of their own," admitted Pepperill.

"They've got eight right in New York," interjected the stenographer.

"I notice that this paper is largely composed of advertisements," commented Wetherell. "But the advertisers are apparently scattered all over the world—Chicago; Pittsburgh; Canton; Winnipeg; Albuquerque; Brooklyn; Tripoli; Greenville, Texas; Pueblo; Lawrence, Massachusetts; Providence, Rhode Island; Fall River; Detroit——"

"Here's one from Roxbury, Massachusetts, and another from Mexico City," remarked the clerk delightedly.

"And here's one from Paris, France," added the stenographer. "Say! Some travelers!"

"Well, go on getting the jury," said the judge, yawning again and handing the paper to the clerk.

At that moment Mr. Salim Zahoul, the interpreter procured by Mr. Pepperill, approached, bowed and, twisting his purple mustache, addressed the court: "Your Excellence: I haf to zay dat dees papaire eet haf articles on zis affair—ze *memkaha*—zat are not diplomatique."

Judge Wetherell blinked at him.

"Who's this man?" he demanded.

"That's the interpreter," explained W. M. P.

"Interpreter!" answered the court. "I can't understand a word he says!"

"He was the best I could get," apologized Pepperill, while the countenance of Mr. Zahoul blazed with wrath and humiliation. "It's very difficult to get a fluent interpreter in Arabic."

"Well, just interpret what he says to me, will you?" kindly requested His Honor.

"I zay," suddenly exploded Zahoul—"dees papaire eet haf contemptuous article on ze *memkaha* zat dees Kasheed Hassoun not kill dees Sardi Babu!"

"He says," translated Pepperill, "that the newspaper contains an indiscreet article in favor of the defense. I had no idea there would be any improper attempt to influence the jury."

"What difference does it make anyway?" inquired His Honor. "You don't expect any juryman is going to read that thing, do you? Why, it looks as if a bumblebee had fallen into an ink bottle and then had a fit all over the front page."

"I don't suppose——" began Pepperill.

"Go on and get your jury!" admonished the court.

So the lion and the lamb in the shape of Mr. Tutt and Pepperill proceeded to select twelve gentlemen to pass upon the issue who had never been nearer to Syria than the Boardwalk at Atlantic City and who only with the utmost attention could make head or tail of what Mr. Salim Zahoul averred that the witnesses were trying to say. Moreover, most of the talesmen evinced a profound distrust of their own ability to do justice between the People and the defendant and a curious desire to be relieved from service. However, at last the dozen had been chosen and sworn, the congestion of the court room slightly relieved, Mr. Zahoul somewhat appeased, and Mr. William Montague Pepperill rose to outline his very simple case to the jury.

There was, he explained, no more difficulty in administering justice in the case of a foreigner than of anyone else. All were equal in the eyes of the law—equally presumed to be innocent, equally responsible when proved guilty. And he would prove Kasheed Hassoun absolutely guilty—guilty beyond a reasonable doubt, beyond any doubt. He would produce five—five—reputable witnesses who would swear that Hassoun had murdered Sardi Babu; and he prophesied that he would unhesitatingly demand at the end of the trial such an unequivocal, fearless, honest expression of their collective opinion as would permanently fix Mr. Kasheed Hassoun so that he could do no more harm. He expressed it more elegantly but that was the gist of it. He himself was as sincere and honest in his belief in his ability to demonstrate the truth of his claim as he was in the justice of his cause. Alas, he was far too young to realize that there is a vast difference between knowing the truth and being able to demonstrate what it is!

In proper order he called the photographer who had taken the picture of the restaurant, the draftsman who had made the diagram of the interior, the policeman who had arrested Hassoun, the doctor who had performed the official autopsy upon the unfortunate Babu, and the five Syrians who had been present when the crime was perpetrated. Each swore by all that was holy that Kasheed Hassoun had done exactly as outlined by Assistant District Attorney Pepperill—and swore it word for word, *verbatim et literatim, in iisdem verbis, sic*, and yet again exactly. Their testimony mortised and tenoned in a way to rejoice a cabinetmaker's heart. And at first to the surprise and later to the dismay of Mr. Pepperill, old man Tutt asked not one of them a single question about the murder. Instead he merely inquired in a casual way where they came from, how they got there, what they did for a living, and whether they had ever made any contradictory statement as to what had occurred, and as his cross-examination of Mr. Habu Kahoots was typical of all the rest it may perhaps be set forth as an example, particularly as Mr. Kahoots spoke English, which the others did not.

"And den," asserted Mr. Kahoots stolidly, "Kasheed Hassoun, he grab heem by ze troat and break him hees neck."

He was a short, barrel-shaped man with curly wringlets, fat, bulging cheeks, heavy double chin and enormous paunch, and he wore a green worsted waistcoat and his fingers were laden with golden rings.

"Ah!" said Mr. Tutt complaisantly. "You saw all that exactly as you have described it?"

"Yes, sair!"

"Where were you born?"

"Acre, Syria."

"How long have you been in the United States?"

"Tirty years."

"Where do you live?"

"Augusta, Georgia."

"What's your business?"

Mr. Kahoots visibly expanded.

"I have street fair and carnival of my own. I have electric theater, old plantation, Oriental show, snake show and merry-go-round."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Mr. Tutt. "You are certainly a capitalist! I hope you are not financially overextended!"

Mr. Pepperill looked pained, not knowing just how to prevent such jocoseness on the part of his adversary.

"I object," he muttered feebly.

"Quite properly!" agreed Mr. Tutt. "Now, Mr. Kahoots, are you a citizen of the United States?"

(Concluded on Page 156)

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(Concluded from Page 153)

Mr. Kahoots looked aggrieved.

"Me? No! Me no citizen. I go back sometime Acre and build moving-picture garden and ice-cream palace."

"I thought so," commented Mr. Tutt. "Now what, pray, were you doing in the Washington Street restaurant?"

"Eating *kibbah arna beiah* and *mamoul*."

"I mean if you live in Augusta how did you happen to be in New York at precisely that time?"

"Eh?"

"How you come in New York?" translated Mr. Tutt, while the jury laughed.

"Just come."

"But why?"

"Just come."

"Yes, yes; but you didn't come on just to be present at the murder, did you?"

Kahoots grinned.

"I just come to walk up and down."

"Where—walk up and down?"

"On Washington Street. I spend the winter. I do nothing. I rich man."

"How long did you stay when you just came on?"

"Tree days. Then I go back."

"Why did you go back?"

"I dunno. Just go back."

Mr. Tutt sighed. The jury gave signs of impatience.

"Look here!" he demanded. "How many times have you gone over your story with the district attorney?"

"Nevvair."

"What?"

"I nevvair see heem."

"Never see whom?"

"Dees man—judge."

"I'm not talking about the judge."

"I nevvair see no one."

"Didn't you tell the Grand Jury that Hassoun stabbed Babu with a long knife?"

"I dunno heem!"

"Who?"

"Gran' Jury."

"Didn't you go into a big room and put your hand on a book and swear?"

"I no swear—ever!"

"And tell what you saw?"

"I tell what I saw."

"What did you see?"

"I saw Hassoun break heem hees neck."

"Didn't you say first that Hassoun stabbed Babu?"

"No—nevvair!"

"Then didn't you come back and say he shot him?"

"No—nevvair!"

"And finally, didn't you say he strangled him—after you had heard that the coroner's physician had decided that that was how he was killed?"

"Yes—he break heem hees neck."

Mr. Kahoots was apparently very much bored, but he was not bored in quite the same way as the judge, who, suddenly rousing himself, asked Mr. Tutt if he had any basis for asking such questions.

"Why, certainly," answered the old lawyer quietly. "I shall prove that this witness made three absolutely contradictory statements before the Grand Jury."

"Is that so, Mister District Attorney?"

"I don't know," replied Pepperill faintly. "I had nothing to do with the proceedings before the Grand Jury."

Judge Wetherell frowned.

"It would seem to me," he began, "as if a proper preparation of the case would have involved some slight attention to —— Well, never mind! Proceed, Mr. Tutt."

"Kahoots!" cried the lawyer sternly. "Isn't it a fact that you have been convicted of crime yourself?"

The proprietor of the merry-go-round drew himself up indignantly.

"Me? No!"

"Weren't you convicted of assault on a man named Rafoul Rabyaz?"

"Me? Look here, sir! I tell you 'bout dat! This Rafoul Rabyaz he my partner, see, in pool, billiard and cigar business on Greenwich Street. This long time ago. Years ago. We split up. I sell heem my shares, see. I open next door—pool table, café and all. But I not get full half the stock. I not get the tablecloth, see. I was of the tablecloth you know short. It don't be there. I go back there that time. I see heem. I say, 'We don't count those tablecloth.' He say, 'Yes.' I say, 'No.' He say, 'Yes.' I say 'No.' He say, 'Yes.' I say, 'No' ——"

"For heaven's sake," exclaimed Judge Wetherell, "don't say that again!"

"Yes, sair," agreed the showman. "All right. I say, 'No.' I say, 'You look in the book.' He say, 'No.' We each take hold of the cloth. I have a knife. I cut cloth in two. I give heem half. I take half. I say, 'You take half; I take half.' He say, 'Go to hell!'"

He waved his hand definitively.

"Well?" inquired Mr. Tutt anxiously.

"Dat's all!" answered Mr. Kahoots.

One of the jurymen suddenly coughed and thrust his handkerchief into his mouth.

"Then you stuck your knife into him, didn't you?" suggested Mr. Tutt.

"Me? No!"

Mr. Tutt shrugged his shoulders and pursed his lips.

"You were convicted, weren't you?"

"I call twenty witness!" announced Mr. Kahoots with a grand air.

"You don't need to!" retorted Mr. Tutt. "Now tell us why you had to leave Syria?"

"I go in camel business at Coney Island," answered the witness demurely.

"What!" shouted the lawyer. "Didn't you run away from home because you were convicted of the murder of Fatima, the daughter of Abbas?"

"Me? No!" Mr. Kahoots looked shocked.

Mr. Tutt bent over and spoke to Bonnie Doon, who produced from a leather bag a formidable document on parchmentlike paper covered with inscriptions in Arabic and adorned with seals and ribbons.

"I have here, Your Honor," said he, "the record of this man's conviction in the Criminal Court in Beirut, properly exemplified by our consuls and the embassy at Constantinople. I have had it translated, but if Mr. Pepperill prefers to have the interpreter read it ——"

"Show it to the district attorney!" directed His Honor.

Pepperill looked at it helplessly.

"You may read your own translation," said the court drowsily.

Mr. Tutt bowed, took up the paper and faced the jury.

"This is the official record," he announced. "I will read it.

"'In the name of God.

"'On a charge of the murder of the gendarmes Nejib Telhoon and Abdurrahman and Ibrahim Aisha and Fatima, daughter of Hason Abbas, of the attack on certain nomads, of having fired on them with the intent of murder, of participation and assistance in the act of murder, of having shot on the regular troops, of assisting in the escape of some offenders and of having drawn arms on the regular troops, during an uprising on Sunday, January 24, 1303—Mohammedan style—between the inhabitants of the Mezreatil-Arab quarter in Beirut and the nomads who had pitched their tents near by, the following arrested persons, namely—Metri son of Habib Eljemal and Habib son of Mikael Nakash and Hanna son of Abdallah Elbaitar and Elias Esad Shihada and Tanous son of Jerji Khedr and Habib son of Aboud Shab and Elias son of Metri Nasir and Khalil son of Mansour Maoud and Nakhle son of Elias Elhaj and Nakhle son of Berkat Minari and Antoon son of Berkat Minari and Lutfallah son of Jerji-Kefouri and Jabran Habib Bishara and Khalil son of Lutf Dabir and Nakhle Yousif Eldefoumi, all residents of the said quarter and Turkish subjects, and their companions, sixty-five fugitives, namely—Isbir Bedoon son of Abdallah Zerik and Elias son of Kanan Zerik and Amin Matar and Jerji Ferhan alias Baldelibas and Habu son of Hanna Kahoots and ——'"

Deputy Assistant District Attorney Pepperill started doubtfully to his feet.

"If the court please," he murmured in a sickly voice, "I object. In the first place I don't know anything about this record—and I object to it on that ground; and in the second place a trial and conviction in the absence of a defendant under our law is no conviction at all."

"But this man is a Turkish subject and it's a good conviction in Turkey," argued Mr. Tutt.

"Well, it isn't here!" protested Pepperill.

"You're a little late, aren't you?" inquired His Honor. "It has all been read to the jury. However, I'll entertain a motion to strike out ——"

"I should like to be heard on the question," said Mr. Tutt quickly. "This is an important matter."

Unexpectedly a disgruntled-looking talesman in the back row held up his hand.

"I'd like to ask a question myself," he announced defiantly, almost arrogantly, after the manner of one with a grievance. "I'm a hard-working business man. I've been dragged here against my will to serve on this jury and decide if this defendant murdered somebody or other. I don't see what difference it makes whether or not this witness cut a tablecloth in two or murdered Fatima, the daughter of What's his Name. I want to go home—sometime. If it is in order I'd like to suggest that we get along."

Judge Wetherell started and peered with a puzzled air at this bold shatterer of established procedure.

"Mister Juryman," said he severely, "these matters relate directly to the credibility of the witness. They are quite proper. I—I—am—surprised ——"

"But, Your Honor," expostulated the iconoclast upon the back row, "I guess nobody is going to waste much time over this Turkish snake charmer! Ain't there a policeman or somebody we can believe who saw what happened?"

"Bang!" went the judicial gavel.

"The juryman will please be silent!" shouted Judge Wetherell. "This is entirely out of order!" Then he quickly covered his face with his handkerchief. "Proceed!" he directed in a muffled tone.

"Where were we?" asked Mr. Tutt dreamily.

"Fatima, the daughter of Abbas," assisted the foreman, sotto voce.

"And I objected to Fatima, the daughter of Abbas!" snapped Pepperill.

"Well, well!" conceded Mr. Tutt. "She's dead, poor thing! Let her be. That is all, Mr. Kahoots."

It is difficult to describe the intense excitement these digressions from the direct testimony occasioned among the audience. The reference to the billiard-table cover and the murder of the unfortunate Fatima apparently roused long-smoldering fires. A group of Syrians by the window broke into an unexpected altercation, which had to be quelled by a court officer, and when quiet was restored the jury seemed but slightly attentive to the precisely similar yarns of Nicola Abbu, Menheem Shikrie, Fajala Mokarzel and David Elias, especially as the minutes of the Grand Jury showed that they had sworn to three entirely different sets of facts regarding the cause of Babu's death. Yet when the People rested it remained true that five witnesses, whatever the jury may have thought of them, had testified that Hassoun strangled Sardi Babu. The jury turned expectantly to Mr. Tutt to hear what he had to say.

"Gentlemen," he said quietly, "the defense is very simple. None of the witnesses who have appeared here was in fact present at the scene of the homicide at all. I shall call some ten or twelve reputable Syrian citizens who will prove to you that Kasheed Hassoun, my client, with a large party of friends was sitting quietly in the restaurant when Sardi Babu came in with a revolver in his hand, which he fired at Hassoun, and that then, and only then, a small dark man whose identity cannot be established—evidently a stranger—seized Babu before he could fire again, and killed him—in self-defense."

Mr. William Montague Pepperill's jaw dropped as if he had seen the ghost of one of his colonial ancestors. He could not believe that he had heard Mr. Tutt correctly. Why, the old lawyer had the thing completely turned round! Sardi Babu hadn't gone to the restaurant. He had been in the restaurant, and it had been Kasheed Hassoun who had gone there.

Yet, one by one, placidly, imperturbably, the dozen witnesses foretold by Mr. Tutt, and gathered in by Bonnie Doon, marched to the chair and swore upon the Holy Bible that it was even as Mr. Tutt had said, and that no such persons as Mokarzel, Kahoots, Abbu, Shikrie and Elias had been in the restaurant at any time that evening, but on the contrary that they, the friends of Hassoun, had been there eating Turkish pie—a few might have had mashed beans with *tahenak*—when Sardi Babu, apparently with suicidal intent, entered alone to take vengeance upon the camel owner.

"That is all. That is our case," said Mr. Tutt as the last Syrian left the stand.

But there was no response from the bench. Judge Wetherell had been dozing peacefully for several hours. Even Pepperill could not avoid a decorous smile. Then the clerk pulled out the copy of Al-Hoda and rustled it, and His Honor, who had been dreaming that he was riding through the narrow streets of Bagdad upon a jerky white dromedary so tall that he could peek through the latticed balconies at the plump, black-eyed odalisques within the harems, slowly came back from Turkey to New York.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, pulling himself together, "the defendant here is charged by the Grand Jury with having murdered Fatima the daughter of Abbas—— I beg your pardon! I mean—who was it?—one Sardi Babu. I will first define to you the degrees of homicide ——"

One day three months later, after Kasheed Hassoun had been twice tried upon the same testimony and the jury had disagreed—six to six, each time—Mr. Tutt, who had overstayed his lunch hour at the office, put on his old stovepipe hat and strolled along Washington Street, looking for a place to pick up a bite to eat. It was in the middle of the afternoon and most of the stores were empty, which was all the more to his liking. He had always wanted to try some of that Turkish pie that they had all talked so much about at the trial. Presently a familiar juxtaposition of names caught his eye—Ghabryel & Assad. The very restaurant which had been the scene of the crime! Curiously, he turned in there. Like all the other places it was deserted, but at the sound of his footsteps a little Syrian boy not more than ten years old came from behind the screen at the end of the room and stood bashfully awaiting his order.

Mr. Tutt smiled one of his genial weather-beaten smiles at the youngster and glancing idly over the bill of fare ordered *biklama* and coffee. Then he lit a stogy and stretched his long legs comfortably out under the narrow table. Yes, this was the very spot where either Sardi Babu and his friends had been sitting the night of the murder or Kasheed Hassoun and his friends—one or the other; he wondered if anybody would ever know which. Was it possible that in this humdrum little place human passions had been roused to the taking of life on account of some mere difference in religious dogma? Was this New York? Was it possible to Americanize these people? A door clattered in the rear, and from behind the screen again emerged the boy carrying a tray of pastry and coffee.

"Well, my little man," said Mr. Tutt, "do you work here?"

"Oh, yes," answered the embryonic citizen. "My father, he owns half the store. I go to school every day, but I work here afterward. I got a prize last week."

"What sort of a prize?"

"I got the English prize."

The lawyer took the child's hand and pulled him over between his knees. He was an attractive lad, clean, responsive, frank, and his eyes looked straight into Mr. Tutt's.

"Sonny," inquired his new friend, "are you an American?"

"Me? Sure! You bet I'm an American! The old folks—no! You couldn't change 'em in fifty years. They're just what they always were. They don't want anything different. They think they're in Syria yet. But me—say, what do you think? Of course I'm an American!"

"That's right!" answered Mr. Tutt, offering him a piece of pastry. "And what is your name?"

"George Nasheen Assad," answered the boy, showing a set of white teeth.

"Well, George," continued the attorney, "what has become of Kasheed Hassoun?"

"Oh, he's down at Coney Island. He runs a caravan. He has six camels. I go there sometimes and he lets me ride for nothing. I know who you are," said the little Syrian confidently, as he took the cake. "You're the great lawyer who defended Kasheed Hassoun."

"That's right. How did you know that, now?"

"I was to the trial."

"Do you think he ought to have been let off?" asked Mr. Tutt whimsically.

"I don't know," returned the child. "I guess you did right not to call me as a witness."

Mr. Tutt wrinkled his brows.

"Eh? What? You weren't a witness, were you?"

"Of course I was!" laughed George. "I was here behind the screen. I saw the whole thing. I saw Kasheed Hassoun come in and speak to Sardi Babu, and I saw Sardi draw his revolver, and I saw Kasheed tear it out of his hand and strangle him."

Mr. Tutt turned cold.

"You saw that?" he challenged.

"Sure."

"How many other people were there in the restaurant?" inquired Mr. Tutt.

"Nobody at all," answered George in a matter-of-fact tone. "Only Kasheed and Sardi. Nobody else was in the restaurant."

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ROUND OUR TOWN

(Continued from Page 34)

I took his hand in mine and told him to squeeze my hand as hard as he could. It was about the grasp of a six-year-old child. He told me to feel the muscles of his upper arm. I could have met my fingers round the arm.

It seems that when Otto was hit—the expression is when he "got his"—he had to be left alone on the field for sixty hours. He could not turn over, but had to lie on the same side all that time. His right arm was never hit at all, but lying on it for sixty hours cut off the circulation. He could not move it when he was taken up. It is a detail. Otto came out of it with a half-paralyzed and atrophied arm. But while he talked he smiled all the time and made no complaint. The courage of Otto, the soul, the flame of Otto, is not quenched.

"He's a wonder, that boy!" said the recreation aide admiringly.

I passed by Otto later in the same day. He was lying in bed then.

"How are you, old man?" I asked him.

"Oh, I'm all right," said Otto, as though surprised.

There was a little card game just closing in one room which I visited—one captain and three lieutenants had been engaging in the great American pastime. There was not a perfect pair of legs among them, nor a face in which full color had as yet returned, but there was no complaint among them. I asked them how they could account for the feeling against the French people, which I had so often heard expressed. The captain answered and the others cut in from time to time affirmatively.

"It must be that some fellows did not meet the sort of French people that we did. All I can say is that I wish the Americans were as kind as the French. From the street sweepers up, I never saw a French woman or a French man who did not greet a wounded man with a smile. I've had a man in a car cut in across traffic with me and convey me as a guard across the street, so that nothing could hit me. I never knew discourtesy from any Frenchman that I met, though I suppose they did graft on our boys.

"When we came to New York it was a mighty sight different. On the streets we seemed to be in the way. There was a major with us who had lost his leg at the thigh—a strong, fine man he was. He met a friend on the street who slapped him on the back."

Wanted—a Chance

"'Left something over there, didn't you, old man?' said the friend. 'Well, lucky you didn't leave more. So long—I got to go.'

"That night I went to that major's room. He was sitting on the bed with tears running down his face. 'I never realized it before till I got here,' said he. 'I'm only a poor, mutilated man.' You see, in France they manage to keep that thought out of a man's mind somehow."

"Even in the South," said another officer, who was hurt in an aviation accident at Fort Worth and is not yet out, "they treat you better than they do in the Northern country. Up in the Northern cities is where you get it worst—they've got no time for you up here."

"Yes," said a young lieutenant, a tall, slender, dark chap with thin, pale face and heavy black hair, brushed straight back, "I'm afraid the worst is ahead for these chaps."

He spoke as though none of those present really came into the question at all and as though only the enlisted men out yonder ought to be considered.

"You see, it isn't pity or sympathy the fellows get here, but they do get cheerfulness, and there is a sort of equality about it. We're measuring up one disabled man with another here, ourselves with some other fellows as badly off. We have the care of the nurses—God bless the nurses!—and the doctors tell us what to do. They have dropped into a sort of way of living here. Once more they've got to leave all that behind, those chaps, when they go out. But now they've got to meet in competition well and strong men of the world. They don't want any pity. Well—I suppose they will want a chance at least."

The captain, a large, grave young man of good features and fine head, nodded slowly.

"That will be the worst," said he—"going back home."

I did not see one of these men smile. They were grave, settled men now, though young in years. A strange feeling came to one in that room—that here one was in touch with manhood in its large and noble phases. We don't really know men as we meet them in ordinary business. We don't know what splendid men there are about us all the time, every hour of the day. We don't have friends in civil life. We don't know what fine people there are in the world. You have to go to an army hospital to find charity and friendship—and peace.

I was sitting in the little officers' room, where the reconstruction aides passed now and then in their blue-and-white uniforms and caps. Some of us were talking when there came in a tall young doughboy, limping on a crutch.

"How are you, old man?" I said. "What do you know?"

"I know I've got all the war I want," said he presently. "Look at this leg. Time for it to be well, but it isn't. I was a sergeant—a bugler. Now I don't know what I'm going to be. When I was in the Washington hospital I did pretty well. They had a fellow there who was getting low and they wanted some transfusion of blood. The doctor said I looked healthy and would I mind giving up a little blood to another chap. I said 'Sure.' There was a nurse there too. She said she was willing. The two of us gave all the blood they wanted to the other chap. I believe he got well."

The Opinions of Henry

"About all a fellow did in the war was to do the best he could. But now what I'm wondering about is what am I going to do when I get out of this place? When I go down into the city I can see that the people have forgot all about us fellows. They hurry by and look over their shoulders. What every one of them thinks is, 'I've got mine—to hell with you!'"

I asked an intelligent captain whom I met what he thought of the occasional expressions of hostility to France or England; asked what he believed was the reason for that.

"It's hard to trace," said he, "but it certainly is true that there is a good deal of propaganda even in this hospital, especially anti-English propaganda. You can't choke off all of that sort of thing even here, and every once in a while you hear an expression of that feeling. It is something quite aside from the feeling of resentment against army discipline or resentment against injuries received during the war."

I cannot say whether there was anything of this sort under the case of a young man we will call Henry, who did not care to eat his lunch when they brought it in, but turned and put it under his bed. Henry lay in a long row of cots above which stood the grim Balkan frames—the surgical frames with weights and pulleys which are used to stretch out shortened legs as the patient lies in bed. Henry's leg was now out of its frame—three inches shorter than it ought to be, but at least with the suffering gone. He lay back on his pillow, his black hair in strong relief, his black eyes somber, his pale boyish face clean-cut but not happy. He was quite willing to talk, and unfortunately he talked where other men could hear him. They turned grave, old eyes on him, and I don't think altogether approved. The nurse shook her head and led me away after a while.

"He hasn't had his exercise," said she, "and the monotony gets on him. He doesn't mean it all—he's just a boy." Indeed, Henry did not look to be much over twenty years of age as he lay there.

I asked him the same question which I had asked of every one of these other men whom I have mentioned—what he thought about universal military training. Up till now every man of them, enlisted man and officer, had said practically the same thing: "We ought never to be caught this way again." But Henry thought otherwise. He was positive, for one so young.

"What do I think of war?" he demanded. "Well, it's brought me this." He motioned to his crippled leg. "The Government couldn't give one of us six months' extra pay. It'll kick us out after while, me with my short leg and a pair of shoes, and that's all I'll get. Universal training? I'm against it. Germany had it, and that's why we had this war. I don't believe in the Army, and I don't believe in getting ready for war. This is what it brings a fellow. The country can't give us six months' pay, but it can give England fifteen billion dollars easy enough. That's what I think of this Government and this Administration."

I did not like to hear the boy talk in this way, but he would say his say. I think that his was mostly the pessimism of youth. The nurse thought that he would get out of that when once he got steadily at work at something.

"We have to keep them at work all the time," said one of the head aides. "There's one or two now that we feel are slipping"—when one nurse says to another that a man is slipping she means that he is getting ready for the psychopathic ward, that his mind is going wrong.

They took me to a pathetic little room where two or three fine young chaps were under the care of a fine young woman, who was teaching them beadwork. They were strapping young men, I say—and they were doing beadwork. They were proud of their skill with the little frame, and they made fine belts and bands out of the many-colored beads. There was not a whimper from one of them, not an apology from one of them. They were intense, eager, trying to please their little teacher, who sat there gravely, showing them all these little arts. They showed me different things which they had done—beadwork, drawing, carving. Not one of them wanted to talk about the war. I never could ask one of these men how he was hurt or anything about that part of it—you feel ashamed to do that. I left them busy with beads.

On the walls of other rooms as I passed I saw rolls of rattan and cane, part of the vocational-training material. They showed me some boxes with some beautiful carving on the tops. Everywhere along that long, covered corridor—it seemed to me half a mile in length—were little rooms. Sometimes there would be a woman teacher working. Sometimes a dark or blond young head would be bent forward over the work as some returned soldier sat alone on his wheel chair or in his bed, busy, taking the blessedest medicine in all the world work.

By this time I seemed to be so well established in the place that they let me do about as I liked and wander where I pleased. I strolled into one little room with an attendant, who introduced me to Pete. Pete was lying in bed, and the most of him that you could see was a smile—a fine, wide kind of smile. Once Pete would have weighed about a hundred and sixty-five pounds, but now he was thin. His face was pale and his dark hair and eyes showed strong against the pillow. Over him stretched a Balkan frame, dragging at his knitting leg.

"Three inches short," grinned Pete.

How to Wash Pete

Sometimes they break the leg again, and often they graft in bone to take the place of the splintered parts, which are taken out bodily. A boy will lie there and tell you that they took nine splinters or a dozen out of his leg from time to time, perhaps months after he had his injury. It may have been thus with Pete—I could not ask him.

Up on the corner of his Balkan frame Pete had tacked a little card. He grinned as he saw me look at it—because this was Pete's little joke. I suppose Pete had found this card in some package of all-wool underwear—you know what those things say—Instructions for Washing. This card began: "How to wash wool." Pete had erased the last word and had put in another, so that it read: "How to wash Pete."

"To avoid shrinking," it went on to say, "Pete should not be wrung out, but should be left hanging over a line." Pete laughed heartily as I read his little joke. "And they've shrunk me, at that!" he said.

Pete wasn't asking anyone to pity him. He just didn't want to be shrunk any more than necessary.

I met my first young lieutenant again and asked him to walk round with me for a while and tell me what he thought of the disability payment the boys would get after they were discharged.

"You see," said he, "it's all done by different disability boards, just like the local exemption boards; there is no standardization at all. A man may get a stiff ankle and be paid twenty-five dollars a month for it, while another man with the same injury may only get half that—there is no regular system about it." I did not say so, but that seemed to me to be about the general principle on which our late little war has been conducted.

We two sat down in the little office room. A slight young chap came in with a cane and seated himself in one of the armchairs. We began to talk of trench caps and helmets. Few of the men had much use for a trench cap, saying it gave the eyes no protection. It could be folded up and put in a pocket, and it made a good pad for a helmet—that was about all.

"But oh you helmet!" said my new friend. "I suppose it saved a good many fellows. I suppose it did me, for that matter."

A lieutenant standing by nodded.

"In following barrage," he said, "we always had the men keep their faces low, turned down, so as to point the ridge of the helmet as near straight ahead as possible. That protected the face and throat a great deal. You see, if a rifle bullet struck a little to one side the helmet would glance it off. If a fellow was standing up straight it might catch him in the face and do for him right there."

"But how about H. E.?" grinned the young chap in the armchair. "Thirteen pieces hit me all in a bunch, helmet and all. It was in the Soissons drive that I got mine. Funny what things that stuff will do to you. It cut my right arm to ribbons and left my right leg not much different. Look here."

Thought He Was Lucky

He pulled up his sleeve and showed me an arm which was one long scar from the wrist to the elbow, an arm not half its natural size. One could see that above the elbow also it was pretty much gone. I asked him to squeeze my hand, and with his own thin hand, so much shrunken, he did so with about the strength of a ten-year-old boy. His hand remained white where my fingers touched it lightly. It had no circulation.

"Besides my right leg and arm," said he, "I had ten other wounds. But say, I'm the lucky kid! Look here."

He showed me a thin red scar just above his eye and another just below it. "They was after me," he said, "but they didn't get my eye. I can see perfectly with it. Sure, I'm lucky. Look here."

He bent down his head and showed me a place where the hair had not grown in—dark hair it was originally, and thick. "I'm a bonehead, all right," said he. "The shell splinter came right through my helmet and busted in my coco. It spoiled the bone, so the doctor took it out after a while. Then he cut a piece out of one of my ribs and mended my skull with it. It's just as good as new. I'll say I'm lucky. Why, in a bunch of shrapnel bits like that something might happen to a fellow!"

This boy told me still saying that he was lucky—that out in Colorado he used to own a little pool hall, which he thinks he can go back to and run just as well as ever. You might not pick a young man like this for a hero, because he did not start rich and perhaps never was surrounded with luxury. But as I sat and talked with him I knew that once more I was looking straight into the splendid soul of a man. You can't learn these things on the street, in business. You can't learn them from a discharged soldier with a grouch. You have to go to a hospital to find the real thing, I am beginning to think.

There were several young chaps coming and going in the headquarters office, just off the big reception hall, where were the books and phonographs and flowers, the pianos and the dancing girls. It was a grave, but not a glum, an unsmiling but apparently not an unhappy little gathering.

"Speaking of luck," said another young chap who had to lean against a pillar as he spoke, "there is poor old Bill"—I will call him Bill. "He's just about on the table again to-day for one more operation. Hope it's not the last. He got his right square between the eyes, just at the top of the nose, and one piece of iron went on through—I believe they took it out his mouth.

(Continued on Page 163)

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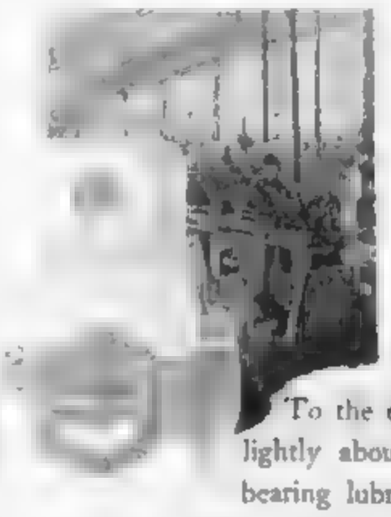

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(Continued from Page 159)

They've taken fifteen pieces of iron out of his forehead—only one big piece went through. He can't hear in one ear, and one of his eyes is gone, and he can't smell anything at all any more—it was that piece which broke on through the back of his mouth which did that to him. But Lord! he's got a good eye and a good ear yet, and maybe this operation will fix him up a bit more. It's been pretty hard on him, but we all think he'll come through. You can't see him to-day, I guess, because like enough he's in the operating room now."

My young officer took me down the long, covered corridor again. He knocked at a little door on which hung a large illuminated sign. For once I think I shall give names. The sign said: "Robbins & Hadd, Artists." This room is sometimes called "General Headquarters," it is so well known. When the colonel commandant passes by there Robbins and Hadd yell at him, "Hello there! Can't you come in?" The firm of Robbins & Hadd is one of the prides of all the nursing contingent. That is because Robbins and Hadd are both regular fellows.

Robbins came from an Indiana town which I know very well. His father is well to do and he will go back to a good business, in which he thinks he will be able to take full charge in spite of his severe injuries. Hadd is a Chicago boy. I did not ask about his family or his resources, of course.

When I saw them each was sitting up in his bed and each was busy. Robbins—tall, blond, with pleasant, blue-eyed face—was at one end of the room at work, while Hadd, short and dark, sat propped up in the other. They were doing things in color and in black and white. On the wall hung samples of what they had learned in drawing and painting since they came into the hospital. Hadd told me with much pride that he had received ten dollars for one program cover. They thought they would like to become commercial artists or book illustrators or to make pictures for magazines. I told them that the Art Service League of Chicago would do something for them in the way of education or give me mighty good reasons why not. Can't anybody do something practical for these boys? Not cash—but help.

We talked for quite a while, canvassing the possibilities in the field of commercial or illustrative art. The boys show talent. And they were busy—busy all the time—apparently quite happy.

"Those aviation bombs weren't so bad," said Hadd. "They dropped one on me—cut my arm a little above and below the elbow"—he showed a scar as wide as your finger. "I didn't stop for that, but went right on, of course. That was the morning of the armistice.

"If I had stopped that morning or if the armistice had come one hour sooner I wouldn't be here. At just ten o'clock on the morning of armistice day, while we were still at work, they dropped a shell right close to me. You can't hear a shell coming exactly, and you can't see it, but you can feel the pressure coming somehow. Then you're hit. They broke my leg. That was just one hour before the war stopped."

Robbins' Story

I did not like to ask Hadd whether he had lost his leg or not, and I could not tell, as the bed covers were drawn over him. But his injury had been serious or he would not have been in bed fourteen months after the end of the war.

Robbins beckoned to me to come to the side of his bed. Then—I trust it will be known without my inquiry about it—he told me precisely how it feels to be severely wounded in action. He held up a right hand with the middle finger gone.

"That's one item," said he. "They got me in the head and just over the eye at the same time, and the same shell caught me just above the knee. It makes some people ill to look at it."

Before I could prevent him he had carelessly thrown aside the bedcovers, disclosing a thigh with a terrible wound, still red and angry. It was dotted all over with skin grafts.

"They got that from all over me," he said. "That's new skin you see. She was pretty bad for a while," he went on judicially. "The trouble with splintered bones is that they don't always heal up the way they ought to. The ends of the bones get kind of calloused and they won't grow together. We walk and rub those ends together that way so as to irritate them. The friction makes them heal sometimes. This flap across my leg above the knee they cut out from lower down the leg and drew up across there. You see there wasn't much left to work on."

He spoke dispassionately, professionally, bending over such an injury as perhaps you have never seen in your life, holding the while his drawing board and brush in one hand.

"It's doing fine," said he as he drew up the white counterpane. "I'll be all right. I can run that store all right, as good as ever, and my father's getting rather old now, so I ought to do it. Of course I'd like to develop a little bit. Don't you think I could do some illustrations, sort of between times?

"It's funny about a wound of that kind," said Robbins after a while as I lingered. "I never felt any pain at all, not until long after they had me off the field. There were a couple of horses that had just been hit by a shell, and the blood was coming out of one horse's back like water out of a garden hose. They both were done for. Another chap and I led them to one side of the road to put them out of their misery. Just then we heard a shell. I must have been caught just in the air as I was trying to take cover in a shell hole, but I was not standing up. I felt the blood running over my eye and, reaching up my hand to brush it out of my eye, I found that my finger was lying loose in the palm of my hand—that's the finger that's gone. I didn't know that my leg had been hit at all until I saw that it was lying to one side and saw the end of the bone sticking out. Then I knew it had been. I did not feel any pain at all at that time. As near as I can tell it was sort of a feeling of surprise. A fellow doesn't realize at first what has happened."

Heinie's Fatal Error

"Well, they fixed me up fine so far. What do you think—can we fellows learn to draw?"

I went out into the hall. There were four or five fellows going along on crutches and canes. You could hear whistling in the corridor and in many of the rooms. Robbins and Hadd bent down over their work. I ought not to have given their names, for all the others will remain nameless, but they are so well known that their description would reveal their identity. You cannot beat men like those. The German Army never had a chance.

We got to talking elsewhere about discipline and one thing and another. "There was our division," said one young soldier, smiling—"Alabama boys, many of them. You couldn't do anything with them at all but just let them fight. They'd get out and go over the top whenever they got mad. If a shell came in and killed one of their gang they'd all go out and start something without orders. When there wasn't any enemy attacking they'd fight each other.

"They were a bad bunch, those boys. They took one town four times under orders, and it was plumb full of snipers and machine guns. The last time they took it they were ordered to retire once more, but they wouldn't do it. They threw their rifles down in the streets, drew their trench knives, went into the houses and just cleaned up. They didn't leave a man alive in that whole village, and when they came out they were mad clear through—every one of them.

"You know there used to be a No Man's Land out in front of the trenches. The Germans had a sort of unwritten law that we should not fire on them while they went out and washed their clothes on certain days of the week. When this Alabama bunch came in that ended No Man's Land. 'That's all ours!' they said, and it was while they stayed there—they took No Man's Land off the map."

"The Algerians were troops who never took any prisoners," said another boy. "They simply cleaned up. The Germans never took any of the Algerians prisoners either, and I don't think they took any of our negro soldiers prisoners, for they had something of the same reputation. When it came to cold steel the prisoner game never ran very strong."

"Some of those old-time troops used to run things pretty much their own way," another added. "We were all under orders about gas attacks. Some of the old French troops would stick a lighted candle up over the trench to see which way the wind was blowing. If it was blowing toward the enemy they wouldn't put on their gas masks, because it interfered with their playing cards. If the wind was coming toward their lines they might put on their masks. But they were their own judges about the direction and the velocity of the wind."

Private G——, automobile-body painter by trade, thinks that he can go back to his trade after his discharge, though he admits that he could stand up better if he had additional leg facilities. When I saw him he was making bead chains, making them well. He was busy all the time—a patient, cheerful young man who will make good anywhere you put him.

"It was a sniper got me," said G—— reminiscently, pausing for a while in his beadwork. "He shot me three times—the same man. He was not more than a hundred yards away from me, hid in a little hole. I never heard his rifle at all. I stood up to point back to where I thought there was a machine-gun nest, and just then one of his bullets took off the end of my finger. That hurt me like the devil—hurt me more than either one of my other wounds. You can see it is sort of healed over, but the end is gone.

"Just an instant after that he caught me again through one leg, and that dropped me. I should have thought that ought to have been enough for him, seeing I was down, but in my pain I threw up my other leg, doubling it at the knee. He cut loose at me a third time and shot me through that leg too. That put me down and I knew enough then not to move any more. I could not hear that man shoot at all, just feel the bullets hit me. I tried to get at my rifle, but I couldn't.

"He was some sniper, that Heinie. He had a little hole in the ground where he was working. Just about an hour after he got me he poked his head up a little to have a look round. One of our boys—I never knew his name—was laying for him and he plugged him square through the middle of the forehead. That fixed Heinie all right. We took his gun away from him afterward. It was some sort of a special rifle—very light and very short, with a very small bullet. I was awful sore on that man—I didn't think he ought to have shot me when he saw I was down. But our fellows served him right.

"I wish this leg was a little longer, because when you are painting auto bodies you have to stand up a good deal. But still, I can paint bodies where that Heinie can't. That's the way it goes sometimes. If he hadn't shot at me so much our fellows might not have located his nest. I'm here and he ain't."

Citation Jack

There is at this hospital a returned soldier commonly known as Citation Jack, because of the great number of medals and decorations which he wears. At the time of my visit Citation Jack was off on furlough, so I did not get to see him. One evening at the supper hour, however, in a room where some hundreds of men who could not well serve themselves cafeteria fashion were seated at table, my friend and I saw one nice-looking chap who put his crutches under the bench on which he sat engaged in a little boyish horseplay with his neighbor, who also was storing crutches at the time. This young soldier had three decorations on his breast, received from three different nations—the American Distinguished Service decoration, the British D. S. O. and the French Croix de Guerre with palm. He was a clean-featured, straight-nosed young chap with blue eyes, and had apparently not a care in the world other than that of getting a good helping of the evening's stew. There he was—and there is his story for you to guess. I did not ask him about it, because I lacked the nerve. He passed out among hundreds of others whose feet thudded strangely on the corridor floors. These are the men who cannot serve themselves at the cafeteria tables.

"Here are two fine boys," said one of the reconstruction aides, a splendid young woman who knows thousands of these soldiers by name.

"I want you to talk to both of them. They are neighbors in the ward, and they're both fine—no one ever heard a complaint from either of them. Did you ever see such a smile in your life?

"How are you, Tomaso?" she said as we approached one of the cots. Then aside to me she uttered again: "Did you ever see such a smile in your life?"

I never have. I cannot forget it. On the white pillow lay a massive, splendid head, the head of an old Roman, with black hair and great dark eyes and heavy brows. Beneath the eyes there was a smile—a smile which lighted up all that end of the cot and that part of the room. Tomaso has splendid white teeth and a wide mouth—indeed, is well organized for smiling. But besides these things he has a soul—a splendid man soul. All his face was wonderfully strong, yet uncomplaining, absolutely gentle. It was rather trying to see this great chap lying there with his leg fastened in the overhanging Balkan frame, the pulley weight dragging at his injured limb to stretch it down to something like its original length.

Tomaso is a machinist by trade and he says he is going back to his trade after he goes to school, in spite of his injured leg, because he can work a great deal with his hands. He is cheerful, confident—and always he smiles. You never saw a smile like that in all your life, it is quite likely. And Tomaso—which is not his name—has been in bed for more than a year.

Across the narrow aisle from Tomaso there was sitting up on his bed, in spite of the pulley weight, busy with some beads, which he was working into one of the belts and bands for which he has fame among the nurses, a young man whom we shall call W——.

"He's fine," whispered the nurse in my ear. "Never complains. Always patient and always busy. He does beautiful things."

The Montana Club

W—— was a man of spare build and large frame, with rather large hands. You would not pick him for a bead worker, but he is of the sort that always must be busy, and you can't very well take an ax and a cord of wood to bed with you when your foot is in a Balkan frame and your leg is always going to be two inches short, do the best you can. W—— was a farmer before he went to war. Just now he is doing beads and waiting for his leg to knit. It's another case of those splintered bones which are so slow and hard to assemble. Sometimes the surgeons graft in an entirely new piece of bone to make up the deficit in the thigh bone—they do all sorts of wonderful things with men like W——.

"Well, friend," said I, "what are you going to do when they let you go?"

He smiled quietly and showed me the pile of books at the head of his bed—higher arithmetic, algebra and all that sort of thing, on which he works when he is not busy with the little colored beads.

"I'm going to school when I get out," said he. "It isn't so hard to farm in these days of machinery, but first I want to go to school."

One night at the hospital they asked me to attend the meeting of the Montana Club, a little organization of some fifty-five men all of whom went into the service from Montana. The aides told me the boys wanted me to say something to them at their meeting. I stood by the door as they came in, some thirty of them—a long line, not of swaggering soldier boys marching in thumping unison, but a long, long line of wheel chairs and wheel beds on which men sat or lay. They hold their little meetings in this way, and elect their officers, and have their entertainments, and get ready to go back home, each fellow helping the other fellow all he can.

I talked with the president of the Montana Club as he sat in his wheel chair in the big cafeteria hall where they usually meet. His face was drawn a little bit with the suffering, his forehead clearly outlined under his dark hair, his dark eye astonishingly clear and direct. You must know that in speaking with any one of these men you are not speaking with a man whose sole stock in trade is a personal injury. He does not put that forward, does not ask you to notice it. But when the thing comes up to be mentioned he speaks of it with perfect calmness and with a strongly philosophical, detached sort of interest.

"You see my leg is stiff," said he after a time. "I can't bend it very much. There were splinters of the bone in the thigh, and it knit soft, as those thigh wounds so often do. They walked me round to get friction on the ends of the splinters and set up bone growth. The bone is getting harder now. I guess I'll get a joint in my knee somehow when that bone in the thigh has knitted strong. I hope I will get all right so I can

(Continued on Page 167)

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Jap-a-lac Household Finish is one of the early Glidden successes. This handy home finishing material has been followed by many kinds of paint, varnish, stain or enamel, until now every need can be met with a Glidden product made for the purpose.

And these Glidden Products are increasingly easy to get. Dealers in nearly every locality are fully supplied and ready to give practical paint helps.

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National Headquarters, Cleveland, Ohio. Stocks in Principal Cities

Factories:
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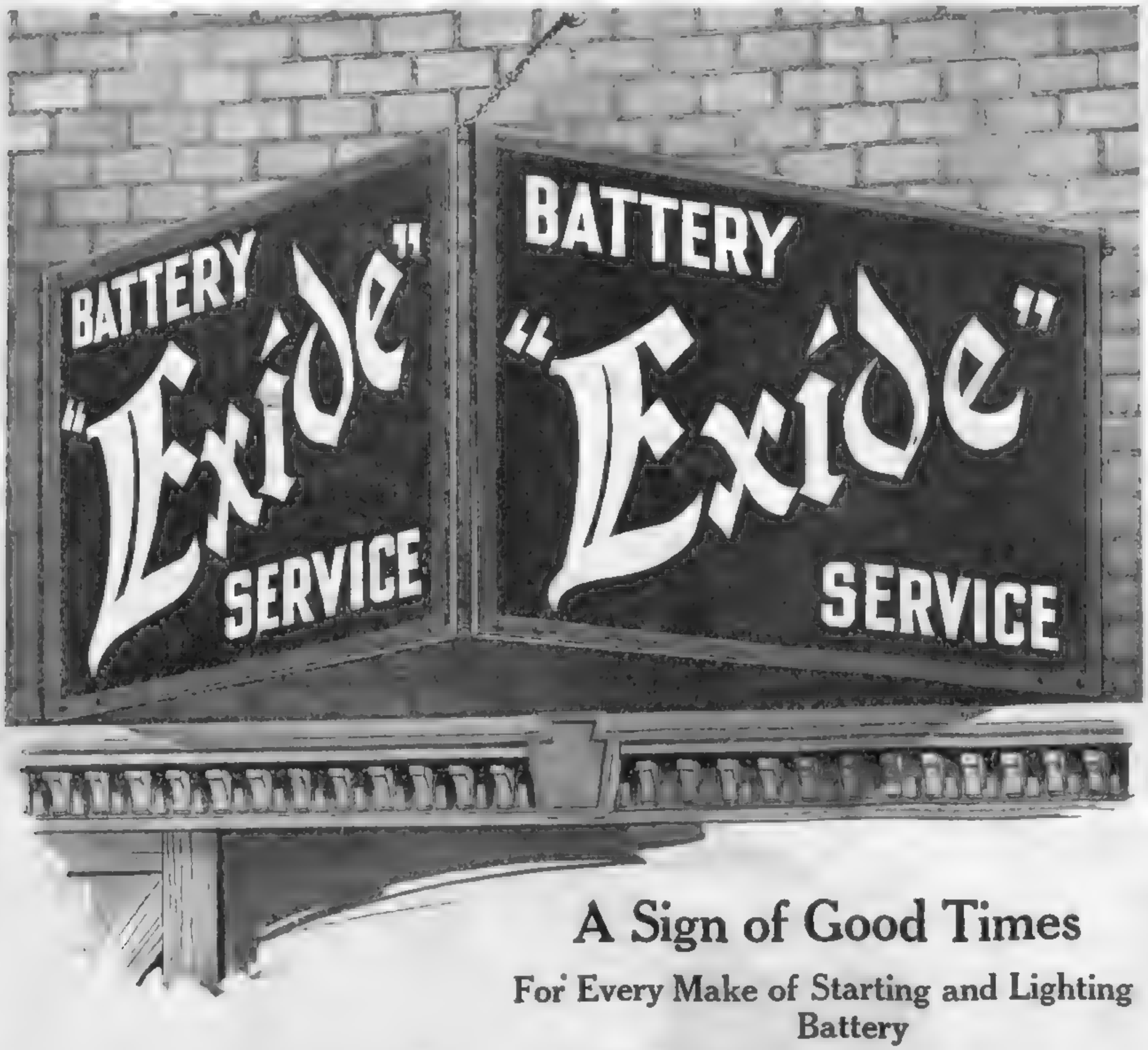
New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Detroit, Boston, Scranton, Evansville, Birmingham, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Atlanta, Dallas, Des Moines, Montreal, Winnipeg

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO



A Sign of Good Times

For Every Make of Starting and Lighting Battery

Get acquainted with your local "Exide" Service Station.

Batteries are being thrown away every day that "Exide" Service could put in real working order.

"Exide" Service meets every need of every make of starting and lighting battery—and when the time comes to buy a new battery it will supply you with the "Exide" made to meet the demands of your car.

There is an "Exide" Station near you. Address will be sent on request.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

The largest manufacturer of storage batteries in the world

1888 PHILADELPHIA, PA. 1920

New York, Cleveland, Boston, Atlanta, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Washington, Minneapolis, Denver, Kansas City, San Francisco, Detroit, St. Louis, Rochester

Special Canadian Representatives—Charles E. Goad Engineering Co., Limited, Toronto and Montreal

"Exide", "Hycap-Exide", "Ironclad-Exide", "Thin-Exide", "Chloride Accumulator"

Batteries are made by this Company for every storage battery purpose

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO

(Continued from Page 163)

work out-of-doors—I have some land out in old Montana, near Miles City. I could work up a good loan business and I have the chance to go into a bank, but I don't like it so well indoors."

I told these boys what I had seen in Montana in the early times, the beautiful places in the state which I had known so long, said I wished I could go back with them out of the city. What I most said to them, however, was that I hoped every one of them would join the American Legion when he got back home, and that every one of them would go into politics. I told them that in my own case I had not begun to be a citizen until I was twice as old as any man in that room, and that America has changed now, and that we ought all of us to be citizens from the jump, and ought to fight the disloyalty in America just as hard as we fought the enemy overseas.

Don't think that the fire is gone out of these young men. One thin chap on a wheel couch, sitting up in his bed robe, made a better talk to the Montana Club than you will hear most men make at a paid lecture. He talked straight Americanism to them.

"Show me any of these people who are threatening to overthrow this government," said he—"just let any of these radicals pull any of their stuff where one of this crowd can hear—and then see what will happen to them. We didn't go across yonder to fight to save this country for anybody but ourselves. It's ours, and we're going to hold it."

Whatever the faint hearts in the business world may be, one thing is sure—the fifty-five members of the Montana Club, many of them due to limp through life, many of them condemned to continuous suffering, are not of the quitting type. They are not beaten. Self-pity is the last thought in the soul of any one of them. I have got to say that the meeting with these splendid, indomitable human beings made me ashamed of any complaint I ever made in life myself. It was one of the most tremendous experiences I ever knew, and I wish it could be put down on paper so that everybody else could feel it—the inspiration, the uplift of these indomitable human souls, all of them put to the test and all of them triumphant over the worst disaster. Don't ever let yourself complain again, you who have not known what these men have known.

The Exploits of Joe

"You've got to see Joe," said the head nurse to me in the morning. "He'll be wandering round all over the shop and you'll meet him somewhere. He doesn't talk English so very well, but he's a whole show all by himself."

It came out that way. The assistant field director and I were walking down one of the long corridors when all at once there passed a short, swart little man, with an indescribable swagger which made him look two or three feet taller than he was.

"Hold on, Joe," said my companion, "we want to talk to you."

My friend nudged me in the side in warning to let Joe alone for a while until he got started.

Joe is Italian, of the sort some folk call Dago, or Wop. It is difficult to understand his English, but impossible to resist his smile, his shrug, his gestures. Joe has temperament. He is an artist. He has imagination. He has genius. Moreover, in spite of all these facts Joe is a real fighting man. If you understand the bayonet yourself you can see that Joe understands the bayonet. It was of the bayonet that he talked.

Translating Joe freely, the best day that he ever had with the boches was the one in which he killed eighteen boches single-handed. He described a number of these gruesome encounters with great detail. If the field director's eyes were somewhat skeptical Joe did not mind, but went right on.

It seemed that not only did Joe kill eighteen boches that day with the bayonets, in single combat, but toward evening of the same day, while mopping up some machine-gun nests, he took prisoner eighteen additional Germans, whom he herded to the rear. He himself was carrying one of the French Chauchat rifles, or portable machine guns. It seemed that by some accident or other after he got back of our lines a barrage came up behind, and Joe received a wound in his hip, which he thought was going to put him out of business. That meant that his eighteen prisoners would escape, which would never do. Accordingly, with great presence of mind, he unlimbered the Chauchat while the eighteen prisoners were walking ahead of him and killed them all to the last man, thus preventing their escape.

You should note the nonchalance, the sang-froid of Joe as he said that it was not his best day, perhaps, but not so bad. He explained that from his childhood he had been accustomed to carry a knife with a long blade. In any frontal attack where single combat was a possible thing he threw away his rifle and, taking his bayonet in one hand and his trusty knife in the other, waded in for his missionary work in making good Germans. I could not keep track of all that he killed, but felt that the day he killed thirty-six could not have been a very good one for him. Joe only smiled and spread out his hands.

I asked him if he ever got hit himself. "Nine-a time," he said, smiling. I pitied him for the length of time that must have kept him in bed.

"Well," said he, "I got-a the nine operate."

"You see," said the field director to me, "Joe sort of runs to nine and multiples of nine—in wounds, operations and everything else. That's how he came to get the thirty-six Germans in one day, I suppose. Maybe he sometimes gets his numerals mixed.

"One thing is sure, he has got two citations—one regimental and one Croix de Guerre with palm."

I asked Joe if this was the case.

"Sure," he said.

Choosing a Wife

You should see the air with which Joe squared his shoulders and pushed back on his head the officer's cap, which at the time he was wearing, along with a flannel shirt and spiral putties.

I had heard something about Joe's adventures in other fields and now in pretended ignorance asked him why he was not married.

"Sure, I get a-marry - I get a-marry right away," he said. "I gotta da girl fifteen year old."

"Why, Joe," I said to him, "only fifteen years old? Why don't you marry someone round your own age?"

"No-no-no!" he said, shaking his head. "I catch-a da young-a girl—she not know-a so much. Suppose-a I catch da girl twent' year old, twent'-five-a year old, she got-a maybe a hundred love'."

Some philosopher, Joe, if you ask me, and some warrior also, if you ask him. The field director and I had to pull out of this engagement and find a place to laugh. I learned that Joe's story with certain variations is staple among the wards. But, smiling and laughing though he is, Joe was a fighting man—one of that regiment whose colonel said, when they came back from the Front one day: "I'll never allow any man to call those boys Wops again."

"You must see Hopkins now," said my companion.

So we saw Hopkins, one of the most beloved among the nurses of all the patients, because he is so wonderful in his fortitude. I found Hopkins, as we will call him, sitting up in bed, a nurse massaging a leg which was shrunken to little more than skin and bone below the knee. The foot was bent down rigidly, the toes clenched. The nurse tried to straighten them, tried to relieve some of the pain in them; for though Hopkins cannot move that leg at all it has feeling below the ankle and above the knee. Hopkins is one of the Montana Club and so I knew something about his case. An exploding shell broke his back in two places.

"They've taken eight splinters out of my spine now," he said to me quietly, "and I want them to try again, for I know there's a bone pressing on that nerve somewhere which makes me helpless on this side. Look at that leg."

He sat up in bed, his eye bright, his skin clear, the fire of his soul unquenched. They had asked about as much of his splendid body as can be asked. Only eight days previous he had undergone an operation for appendicitis. His nurse told me that his long lying in one position in bed had afflicted him with those bedsores which are the curse of hospital life. But she and Hopkins quietly talked over a method by which they were going to turn him over on his face and build up a sort of frame and a set of cushions so that the injured back would not be hurt and so that the helpless hips could get a rest and be healed.

Of all the men I saw in the hospital I seem to remember Hopkins as clearly as any. So very much had happened to him, and he was so splendid—so absolutely splendid.

I could not with any propriety write these things here were it not for the lesson which they teach, the lesson of a splendid human fortitude, the indomitableness of the human soul.

And always I want to say, over and over again, that men like these must not be forgotten; that they do not want pity; that they do not want charity; that they do not want praise. But they do want a chance—and they do want to be remembered.

"We'll see an Indian," said the field assistant as we went into another room, where all the men were lying on their cots. "About all the cases in here are grafting cases—bone grafting or skin grafting. Here's our boy."

I looked down into the broad face and beady eyes of a genuine Indian, who looked at me quietly, his face immobile.

"How do you do, son?" I said to him. "Let me guess what tribe you belong to. You're Choctaw, aren't you?"

My Indian smiled and shook his head. "Winnebago-French," he said. He looked to be a full-blood, but I had guessed him wrong. He asked me if I had ever been in Oklahoma, and I told him I had been all over that country, so we had quite a visit. He had been down there, too, and has relatives who own oil lands and are very wealthy. We had quite a talk about these rich Osages and Cherokees before I shook hands with my Indian boy to say good-by.

"Can't use left hand," said he, smiling. "He's fast." Sure enough, his left hand, the palm of which had been torn away, was bandaged fast to the lower part of his body. After a time they will cut a perfectly good palm for his hand out of his body, and it will grow up again. My Indian says he is going back to work again. When I asked him if he wanted to go to war again he smiled and shook his head. He is a model patient and no one has ever heard him complain.

There was another arm in a tight bandage across a man's chest not far away, a bright and cheerful Kansas face above it—a face somewhat ridged in scars, clear up to the edge of the nose. S—— was not bowled over in a frontal, but had the misfortune to be run down by a truck, which crushed his right leg and his right arm and nearly mashed in that side of his head. He says he will soon be out.

In the Amputation Ward

"But just look at those two fellows over there," he said to me. "They're just back from the operating room—bone grafting, both of them. That'll hurt them like the dickens for quite a while yet, but you see I don't hurt at all any more now. I'm all right."

A tall, spare man sat up in a chair and talked pleasantly with us—Randall of the Australians. He was a runner—that is to say, a dispatch bearer. They got his partner and almost got him one day. Randall weaves baskets with one hand to-day. He talks with quiet appraisal of all the military operations which he saw. Among these men you do not see smiles or forced gayety. When a man smiles he does so naturally—most of them I found to be quiet, grave, serious. I did not see one sniveler, hardly one kicker among all the many that I talked with. They are wasting no time in useless things, these men, but getting ready to do something in the future. Randall, an American who joined the Australians and saw life and death face to face, is quiet, unagitated, calm.

"Harrison—we'll go see Harrison now," said my guide.

So we found Harrison—which is not his name—sitting up in bed playing cribbage with the nurse. Harrison has a skull bandage all over his head, held in place by strips of tape which come down the sides. His was a head wound and hence a head operation. He is paralyzed on the right side. He can think perfectly, but he can talk only very slowly. He knows what he wants to say, but he can't say it. So the nurse and the director, who know him perfectly, always say the words which they know he wants to say, and then he can say them over. He is a big, fine-looking chap, who has been in bed for a long time and is one of the most beloved patients in the wards. He has great dark eyes which look at you straight. And he plays cards with one hand. And he can talk—if first the nurse says for him what he wants to say. You see, he forgets.

Well, are you going to forget Harrison?

We went into another room, what they call the amputation ward, where there are only men who have lost one or more limbs. For some reason this seems to be a sort of center of discontent, because there are a few bad actors in that room—the commandant calls them the only Bolsheviks about the place. I saw two poker games going on. In one of them there were six men playing, using the extension rack of one of the wheel chairs, along which lay all that was left of the legs of the man who sat in the chair. There was a blanket spread down, making a sort of table. The man who owned the chair was leaning forward. There were five other men sitting round this crude table, and under it there was not one complete pair of legs. They seemed to be busy and absorbed in the national pastime. It is a game which is played for keeps in many of the wards. Winnings of one hundred, three hundred, five hundred dollars of an evening have been known in games where there was not a single sound man holding a hand.

On a Manhood Basis

I crossed the room and had a talk with a man who was sitting up on his cot—a man of splendid torso and tremendous arms—I felt his arm and he had the muscles of a prize fighter. His face was large-featured, heavy, strong, his eyes dark and deep-set. This man had been a miner out in Iowa, but he thought he could never mine any more.

"The union won't let me mine now," he said

Both his legs were off, one above the knee. This man had been allowed to go out to his people in Iowa, but he was a restless and turbulent soul. One day out in Des Moines he went A. W. O. L.—which means absent without leave—abandoning his wheel chair in a shop, and got a stranger to help him on a train. You would not think that a man with both his legs off could run away, but that is what he did—not only once but more than once. The field director and the commandant in charge and the assistant field director all said that this man was hard to handle, was a trouble maker among others of the boys in his ward. About a dozen of these, all amputation cases, made more trouble than all the rest of the hospital, they said.

On the suggestion of the assistant director I talked with this man for a while, but he was on his guard and would not cut loose. He said nonchalantly that he was all right enough and that he thought he would go to school after he got out of the hospital. He had told the attendant that he didn't ever intend to work any more, but he was going to live on his disability money. His spirit was so altogether different from that of practically every other man with whom I talked that his case seems worth notice. There is a little anti-Army talk in the wards, some anti-English feeling, a little resentment against the universal military training, a touch of insubordination here and there; but for the most part a visitor to this institution carries away the impression of a marvelous fortitude, a marvelous patience, a wonderful acceptance of hard fate, a splendid exhibition of what the human heart can be in adversity and a resolute disposition to get back into the old game of making a living.

At times during my wanderings almost at will throughout the different wards of this great hospital I would go into the office of Field Director Otis, of the Red Cross work, who has general charge of the hospital so far as the Red Cross operations are concerned—a very good man for this work. Mr. Otis told me what I had already found out for myself.

"It isn't sympathy we want here or pity," said he. "This whole thing is on a manhood basis. We're not wasting any time on the past now, but looking ahead. We're trying to fit these men for their life after they leave the service. They're getting the best care we know how to give them, and the training is what we think will be the best possible for life after they have left here. But they're fine—fine, I tell you."

(Concluded on Page 170)

Explaining Public Confidence in Keen Kutter Tools

The appreciation of skilled workmen, who use Keen Kutter tools is principally due to the fact that these tools represent more than fifty years of effort by master craftsmen.

In no other way, than through years of development of the finest designs and materials, can such tools as Keen Kutter be produced.

So completely must Keen Kutter goods measure up to your most exacting demands, that if any Keen Kutter article fails to give absolute satisfaction, you may have it replaced or get your money back without question.

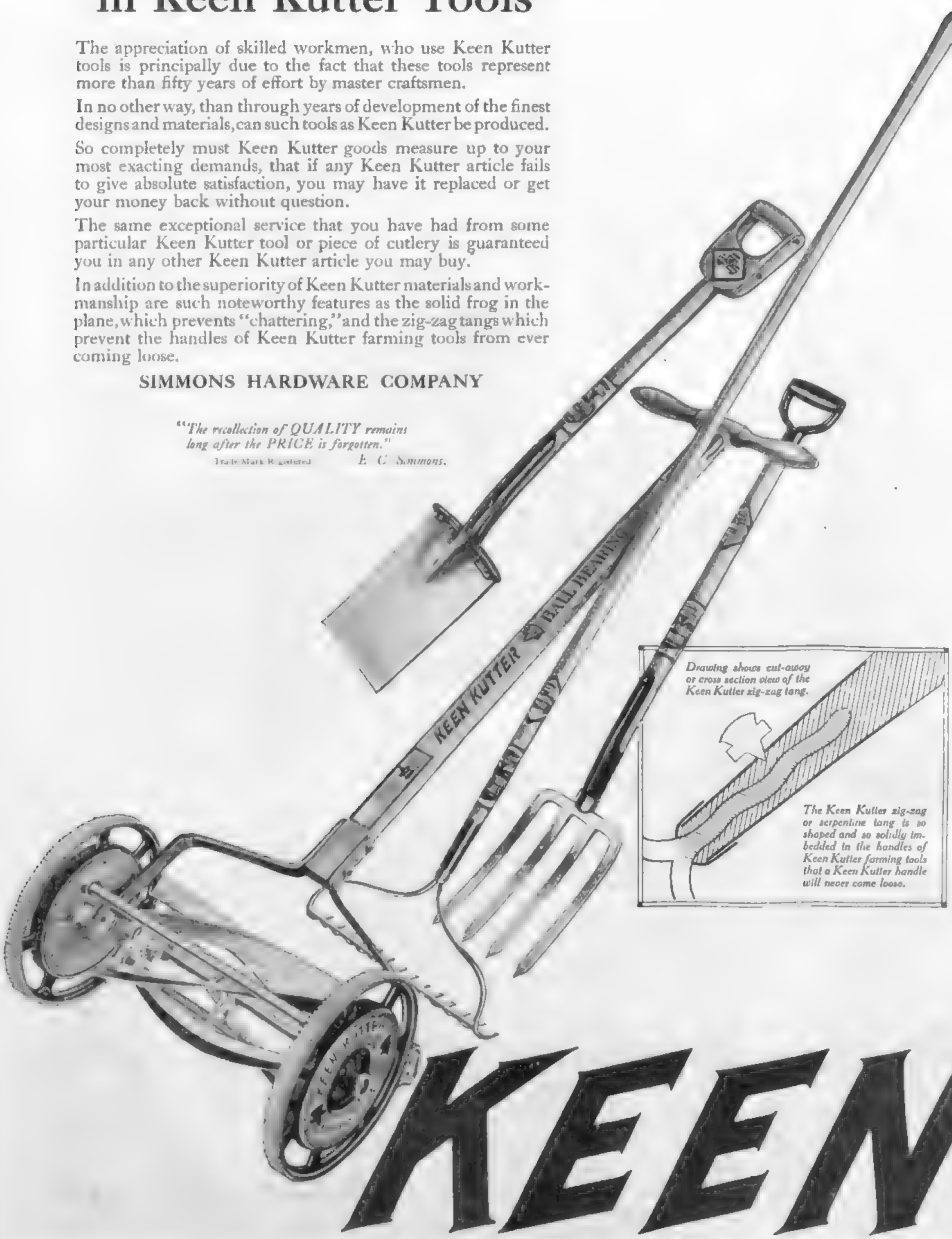
The same exceptional service that you have had from some particular Keen Kutter tool or piece of cutlery is guaranteed you in any other Keen Kutter article you may buy.

In addition to the superiority of Keen Kutter materials and workmanship are such noteworthy features as the solid frog in the plane, which prevents "chattering," and the zig-zag tangs which prevent the handles of Keen Kutter farming tools from ever coming loose.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY

"The recollection of QUALITY remains long after the PRICE is forgotten."

Trade Mark Registered *E. C. Simmons.*


KEEN KUTTER
BALL BEARING
Drawing shows cut-away or cross section view of the Keen Kutter zig-zag tang.
The Keen Kutter zig-zag or serpentine tang is so shaped and so solidly imbedded in the handles of Keen Kutter farming tools that a Keen Kutter handle will never come loose.

KEEN

The frog of the Keen Kutter plane solidly supports the blade all the way down to the bed of the plane. This feature prevents vibration or "chattering" of the blade

The Story of KRYPTOK Glasses Chapter 4

"Wait just a minute, till I change my glasses—just a minute—plague take these glasses! That's all I do—change from one pair to the other!"

YOU ought to wear KRYPTOK Glasses, as I do. Then you would never again have to change from reading to distance glasses.

You do not suspect it, but my eyes, too, need help for both near and far vision. And KRYPTOKS, the Invisible Bifocals, (pronounced Crip-tocks) give me exactly that help. I'm wearing KRYPTOKS now, but you cannot distinguish them from single vision glasses.

For several years I used reading glasses only. And they bothered me—taking them off and putting them on every time I changed my vision from near to far or from far to near.

Yet this bother was as nothing compared with the bother given me by two pairs of glasses, one for near and one for far vision. It was change, change, change, all day long from one pair to the other.

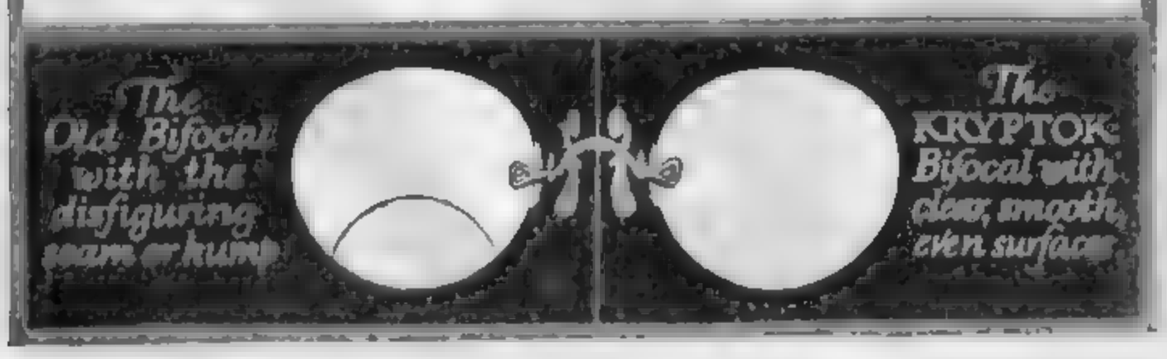
When I tried ordinary bifocals I found that the conspicuous line or seam across their lenses made me look old.

You can imagine how glad I was to find KRYPTOKS. They end all the bother of taking off and putting on glasses. Yet I can see near and far with equal clearness. And because you cannot detect the slightest trace even of line or seam, no one knows that I wear bifocals.

* * *

Ask your optical specialist about KRYPTOK Glasses. They are, of course, sold only upon the advice or prescription of the oculist, optometrist or optician. Write for descriptive booklet. Please give the name of your optical specialist. KRYPTOK Company, Inc., 1017 Old South Building, Boston, Mass.

KRYPTOK GLASSES
THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS



(Concluded from Page 167)

I did not ask the field director why he kept on in the Red Cross, but it was the same reason which brought his assistant director there after he had left the service.

"I didn't feel as though I was quite through," he said to me. "Even a rich man who does nothing is no good these days. I came here because I wanted to do something for somebody else."

The field director and I went in to see Col. William Bispham, commandant of the hospital, a clean-cut, upstanding regular-army officer who looks on these boys as his own sons. We had quite a talk together, and the commandant was so good as to give his approval on the series of interviews with the men whom I met. He thought it would be a good thing for the outside world to know something of the sort of human material there is among these men who got the worst that war could bring them, and were doing the best they could to take their place again in civil life.

"There's a splendid salvage here," he said—"a splendid salvage in humanity, in good citizenship, in good human life. What we are trying to do is worth more to a man than any cash he could be paid. Suppose we gave six months' pay or a year's pay or ten thousand dollars in cash to one of these man and turned him loose—that's not what I call getting the salvage. There are better ways. We have regular schools here. A man can get almost any kind of an education he wants. He doesn't have to do it unless he likes, but if he wants to go to school here he can. He can get an academic start and go quite a way in language; he can get a good practical commercial education or he can get a technical training in any one of a great many lines of civilian work—mechanics, electricity, commercial art, and all that sort of thing.

"Now after these men get out they've got their hardest fight to make, of course. This has been their home for a long while; some of them have been here for a year, thirteen months, fourteen months. Due to their condition, everything has pretty much been done for them. When they get out against the real thing in actual life and realize what their handicap is it's going to be hard for them; without any doubt or question, I know that.

"What I want to say is that the civic community ought to keep up this rehabilitation wo k. If these boys of ours can continue vocational training in their own states after they get out of here, that's better for them than any payment in cash they could possibly have. When we discharge a man he's gone from us and we can't watch after him any more. But his state ought to watch after him. His state ought to take him in hand, ought to do something for him, ought to remember him—not just pension him, but help him to help himself."

Self-Pity the Fatal Ailment

"What I want to make plain is that the best pension a man can get from the Government is a chance to take care of himself, make a living for himself. Charity never helped anybody. Pity never helped anybody. Self-pity is the worst thing that can happen to a man. When he gets in that frame of mind he's done. I'll leave it to you if you've found any of that sort of thing here.

"I want to tell you that the personnel of this Army was the best in the world! You couldn't beat it on the firing line and you can't beat it here. What you see here is not a collection of cripples, but a collection of splendid American men—young men who have done the best they could for their country and who are now going to do the best they can for themselves.

"Forget them?" The commandant waved a hand. "Well," said he, "that's not possible."

I am not trying to write a story about a hospital. I hold no brief for vocational training. I am not trying to write a general story or to preach a general sermon. This is not my story at all, but the story of our men. I have been trying only to tell as nearly accurately as I could what I saw and what these men said to me. The man who would go to a place like that for the sake of its gruesomeness, for the sake of its thrills, is not fit to stand on army leather and he is not fit to write.

But it is of no use to go to such a place and to gloss over any of the truth. What can one do to convey the picture of Fort Sheridan Hospital, where three thousand fighting men are going on with their fight—over the top every morning, every hour and every minute, many of them? One picture comes to my mind which perhaps will do for all of them. I wonder if I can make anyone see it.

There was one man in our town who sat for a year looking down. He sat in his chair with his head drooped a little bit, and he did not move. They would do things for him, help him all they could, and he would obey all he could, patiently, dumbly But as soon as they left him he would drop back into that attitude, silent and motionless, looking down. His mind apparently was a blank. He was a victim of shell shock and had been under treatment almost a year.

The Brush-and-Color Cure

There was one nurse of keen intelligence who had heard that this man at one time had been an artist. One day she went to him as he sat in the chair, his head hanging down, his eyes gazing steadily at the blanket that covered him. She had in her hand a piece of drawing board, a few little brushes, some cakes of paint, different colors. She put these in his lap. She picked up one of his lifeless hands and put a little brush into it, rubbed it about on the paint block, moved his hand a little, to and fro, across the cardboard.

There was no look of intelligence on the dead man's face as he sat there. He was gone, he was dead—his past was all wiped out. He had gained that oblivion which some men say is all that life comes to. But they do not know.

The nurse took away her fingers from those of the dead man. The dead hand began to move across the paper, marks were left behind the little brush. The hand began to move mechanically, here and there. The nurse thought his eyes followed his fingers.

The next day the nurse came back and put the colors and brushes and the paper in the dead man's lap again, and again took his fingers in hers. And again his hand began to move backward and forward, a little more, she thought—she was sure!

In a few days the dead man began to draw. Light came into his eyes. He watched the things which his hands were doing, curiously, as though they belonged to someone else. But now, little by little, his soul came back to him from some far-off No Man's Land, wherever it had been. He began to live again, began to remember what he had been—began to work once more. From that time on he mended with great rapidity.

By mere association of ideas—or shall we not rather say by mere power of the splendid faith of those who wanted him to be himself again?—this man's mind and nervous system came back to him. He began to paint as he used to paint before he went into the service; he was a portrait painter at one time. They say you may see several of his portraits now, done since he came to life again.

He is going back to work after a while, going to be a man again. And he was dead. He was in oblivion.

To me that man represents the whole story of the soldier—more, the whole story of war and of peace again, peace of so much cost, albeit—the swift season of terror and anguish, the long season of gloom and despair, the bitterness of resentment against fate; and then, after a time, the slow, slow renewal of the old ambition in him, in us all—in a stricken country, even—to live and to survive, to prevail—the fanning up of that mysterious unconquerable spark of life, so very hard to quench, so very wonderful and beautiful in its indomitableness.

These are men who never gave up an inch before or after the armistice. So I think that after a while there will be three thousand fine young men of our town go back to home and work and self-support. They go back to communities and commonwealths which they do not ask to pity them, do not even ask to help them. As to that, what do you think?

This is what the war seems to-day in our town. Is it not much the same in yours? And can you forget? If you can, if you do, then there is no hope either for you or for this country, and there is no such thing as a real religion in the world, and there is nothing to the dream of another life after this, and you and I are no more than part of a pack of soulless wolves. But I do not think that, I can not believe that, of the people in our town or in yours.

Bent Bones That Were Bent by Pointed Shoes
Straight Bones That Grew Straight in Educator Shoes
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Unless this mark appears on the sole it is NOT an Educator

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Which Foot Will Baby Have at *Your* Age?

WILL it be straight-boned, flexible, graceful —*healthy?* Or will it be bent, deformed and aching with corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, callouses, fallen arches?

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For this shoe, built scientifically in the shape of a natural, normal foot, is made for all ages—for infants, children, misses, men, women.

Put your own twisted, tired feet into these well-bred, well-made, conservative shoes and give Nature the chance to banish your foot-ills.

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ROYAL
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"COMPARE THE WORK"

MOTOR TRUCKS SOLVE TERMINAL PROBLEM

(Continued from Page 23)

town close to the river. I say "used to be" advisedly, for these quaint and ancient vehicles have to-day all but entirely disappeared from the downtown heart of Cincinnati. In their place the motor truck has shown its ubiquitous self. And in place of the 115 horse-drawn open trucks—our English cousins would call them lorries—have come fifteen efficient modern five-ton gasoline trucks. The mules and the horses have been turned out to pasture. Nor is this all: A good many of the little switching engines that used to haul the local transfer cars—in the parlance of the business, trap cars—from one main freight house to another or from the substations in various outlying industrial sections of the Cincinnati district have been released for service elsewhere, with a vast saving in men and in money.

Before we come to the detailed method in which these fifteen motor-truck chassis are being operated consider for a longer moment the peculiar topographical layout of Cincinnati. On that narrow shelf of flats or bottoms between the high hills and the river in which the older portion of the city is tightly built are situate most of its industries. There it is that its business life centers. There it is then that its railroad terminals have also been centered since first the locomotive poked its way down to the banks of the Ohio, and since have expanded to almost every square inch of available territory. To the east end of this long and narrow strip come the Panhandle lines of the Pennsylvania system, the Louisville and Nashville's main stem and the Norfolk and Western Railroad. At its western end are grouped the Kentucky Central division of the Louisville and Nashville, the Queen and Crescent lines of the Southern system, the Baltimore and Ohio, reaching east, north and west on four important stems, the Chesapeake and Ohio and the Big Four lines.

The volume of traffic which these lines bring into Cincinnati and take out of her crowded heart is vast indeed—and growing rapidly year by year. Not only is the local traffic a thing to be reckoned in many thousands of tons, but the fact that there are three railroad bridges there across the Ohio—each carrying at least one important through route to the South—means a vast amount of through freight to go through that gateway, and much of it there to be transferred; which further complicates the situation.

Saving a Day With Trucks

More than all these things, the steady growth of the city has meant a constant demand for addition to her railroad facilities; addition that, because of the recent difficulties in railroad finance as well as the terrible topographical difficulties of the Cincinnati situation, has not kept pace with the recent growth of the city. Fortunately a good deal of this recent growth has been away from rather than close to her civic heart. New factories have sprung up in new industrial districts well to the north and the northwest of the older portions of the town. In order to accommodate the smaller concerns of these sections—Brighton, Ivorydale and Norwood chief among them—the competing railroads which threaded them opened up substation freight houses in each of them. These served concerns not large enough or rich enough to have their own private sidings. In order to give these industries the benefits of the same through-car service for LCL—through-package freight—business that downtown business houses enjoyed they were, in final analysis, served by the downtown freight houses. The distances from these substations—three or four to eight or ten miles—were, of course, quite out of the question for the horse-drawn lorries. So it became the practice there, as in other widespread metropolitan cities, to load package freight in local box cars and send these in the convoy of a switch engine to the downtown station, where space was required for their spotting and unloading, and a confounded situation doubly confounded.

In regular practice these trap cars with their outbound freight would leave the outlying substations each afternoon soon after their closing hour, four-thirty, but they would not reach the downtown stations until early evening, some hours after the LCL cars for that day had all been closed and sealed and sent merrily on their way toward their destinations. At the best the stuff they carried would make the through outbound cars of the second day. At the worst they might make the cars of the fourth or the fifth day—while impatient shippers began to burn the telegraph wires with all their woes.

To-day the freight from those outlying substations, at Brighton, Ivorydale, Norwood, Oakley and Sixth Street, Storrs, Covington and Newport, is leaving them at their closing hours and going out from the main downtown freight stations that same evening—almost without a miss. The shipper smiles. And as in the case of the LCL freight to be transferred from one railroad to another at Cincinnati, great time, money and temper are saved. Efficiency is gained. The reason why? Let me haste to answer.

Gentlemen, the motor truck has come into railroad-terminal service and there found a field peculiarly if not exclusively its own; and because the Cincinnati experiment has passed the stages of mere experimental trials and doubtings, because there in that fine old town at the double bend of the Ohio a real progress step in transportation has been taken, that is not only of actual value to it to-day but of potential value to every other big town in America to-morrow—let us go a little more closely into its workings. Let us begin by calling to the witness chair Mr. J. J. Schultz, president and general manager of the Cincinnati Motor Terminals Company, himself a railroad operating man of long experience.

Standardized Truck Service

Mr. Schultz tells us quickly how, a little more than than two and a half years ago, the experiment began, in the badly overcrowded downtown freight station of the Big Four, just south of and adjoining the equally badly crowded Central Union—passenger Station It was a simple enough plant then—two motor truck chassis bought on credit from a Cleveland concern, and twelve cage bodies, worked out through the ingenuity of a local blacksmith. These were placed in service between the main freight house of the Big Four and one or two of the outlying substations.

The success of the plan was almost immediate. The two trucks went scurrying back and forth all day long, picking up and depositing the loaded bodies, until the other railroad men at Cincinnati began to realize that H. A. Worcester, the big Vanderbilt operating man and general manager of the Big Four, had scored sort of a beat on them. Then they began to look into the motor-truck proposition on their own; with the direct result that to-day every freight house in Cincinnati except one is equipped for handling standardized motor-truck bodies on and off standardized motor trucks. And that one exception—the Norfolk and Western terminal—only awaits the completion of a new freight house before adopting the scheme.

In transfer freight the scheme, briefly stated, is this: A box car, filled with less-than-carload stuff, bound for different roads south of the Ohio, comes rolling down from Pittsburgh into the Panhandle freight house, there at the east end of the Cincinnati congested district. The freight-house crews make quick work of unloading it. The package stuff that it held goes rolling across the deck of the In House and without rehandling into one of two or three of a row of huge packing boxes that stand awaiting it. These look like the small goods-wagons of the French or the English railways, and are in reality the new type of standardized red-and-gray motor bodies of the Motor Terminals Company. One is destined for the freight house of the main division of the L. & N., another for the Kentucky Central division of the same system, a third for the Queen and Crescent. An average of four and a half tons is stored away in each of them, the waybills are placed in an envelope for the driver, the box is then fastened and sealed like the

"The tinkle of tea things"

IT has always seemed to me the pleasantest and most restful spot of the day—this hour "between the dark and the daylight"—tea-time.

The soft shadows, the cheerful hum of conversation, the sun's rays reflected in the little pools of light on the silver—all together seem to fill me with a sense of tranquility and well-being.

To be pouring at my own tea, using my own china and my lovely set of Wallace Silver, is so wonderful.

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door of a regular box car in service. The freight-house boss moves toward his telephone. Presto—a motor chassis pulls alongside the Panhandle freight house.

"Ready for the Queen and Crescent," the driver shouts cheerily in.

But before he receives his loaded box and the waybills there is one to be delivered. An overhead crane running upon a track grabs the box, swings it clear of the chassis and places it upon one side of the freight-house deck. From the other it picks up the loaded box for the Queen and Crescent and, almost as quickly as it can be told here, deposits it upon the emptied chassis. The driver yells a good-by and the truck is off, to be replaced almost instantly with another, with a transfer load to be delivered and one to be taken for one of the other freight houses.

"Our dispatcher allows five minutes to unload a body and to load on another," says Mr. Schultz. "It's a lot more than sufficient time."

"What dispatcher?" we ask Mr. Schultz.

He explains in some detail. The railroads, which keep a careful supervising oversight of the workings of the plan, have installed at their own expense a skilled train dispatcher who, at a desk and telephone switchboard in a quiet downtown corner, directs the exact operations of each of the terminal company's fifteen trucks. Through his direct phone lines to each freight house and substation he keeps tab upon the comings and the goings of the drivers, as well as a complete and permanent record of their work, and can quickly meet emergencies of every sort, instantly adjusting the service to the needs that are thrust upon it. Time is money, and time counts.

"We are handling this stuff across town to the Queen and Crescent in just fourteen minutes to the average," explains Mr. Schultz. "And here is where the average was just two days and fourteen hours; the actual practice often from eight to ten days. Some percentage of gain."

A seemingly incredible percentage, Mr. Schultz. Yet here are the records before our eyes, which prove the statement. He seems to know what he is talking about.

"Take that run from the Brighton substation down to the main freight house of the Big Four in the old days," he adds. "Second night out from the main station, in a through LCL car—in theory only. Do you know what it took them in average practice with that trap car? An average of thirty-six hours—that's according to the records. And our motor trucks make that run in thirty minutes. But because they haul an average load of but 4.37 tons, as against an average load of nine tons in the trap car, we must, in order to be entirely fair, take that into consideration in a comparative reckoning, and say that our haul averages one hour and four minutes—which still compares pretty well with thirty-six hours. Or, to bring it still further, the average time to haul one ton of package freight by motor truck is seven minutes, as compared with three hours and fifty-four minutes by trap car. Our drivers are scheduled to make ten miles an hour through the city streets—and they make it, easily and without danger or annoyance to anyone."

Gaining Cars and Floor Space

"There is another factor of saving in this service that you must not forget," continues Mr. Schultz. "By our use of the motor truck we have saved the use of twenty-three trap cars a day in this one freight house alone. That not only releases those cars to the Pennsylvania Railroad for line service, but by saving the platform trackage which these cars demanded increases in a really great measure the capacity and efficiency of this freight house. And you can readily understand the effect upon the entire Cincinnati terminal situation when I tell you that the motor-truck service which we already have in effect is releasing a total of 66,000 box cars a year from Cincinnati terminal usage for the line movements of the various railroads that lead in here."

I think I can understand. A little time ago the wisest and most conservative of the railroad operating executives who have Cincinnati among their bailiwicks were wondering how in these days of abnormally low railroad credit they were going to escape vast and almost immediate extensions to their terminals there—both freight and passenger. Now they know that these expenditures will not have to be made—for the freight terminals at least—for a number of years to come. The trap-car elimination has released anywhere from thirty to forty per cent of valuable floor space in each of the present local freight houses, and so, of course, has added that much to their working capacity. Count that, if you please, to the credit of the motor truck in terminal service.

Nor is the service itself representative of any cost increase. The Motor Terminals Company is hauling all the transfer and secondary freight at an average cost of eighty cents a ton, which certainly compares well with the $1.20 which the former transfer service was compelled to charge for its haul by lorries, or the expense, varying from $1.12 to $1.60 a ton, which it costs the railroads to haul their own trap cars by switch engines. A saving, this, which goes well alongside of that of box cars and switch engines and freight-house space relieved, to say nothing of individual shipments through and local—vastly expedited, all of which can be translated annually into a money saving of real dimensions.

Already the Motor Terminals Company is hauling some 750 tons of freight through the streets of Cincinnati in nine hours of each business day. Its trucks, with maximum outside dimensions of seventeen feet six inches by eight feet, are both shorter and narrower than the lorries of the old transfer company, and infinitely less subject to delays under conditions of inclement weather. Moreover, understand, if you will, that the transfer company, with all its 115 lorries, hauled but thirty-eight per cent of the through LCL freight between the various terminals of Cincinnati. To have handled all of it would have taken at least 250 horse-drawn trucks, and if it had attempted the problem of handling the substations another fleet of at least equal size would have been required.

Lessening Congestion

Yet its motorized successor will soon be handling every pound of the 1000 tons or more of transfer freight at Cincinnati daily, as well as all the substation work, with the slight increase of twenty-four bodies to the 201 already in service, and without the increase of a single chassis to its present operating fleet of fifteen. To perfect and quicken its service the overhead cranes for loading and unloading the box bodies are being equipped with motor trolleys in place of the man-power chain arrangements, which in turn represents a speed of fifty feet a minute as against but seven under the old order of things. And this, of course, is still further efficiency.

So much then for the situation as it stands to-day in Cincinnati. It does not take so very much of a vision to see in the proved success of a terminal plan, which already has ceased to be an experiment, a great enlargement of the freight-gathering and distributing scheme for the entire city. No longer will it be necessary or even essential that a freight house of a railroad be located either at or near rails. It can come far closer to its users. In other words, railroad substations for the collection and delivery of package freight can be established in every industrial section of Cincinnati—thus shortening the haul for individual patrons and so in turn perceptibly lessening the congestion in the city streets.

Do you see now where this is leading us? With substations so established, the principle of standardized interchangeable motor-truck bodies and chassis working to so definite an end, there remains little or no use for downtown freight terminals in a city like Cincinnati—save perhaps an occasional team-track yard for heavy carload shipments. In the flats at the edge of the town the railroads can—and in my opinion eventually will—establish new and generous-sized freight houses and other terminal appurtenances. The downtown stations, located in the heart of each industrial district, will do the rest. The expense of building these last will be as nothing. The value of their upper floors as lofts for light manufacturing will far more than offset the cost and upkeep of the ground-floor motor-freight terminal. And the facility of movement—with its multitude of resultant economies—will make the expenditure of outlying main-terminals money well spent indeed.

As goes Cincinnati, so must go the land outside. It is from this point of view that its radically new terminal plan assumes a

(Continued on Page 177)

SONG "HITS"
By Exclusive Emerson Stars

WE WANT to go on record (and it's true, as sure's you're born!)—the song hits that you so admire are hollered down a horn. A mammoth horn, as you can see, and wondrous patient, too. For sometimes it is hours and hours before a singer's through. But finally the task is done—the song comes flowing out; and every one in chorus yells, "A HIT, WITHOUT A DOUBT!"

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10130	Dardanella .. .. *Arthur Fields* I Never Knew ..... *Arthur Fields*
10140	Venetian Moon ..... *Sterling Trio* If You're Only Fooling 'Round Me *Irving & Jack Kaufman*
10134	Oh! The Last Rose Of Summer . *Eddie Cantor* You Ain't Heard Nothing Yet... *Eddie Cantor*
10119	Come On and Play Wiz Me, My Sweet Babee *Eddie Cantor* All The Boys Love Mary ..... *Eddie Cantor*
10137	Sunny Weather Friends ..... *Arthur Fields* Lucy ..... *Irving & Jack Kaufman*
10126	Patches ..... *Arthur Fields* Why Did You Do It To Me, Babe? *Jack Kaufman*

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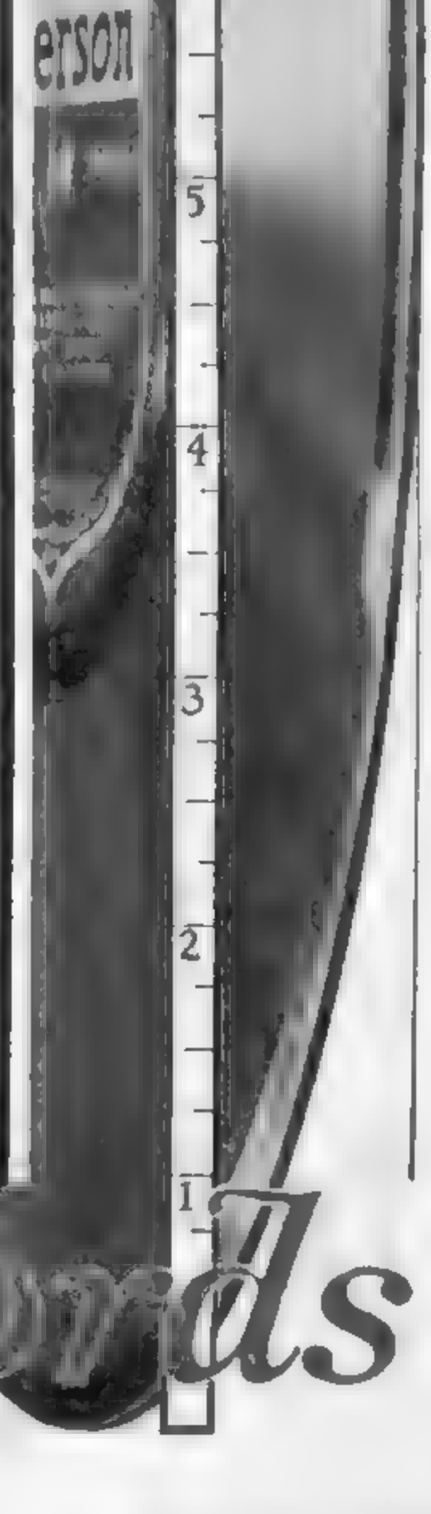

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Its giant air cushion absorbs the vibration, jars and shocks of the road—instead of passing them into the truck. It goes a long way to make friends—and when its cost is figured in with the expense of operating truck and tires *together,* there can be no doubt of the economy of using Akron's Great Truck Tire—The General Cord.

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Built in Akron, Ohio, *by* The General Tire & Rubber Co.

THE GENERAL CORD TIRE

(Continued from Page 174)

nationwide interest and importance. As I stood in its various railroad terminals beside the neat wood-and-iron motor-body boxes upon the freight-house decks—the original open-cage design was long ago discarded in favor of the stronger and more permanent form of carrier—I could not help but be struck again with their resemblance to the small ten-ton goods wagons of the French and English railways. And I recalled the tremendous efficiency of those same small wagons for the work for which they were best adapted—the haulage of package freight; the sort of thing we know in this country as LCL.

One of the great disagreeable sources of railroad outgo in America, and one that has a constant tendency toward increase, is the list of claims paid for freight damaged in transit. It all makes a pretty big annual bill, of which an astoundingly large proportion comes through breakage in the transfer houses. Right here is where our French and English cousins show us a trick or two. With their little ten-ton cars there is always enough package freight to make a full car, even to the smallest communities. Once arrived at one of these a switching crew, composed of a man and a horse, handles the carload shipment with great care and no little speed.

As I stood upon the big and orderly decks of the Cincinnati freight houses—orderly upon the coming of the motor truck into terminal service and for the first time in many years—it kept coming to me: Why could not these stoutly built boxes go through to Dayton or to Columbus or Indianapolis or, for that matter, anywhere within reach of the American freight car. Two of them would go quite easily upon the deck of a flat car; it ought not to be difficult to find flats to accommodate three of the seventeen-foot motor bodies upon their platforms. But even with but two there would be nine tons of package freight; which is fully as much as the average package-freight box car is carrying to-day across the land, and thirteen tons—three well-filled motor boxes—runs well ahead of that average.

Suppose that this long Big Four flat car was to run up to Columbus—120 miles or more up the line—with three motor boxes upon its deck. One might have been filled at the main freight house of the Big Four down in the shadow of the big passenger terminal; another at Brighton; the third at, let us say, Norwood. The exact stations are immaterial. The point is that the freight would have but one transfer; at the In House of the Columbus terminals. There an overhead track crane would pick the three boxes off the flat and place them upon the freight-house deck, where they could be quickly unloaded and their contents placed on trucks or lorries for Columbus distribution. In turn the motor boxes would be loaded for shipment back direct to Cincinnati Downtown, Cincinnati Brighton and Cincinnati Norwood.

Freight-Trucking in St. Louis

There is nothing impracticable or impossible about such a plan. On the contrary it is most tremendously practical, and tremendously efficient withal. Its installation is neither difficult nor expensive, and the savings would be vast. A conservative estimate would place these already at $1000 a day in the Cincinnati district. Carry that ratio all the way across the country and you have a possibility of railroad operating economy in the aggregate not to be sneezed at. It would be at least comparable with the million dollars a day which Justice Brandeis once said that the railroads could and should save in their operating expenses.

The whole broad national field of railroad operation awaits the coming of the motor truck into terminal operation. In New York, in Boston, in Philadelphia, in Baltimore, in Chicago—many other cities too—great tracts of land in congested districts long blocked from proper development by the presence of freight-terminal yards and houses await the coming of the motor truck to emancipate them and to restore them to their proper usage. Few if any of these cities have as yet seen their economic possibilities in terminal service. St. Louis is one of these few exceptions. The Columbia Transfer Company, which recently absorbed the St. Louis Transfer Company in that city, already has sixty-five motor trucks, in addition to its 200 horse-drawn lorries still in service, and a few tractors capable of drawing trailer trucks with detachable bodies, somewhat similar to those employed in Cincinnati.

This company has nine off-line stations, situated in the wholesale mercantile district of the city, but in every case close to the freight houses of the larger railroads or the huge Cupples Block, which combines in a remarkable degree the facilities of both freight houses, warehouses and even light manufacturing, and itself in an average year handles some 250,000 tons of freight in and out, divided almost equally between carload and less-than-carload stuff. Though it uses motor trucks extensively it has not as yet developed any such thorough plan as that of the Cincinnati Motor Terminals. The longest haul between its own off-line stations and any of the railroad freight houses is but two and a half miles, which hardly compares with the two nine-and-one-half-mile routes of the Cincinnati concern.

Nevertheless, this is a beginning and a very good one at that and one wonders when the motor truck will begin to invade the possibilities of such rich fields as Chicago and Philadelphia, to take two other instances rather sharply in view. Take the last of these for a few paragraphs of consideration.

The Sailing-Day System

By far the greater part of the package freight by rail out of Philadelphia is collected at the local freight houses maintained by the three chief railroads that serve her, at points almost uniformly one block back of her Delaware River water front. Because of local regulations and the fact that the tracks that serve the greater part of these houses are located for miles in city streets this freight can be moved out only at night—after dark and in hours when there is little other traffic in the streets. For the west and the south the greater part of this merchandise passes well below the city, on fifteen or sixteen miles of industrial tracks and finally up to Mantua Transfer, which is a focal or hub point for main lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad, north, south, east and west. Here the freight is sorted out of the trap cars—or ferry cars, as they are known in the parlance of the Pennsy men—and transferred to through package-freight cars for all parts of that system and far beyond.

Figures are not immediately available as to the average time for this package freight to reach Mantua and to be dispatched from it. However, as Philadelphia traffic conditions are not far different from those of Cincinnati—everywhere our big overloaded national railroad system is groaning and creaking with its superburdens—the delays may be assumed to be nearly as great in the city by the Delaware as in the one by the Ohio. The Pennsylvania, under the pressure of wartime conditions, was one of the first roads in the land to adopt the very sensible operating plan of sailing days for its package-freight cars. In other words, instead of gathering freight for each individual point from each of its eighteen substations in Philadelphia every business night, and forwarding it to Mantua or its other main transfer houses for nightly shipment to these more important points within its vicinage, it arranged for a bi-weekly or triweekly rotation of through LCL cars from the substations themselves, which were grouped into six great zones, each holding three stations. This done, the dispatching of package-freight cars became a really systematic and scientific affair.

Suppose for a definite instance we take the shipping of this high-grade freight to some one specific point—Toledo will do as well as any other. From Zone One, which included the receiving stations at Broad Street and Washington Avenue, at Federal Street, and at Thirtieth and Market streets, a Toledo car would be dispatched on Mondays and Thursdays; from Zone Two, which included the stations at Dock Street, at Walnut Street and at Vine Street, it would go on Tuesdays and Fridays; while from Zone Three, including, of course, another three stations, it would leave on Wednesdays and Saturdays. With a similar service from the other three zones one sees an even dispatching of two Philadelphia-Toledo LCL cars each evening and not only an even spacing of the traffic but a complete avoidance of the tedious and expensive transfer work at Mantua. Practical and sensible this.

"Practical and sensible!" snorts the Philadelphia shipper who reads this last,

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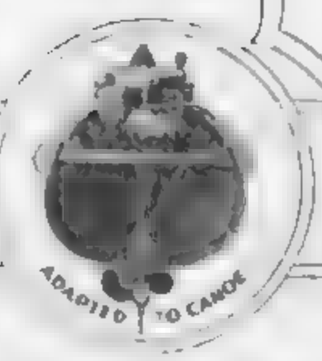

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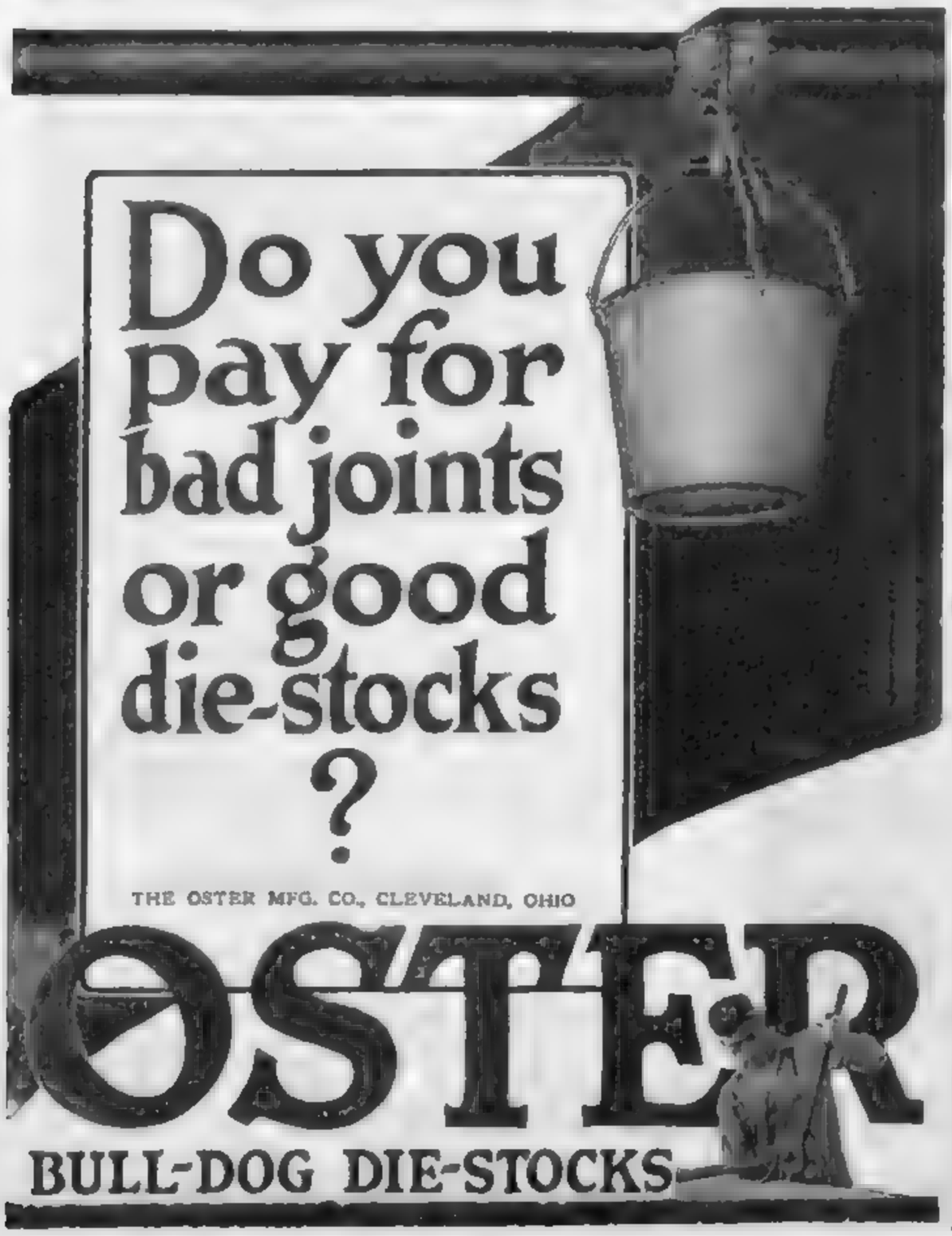

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THE OSTER MFG. CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO

OSTER

BULL-DOG DIE-STOCKS

and then begins to tell you how in order to dodge those very selfsame sailing days he used to shoot his emergency stuff out by motor truck to points as far distant as Baltimore and Williamsport—and at a very great expense. Of course he did. When first I examined the workings of this system, nearly two years ago, I saw quickly how it would fall under any competitive order of railroading. Few shippers there are who are willing to delay their outgoing freight forty-eight hours or even twenty-four, no matter how alluring the prospects may seem to be of expediting the movement of it, once it is well under way. Here is an efficiency of wartime railroading which, like the minimum-carload weight, apparently must necessarily go into the discard. And yet in Cincinnati I found plans already under way for adapting the motor-truck plan to the sailing-day scheme, as it was in effect at the Baltimore and Ohio terminals there. The elastic and short-interval service of the motor truck made it possible to retain the sailing-day plan with all its obvious efficiencies, and still give the shipper every-day service from his place of business.

Similarly the combination plan would work equally well in Philadelphia. Though it is fifteen or sixteen or seventeen miles by rail from her more important downtown freight stations to the big transfer house and main terminals at Mantua, it is hardly more than two or three miles in a direct line across the city. Less-than-package cars go out each night from Mantua to every point of any importance whatsoever on the Pennsylvania system; to many, many others of great importance on the lines beyond with which it connects. The further present-day nuisance of having to lighter New York and New England freight from those same water-front freight stations across the river to Camden in order to avoid the long haul round the city, with all its incidental delays, would be entirely obviated.

It is in the metropolitan district of New York, however, that the possibilities of the motor truck in terminal service reach their highest economic value. There are river haul and river crossing there—and in more than goodly measure. And there is an almost unspeakable congestion along both the water fronts of Manhattan. The largest and most important harbor in America is by far the most inefficient in the entire world.

Plans for the relief of this situation are both numerous, confusing and conflicting. The New York Central Railroad, which until a very few years ago held, in connection with the New York, New Haven and Hartford, a virtual monopoly of trackage rights upon Manhattan Island, has an elaborate plan of its own for the freight-terminal development of the western front of the island—along the Hudson shore. But the New York Central folks are involved in an almost inextricable political row with the New York City Hall, and so to-day have practically abandoned their original dock-and-terminal plans and are preparing to build along the west bank of the Hudson—in the neighborhood of Weehawken—instead.

That selfsame city government has made its own extensive dock-terminal plans, which give a consideration to the Pennsylvania and other railroads coming into the Jersey City district that the New York Central, for rather obvious reasons, neglected to give.

New York's Terminal Plans

All these plans involve the expenditure of money—to the tune of many millions of dollars. They contemplate the construction of miles of freight tunnels or subways which, lying well below tidewater, must be elaborately protected against both seepage and inundation.

With the present financial condition of the city of New York, to say nothing of the railroads which must be ready to use its terminals, they are not likely to come into any immediate being.

The most immediate thing in sight is the construction of a tunnel under the Hudson, connecting Jersey City and New York, which is to be designed for the exclusive use of motor trucks and automobiles. At first thought this would seem to point an instant way to a tremendous possibility—the abandonment by the railroads of their expensive shore-front freight houses, into which their box cars are lightered all day long by means of huge floats and barges, and the substitution of new collecting and distributing stations a block or two inland upon far cheaper land, with the motor truck and detachable standardized body ferrying back and forth between these and the commodious Jersey City clearing and transfer stations—all by way of the new tunnel.

On second thought, however, this does not look so good. The steep grades necessary to the building of an under-river tunnel make a serious and continued operating expense, and the very practicability of the proposed tube itself is seriously questioned by engineering experts, who find themselves confronted with the necessity of keeping it ventilated and free from the poisonous gases thrown out by the motor vehicles.

Even this tunnel, however, is not one whit necessary to the operation of motor-truck terminal service in the congested sections of Manhattan. Ferryboat operation on the Hudson River, with the exception of a very few days each year, is both prompt and reasonably inexpensive. Nor is it even necessary, with ferryboat operation, to tie up motor-truck equipment on the repeated journeys back and forth across the river. We saw in Cincinnati the overhead trolley cranes picking up the motor bodies and carrying them half the length of a freight house at the brisk rate of fifty feet a minute. In the judgment of good engineers there is no reason whatsoever why these should not be installed upon the main decks of ferryboats or lighters assigned for the purpose, so as to lock with land installations and so in turn to permit of the filling of the broad main deck of a ferryboat or lighter with long rows of the motor bodies set closely one to another.

Future Truck Possibilities

This done, operation would be a simple thing indeed. The inbound freight car would come close to the water's edge in Jersey City, where water-front properties are not yet at a great premium. It would be unloaded into the waiting motor bodies, each labeled for some distributing station in Manhattan, in Brooklyn, in Queens Borough or in the Bronx. These would not touch a chassis, however, until the ferry was fastened to its landing bridge on Manhattan Island. And so a great efficiency of operation would be gained, while the gain in overhead, due to the removal of the distributing and collecting station in from the expensive water front of Manhattan, would of itself almost justify the installation of the trucks.

These are not mere dreams. They are the carefully developed plans of engineers long since become expert in transport. These men have seen the terminal possibilities of the motor truck not alone in Cincinnati or St. Louis or Philadelphia or New York, but in many other American cities as well. Only space prevents a consideration of other possibilities quite as fascinating as these which we have just seen. And only space prevents the showing of the further phases of development along the lines of store-door delivery.

Store-door delivery has no attractive sound, however, to the practical operating railroader. He is gun-shy, tremendously gun-shy, of it. I do not wonder at that. Your railroader feels that sooner or later, and probably much sooner rather than later, the charges for this service would be tacked upon his shoulders, flatly included within his transportation rate. Aside from that I think he would welcome it, distinctly. It would greatly simplify the traffic problems in and round his freight terminals, to say nothing of making vast savings in the use of his equipment.

Moreover, the day is coming when he will be compelled to welcome it—willy-nilly, for in my opinion the motor truck will occupy a place in the railroad's necessities to-morrow only second to that of the locomotive itself. It represents the railroad's newest field of development, by far its largest field of possibilities. The picture you have just seen in detail of the Cincinnati terminal situation is but a single one of these possibilities. The others are so vast and so many as almost to be termed limitless.

They represent progress—progress in the field of American transport as definite and as distinct as that which marked the coming of the locomotive. The years pass by. In them we do move. We do progress. And enterprise consists in translating vision to practical operation—along lines such as we have just seen.

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HARD-BOILED MABEL

(Continued from Page 7)

night for the first time she had seen it tremble, the figure inside suddenly grown uneasy. She had sighed with relief when the curate's call had come to an end at last.

"If that young man ever comes here again!" she had fiercely breathed to her sister.

And then a few minutes later she had heard the returning steps on the gravel, the opening of the door, the subdued voices in the hall below.

"Something has happened!" she told herself, filled with growing alarm; and putting on her dressing gown, she hurried to the stair well and looked down over the banisters.

Meanwhile in the hall below they had been uneasily wondering what to do, for the proper disposition of an unconscious girl in boy's clothes is a problem which is neither taught in the classical texts nor in The Butler's Own Handbook of Decorum.

"Perhaps if you called Lady Margaret, My Lord," whispered Benson with another uneasy look upstairs.

There is probably nothing more catching than whispers, and now they all caught it.

"Don't you t ink we should telephone for a doctor?" whispered the curate.

"Do!" whispered Frankie. "And after I've fetched a cushion for her head I'll call my aunt."

In the dim light of the hall they looked and sounded like three conspirators, and it was just at this inauspicious moment that Lady Margaret looked down over the banisters.

"What on earth is the matter down there?" she asked.

"There's been an accident, dear," said Frankie, looking up. "I wish you'd come down."

"What on earth have you got in the chair there?"

"It's a girl who's been hurt - poor thing. She's quite unconscious. Do come down as soon as you can. Courtney is telephoning for a doctor."

The premonition which had been hanging over Lady Margaret all the evening now seemed almost to stifle her. She made the gesture which the gambler probably makes when he hoarsely tells himself "The devil's in the cards," and hurried back to her room to dress.

"The doctor's coming," reported the curate, coming from the telephone. "I wonder now if we couldn't get in touch with her people?"

Frankie was down on one knee by the side of the chair putting a cushion under the girl's head.

"We might, if we knew who she was," he dryly replied. "Did you recognize her, Benson?"

"No, My Lord. Her cap fell off as she came through the door."

The girl's face was still hidden by the veil of her hair. Frankie gently parted it and draped it over her shoulders.

For all its pallor, it was a pure sweet face—surprisingly delicate of feature and so appealing in its helplessness that Frankie experienced that sense of chivalry which has come to man since time immemorial at the sight of helpless beauty in distress.

"Do you know who it is?" he whispered over his shoulder.

"No, My Lord," they whispered back; and in both their tones he caught the tribute of unconscious admiration.

A firm step was heard on the stairs, and Lady Margaret appeared, her brows bent until they met in an arch of frowning disapproval. She looked at the figure in the chair with a glance that had shrapnel in it, and then suddenly changing her range she raked the curate with a broadside that made him blink again.

"You were with my nephew when he found her?" she asked.

"Y-yes, My Lady."

"I—thought—so!"

They were still turning that over in their minds when another, heavier step was heard on the stairs, and Lady Felicia joined them.

"Oh-h-h!" she exclaimed as her eyes fell upon the girl. "Have you have you telephoned her people, Frankie?"

"We can't very well, dear," he patiently explained. "You see, we don't know who she is."

A glow which can only be described as rosy stole over Lady Felicia, and it might be said that she lived again in that magic land of love and romance of which she had dreamed so often when a girl. A midnight adventure—a handsome young cavalier—a beautiful unconscious girl—an atmosphere of mystery! Lady Felicia's eyes grew bright and her heart went out to the one quiet figure among them.

"If I were you, Frankie, I would chafe her hands," she said, "and I will fetch my smelling salts."

Lady Margaret gave her a glance that said, "Great heavens, have you gone quite mad?" And aloud she added: "You will do nothing of the sort, either of you! This girl is going to the hospital."

"Oh, no, dear! That wouldn't do at all," said Frankie, his newborn authority of manner showing stronger than ever. "It - it would hardly be decent, you know. What we must do is to put her to bed—at least until we can find out who her people are."

"Even if I were willing, the thing is utterly impossible," said Lady Margaret coldly. "We have no room ready."

"She can have mine!" cried Lady Felicia, the glow of romance shining upon her more brightly than before.

Again Lady Margaret stared at her, but before she could speak the doctor's car was heard outside.

He was a brisk little doctor with birdlike motions, and he made his diagnosis in a manner that might have reminded you of a little gray-headed woodpecker tapping and listening at the side of a young magnolia tree.

"Nothing serious, so far as I can see," he reported at last. "She's had a knock on the head, but apparently no fracture. In Nature's own time she will recover consciousness—perhaps in so many minutes—perhaps in so many hours. Meanwhile I would suggest perfect quiet and a good bed, so that when she begins to come to herself there will be no question of shock."

Lady Felicia immediately started for the stairs.

"Can you carry her up, Frankie?" she asked, carefully avoiding her sister's eye.

Lady Margaret started to say no, but checked herself. What can one sane person do in a world of madness? It is well perhaps that she turned away, or she would have seen the doctor tuck the girl's arm round the young marquis' neck. When he returned downstairs a minute later the footman had appeared upon the scene and Benson had given him a whispered summary of the affair, which was working heavily against poor Chesley's maintenance of decorum.

"What gets over me," said Frankie, "is how it happened—how she got there, you know."

Lady Margaret answered this by giving the curate a very hard look.

"It would puzzle—almost—anyone!" she said with a short laugh.

Truth to tell, Lady Margaret wasn't far from suspecting a general conspiracy, and if she had lived in an earlier age and had been a grand inquisitor one could readily imagine her at that moment sending for the thumbscrews and having the witnesses bound.

"The explanation is probably simple enough," said the brisk little doctor. "From her dress I should say that she was on a motorcycle—on the back seat—and was bounced off without the driver knowing it. In that case of course someone will soon come back looking for her. Suppose we go and see if there's a recent track in the road—shall we?"

It was an imposing expedition that set out—the marquis, the doctor, the curate, the butler and the footman. The last two lagged a little and exchanged glances of stolid satisfaction.

"Like old times," whispered the butler.

"Ah, a rare old family!"

It had rained earlier in the evening and a recent motorcycle track was in the road for all to see.

"I thought so," said the brisk little doctor. "You'll soon have somebody back looking for her."

Frankie considered for a moment.

"Sleepy, Chesley?" he asked at last.

"No, My Lord."

Sleepy? It is doubtful if chloroform would have had any effect upon Chesley just then.

"Then look here! Take this raincoat of mine—for if it showers—and sit here by the side of the road. Then, if a motorcycle comes along as though searching for

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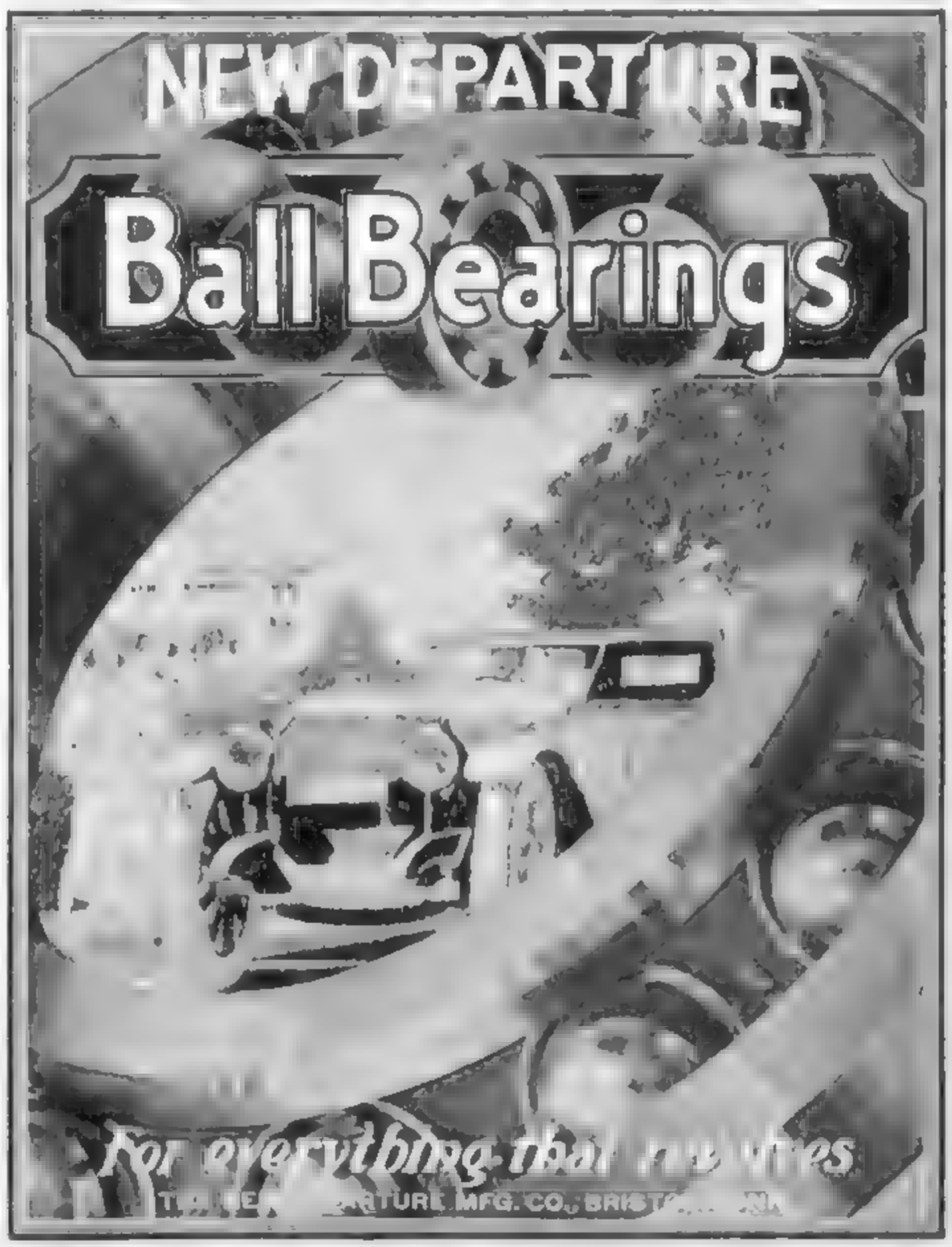

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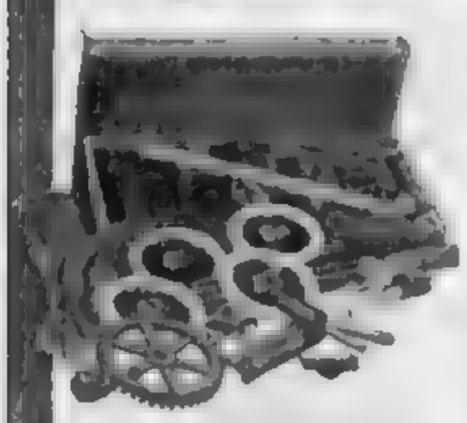

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GILBERT TOYS

someone, go out into the middle of the road and stop it—and tell them the young lady's in the house."

"'The young lady's in the house,'" repeated Chesley. "Very well, My Lord."

The others disappeared, and Chesley was left alone.

First he looked up the road, then down the road, and then he looked up at the moon, which was still grandly cruising among the clouds.

"The young lady's in the house," he reported in a whisper of satisfaction.

With a comfortable air he thrust his hands into the pockets of his master's raincoat—and found the gray silk scarf scented with heliotrope which Frankie had picked up that afternoon. Whereupon Chesley made his second remark to the moon, this time tenderly entreating.

"Strike me pink!" breathed he.

He looked next at the house, and then at the scarf, and finally at the light of a motorcycle which was slowly approaching down the road.

"And 'ere comes more excitement," he told himself, taking his station in the middle of the road. "Well, one thing sure: If I live to be a hundred there's nothing going to jolt me any more!"

VIII

THE breeze bloweth, but the lightning striketh. Man sparreth for time, but Destiny hath its uppercuts and knockouts.

"If I live to be a hundred," quoth Chesley, "there's nothing going to jolt me any more."

But before he was eight hours older he picked up the morning newspaper, and if you had been there a few minutes later you would have seen his upper plate drop down in utter amazement, and his eyes would have reminded you of large white marbles with a pupil and iris cunningly painted on each.

"'Ere! Read this!" he gasped, hurrying in to Benson. "There's going to be the very old devil to pop!"

"The devil to pop, Hernest?" said Benson, shaking his head in disapproval of his assistant's language. "Do you think that's a very dignified expression?"

"Read it! Read it!" danced the other. "And then you tell me what's to pop!"

The butler read it, and when he had finished he so far forgot himself as to let the air escape from his cheeks with that loud noise which the walrus makes when it comes to the surface to blow. A minute later he was knocking on Frankie's door.

"What is it?" asked the young marquis. "Has she come to yet?"

"Not yet, My Lord. But I understand that the young lady has grown restless and they are expecting a return to consciousness at almost any moment. In the meantime, My Lord, I have brought you the morning paper, thinking you might be interested in reading this article on Page One."

"Bold Robbery at Meyne Castle" was the headline. The story occupied two columns and broke over to the last page, but the gist of it was in the opening paragraphs.

"At an early hour last night," the story began, "Meyne Castle, recently leased by the American millionaire, Commodore Beckett, was entered by thieves, who succeeded in blowing open a safe and escaping with a collection of emeralds said to be valued at one hundred thousand pounds sterling.

"It is believed that the robbery is the culmination of a series which has been carried out lately by Stunner Dixon, who escaped from Reading Gaol last month and has not yet been reapprehended by the police—and this in spite of the fact that identification would—in the case of an ordinary criminal—be comparatively easy in view of the circumstance that Stunner walks with a slight limp.

"The thieves, of whom there were apparently two, evidently entered the castle grounds on a motorcycle and made their escape by the same agency. It will be recalled that the Stunner's last offense was carried out in a simular manner, being assisted by a female accomplice who was repeatedly referred to at the trial as Hard-boiled Mabel.

"It was shown upon that occasion that Hard-boiled Mabel, dressed as a boy, invariably accompanied the redoubtable Stunner on his criminal excursions.

"She was never caught and it is popularly supposed that she rejoined Dixon as soon as he had broken from gaol and that they are now repeating their former operations on a scale hitherto unprecedented in the annals of Scotland Yard.

"This theory is supported by the evidence of William Robertson, 57, night watchman, who saw a tandem motorcycle leaving the vicinity of the castle late last night.

"The driver wore a leather coat, and—to use Mr. Robertson's own words—'At first I thought the passenger behind him was a boy, as he was dressed in a white suit with short trousers, but when they turned the Cliff Road corner his cap nearly blew off and I could swear that I saw a long strand of hair.'"

"What!" exclaimed Frankie, indignantly looking up from the paper. "You mean to say that you see any connection between that girl whom we picked up last night and this—this Hard-boiled Mabel—this common female criminal? Is that what you are trying to get at, Benson?"

Benson coughed behind his hand.

"I would recommend to Your Lordship," said he, "that he read the whole article."

Frankie read it, and the more he read the more his lip curled.

"Rot!" was his final comment.

"Appearances are decidedly against the young lady, My Lord."

"Appearances be hanged!" burst out Frankie. "You saw her last night, didn't you?

"You mean to stand there and tell me that a girl who looks like that is a common criminal and known to the police as Hard-boiled Mabel? Benson, I gave you credit for more common sense!"

Benson bowed, secretly priding himself upon his decorum.

"Thank you, My Lord," said he.

"Same time," said Frankie, frowning at the paper, "I wish you'd keep this thing away from my aunts."

"Lady Margaret left on the seven o'clock train this morning, My Lord."

"The deuce she did! Where's she gone, do you know?"

"I think she has gone to Southampton for the bishop. If I may make an observation, My Lord—"

"Let's have it."

"It is my opinion and belief, sir, that Lady Margaret is considerably upset over the occurrences of last evening—beginning with the opening of the library." Again Benson coughed behind his hand and looked out of the window. "And unless I am considerably mistaken," he continued, "she will return to-day as early as possible accompanied by 'Is Grace."

The young marquis was about to speak, when Benson, forgetting his natural dignity, suddenly ducked down behind the sash curtain like a very impressive old jack-in-the-box; and then applying his eye between the curtain and the sash he looked out like a very impressive old Peeping Tom.

"For heaven's sake, what now?" demanded Frankie.

"Begging Your Lordship's 'pardon, I thought I saw a man behind the shrubbery, though I may have been mistaken."

"Perhaps it's Chesley—oh, by the way," said Frankie, speaking as carelessly as he could, "you might call Chesley in. If this fool's tale is going round I'm not going to have that young lady bothered by a lot of idiotic busybodies."

For the third time Benson coughed behind his hand.

"Chesley is already in, My Lord," said he, "regarding his mission as accomplished."

"Accomplished? What do you mean now?"

"We 'ad hardly left him last night, My Lord, when a searching motorcycle came along, and following your instructions Chesley advised the driver that the young lady was in the house."

"The devil he did! What then?"

"After a period of indecision the inquiring party rode away, and Chesley was about to return to the house when a second motorcycle appeared in the distance, evidently following the same trail. And again carrying out your instructions Chesley repeated his information that the young lady was in the house."

At that the young marquis groaned to himself, and was still groaning when a knock sounded on the door.

"Come in!" cried Frankie.

It was Chesley himself.

"Begging Your Lordship's pardon," he said, trying to speak with decorum under Benson's watchful eye, "the police station is on the telephone, and send their

(Continued on Page 185)

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It is the Candy Kiss Business with the machine *in motion* in the window, cutting and wrapping candy kisses at almost bewildering speed, attracting crowds of passersby, and drawing many of them into your store. How many come in to buy? That depends on your location and the size of the passing crowds. One man just starting in a city of 125,000 reports that, on his very first Saturday, 1000 people came into his store and bought candy kisses.

A druggist, on a very busy thoroughfare, added this machine to his business, is making more money on drugs, and a handsome profit on kisses.

A well-known 5-and-10-cent-store is doing even better. The machine in the window draws the crowds, brings them into the store, and sells them great quantities of kisses, besides materially increasing the sale of other merchandise.

This is not a new business. For eight years we have been furnishing kiss machines to companies and individuals all over the country. We've seen people start in the business, seen them grow. They have ordered machines over and over again, and other people, seeing their success, have come to us from remote parts of the country—and the world—to get our kiss machine.

Yes, this is a business with a great opportunity. Our main business brings us in contact with some of the largest corporations in the world. We build wrapping machinery for such concerns as the National Biscuit Company, Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company, American Chicle Company, Walter Baker Company, Peter's Chocolate Company, Beech-Nut Packing Company, Lever Bros., British-American Tobacco Company, Liggett and Myers Tobacco Company, American Tobacco Company, Borden's Condensed Milk Company, Gillette Safety Razor Company, Armour, Swift, Cudahy, etc.—concerns that wrap 20,000 to 3,000,000 packages a day. So naturally we know considerable about the most successful business-principles and methods of packaging and merchandising.

Great and successful and fundamentally sound as all these businesses are, they require large capital and years of experience.

We told you about a store that made a thousand sales (983 to be accurate) the very first Saturday it was open. This is it—Hall Kiss Company, 216 Market St., Paterson, N. J. Not a big store, as you see, but sales are a great many; but, after all, it's only about one a minute. This was retail, but Hall is also doing a steadily increasing wholesale business.

The candy kiss business, with the machine in the window, is *unique* because, while it requires a very small investment, it combines all the essentials of a successful enterprise.

1. *Frequent turnover of capital.* Raw material in the morning; cash in your drawer at night. This turns over your money invested a great many times a year.

2. *Good profits* on every sale.

3. *Low expenses.* Economical manufacturing; no waste; no dead stock. The business is cash—no credit risks; no customers' accounts to keep; no returned goods. Low cost of selling—you can do most of it yourself. No advertising—the machine in the window does that.

4. *Simplicity of manufacture and management.* The business is simple. You make the same thing over and over again. Materials are easily obtained on short notice.

5. *Great volume of sales.* Candy kisses approach chewing-gum in being a national habit. They are the *popular-price* confection of the day. And the demand is growing fast. The machine in the window focusses this demand right on your store.

6. *Self-advertising and selling.* Everybody likes to see a machine in motion. It stops the crowds. They look; they come in; and they buy. It is manufacturing, advertising, and selling, all in one. Your business and trade name are being established while you make money.

7. *Ease of expansion.* If you want to move or open another store, you can get your new store ready, move over-night, and be doing business by noon the next day.

The deeper you look into this business, the better you understand why all these people, wherever they are, are making money.

There's no question about the business or the opportunity—that has been proved over and over again. The question for you is: Are you interested; are you one of these three kinds of men?

Are you the first kind of man? Do you want to get in business for yourself and be independent? Do you want an income of $5,000 to $15,000 a year and be dependent upon nobody but the public who will support you so long as you make good kisses? Then send for our book.

Are you the second kind of man? Have you a store which crowds are passing—passing you by? Do you want to pull these crowds into your store and sell more cigars, food, candy, drugs, or whatever else you have, and make money on kisses besides? Then send for our book.

Are you the third kind of man? Are you a candy manufacturer with a big overhead and making too many different kinds of candy? Do you want to replace your unprofitable lines with a big money-maker?

Whichever kind of man you are, write us a letter or fill out the attached coupon and mail it to us. We will send you our book, "Your Opportunity in the Candy Kiss Business," which we have written with great care and consideration for the interest of the people who want to go into the business. We have tried to answer all the questions you will want to ask and to tell how to get into this business so as to make the most money.

PACKAGE MACHINERY COMPANY
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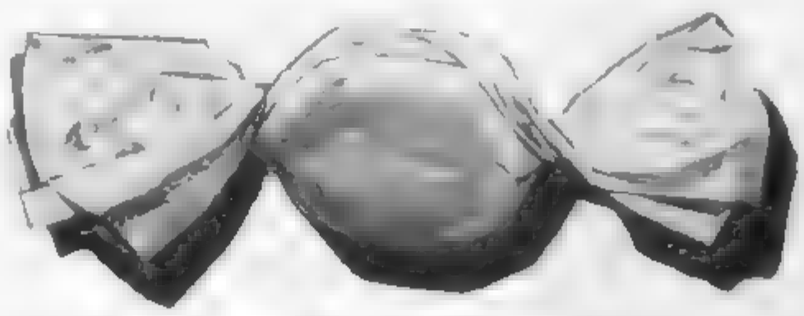

This is one of the wrapped kisses that come tumbling out of the Model K Kiss Cutting and Wrapping Machine 120 or more to the minute—2 every second—as fast as you can count them.

COUPON. Fill out, cut out, and mail—A-4-5-20

Package Machinery Company
Model K Dept. Springfield Massachusetts

Send your book on the Candy Kiss Business.

My present business is_____

Name

Address

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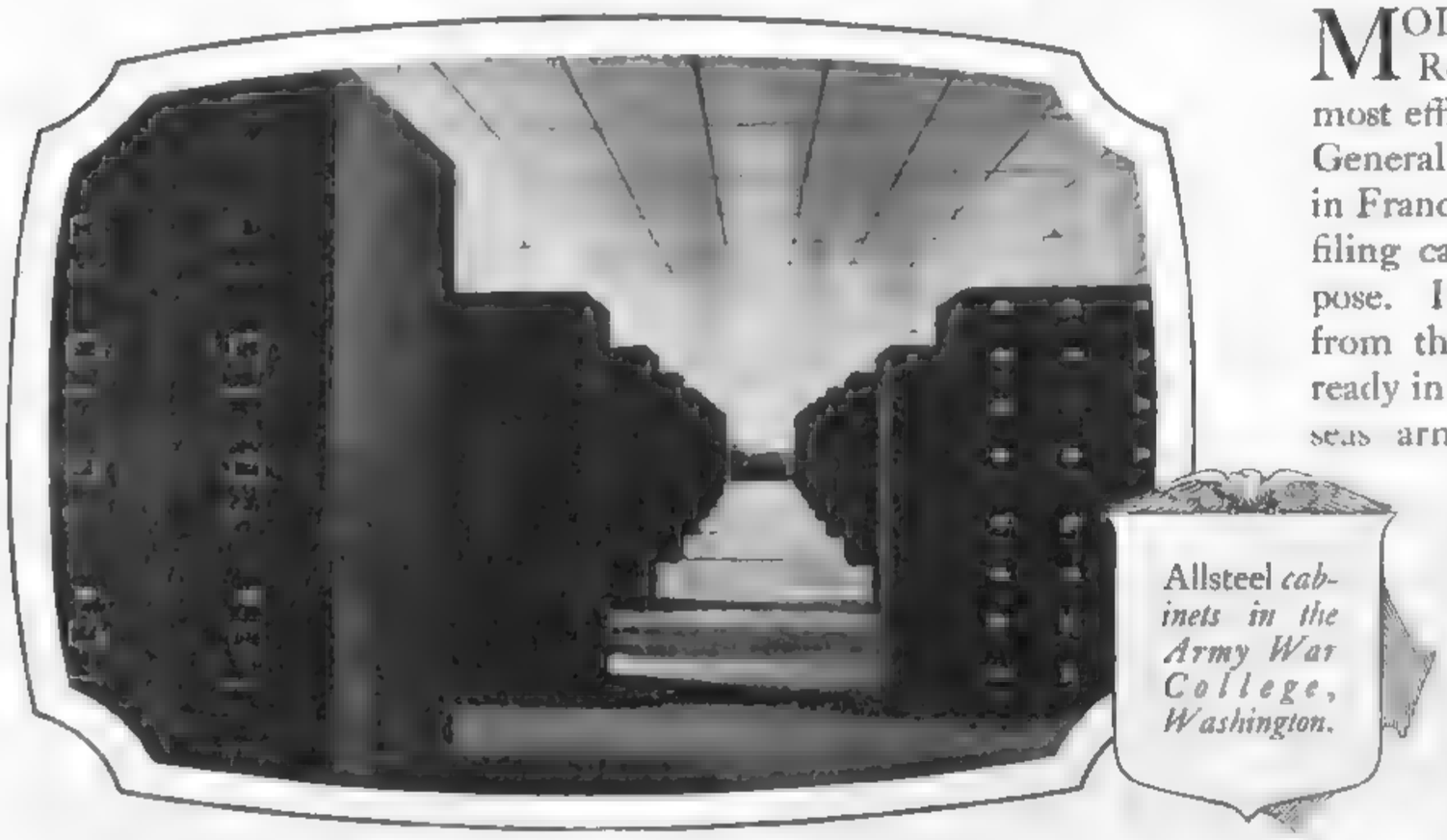

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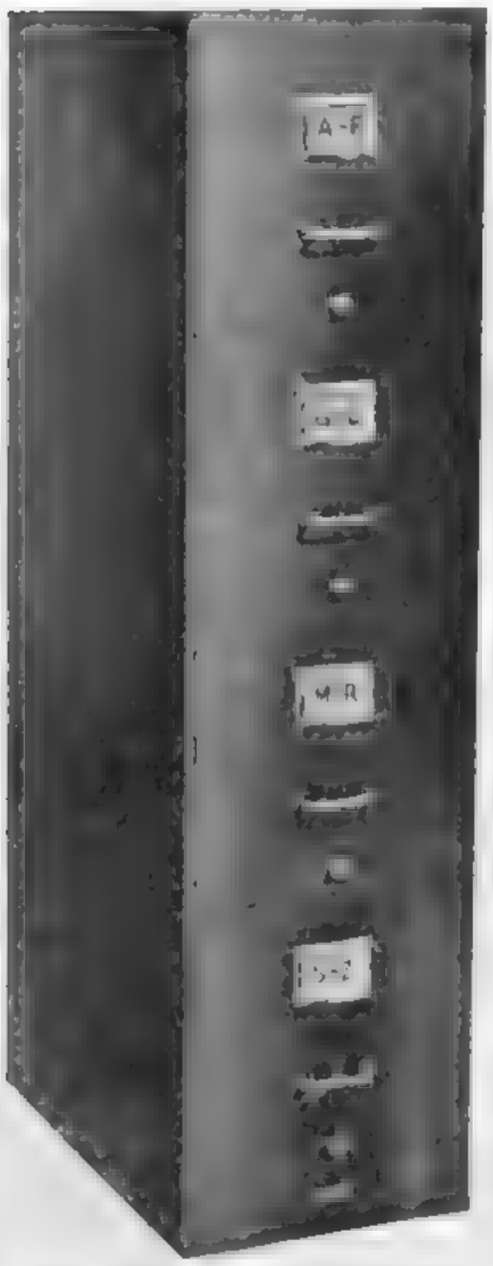

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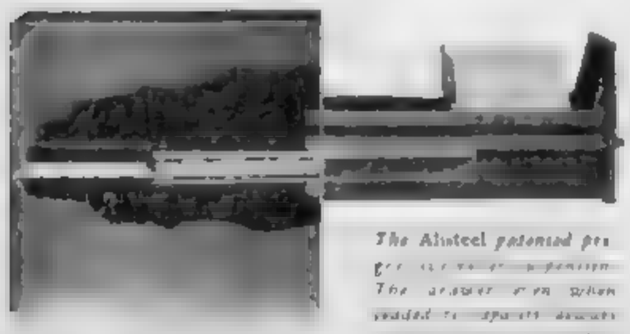

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MEN are judged by the company they keep, and an article is judged by the company that keeps it. Successful business men take pride in the efficiency and appearance of their offices. It is significant that the offices of J. P. Morgan & Company, Packard Motor Car Co., New York Stock Exchange, Equitable Life Assurance, Eastman Kodak, National City Bank and other prominent firms, are equipped with *Allsteel* furniture. *Allsteel* belongs with success.

Allsteel files look what they are—permanently efficient. This is the age of steel, and the progressive business man is quick to see the advantages of *Allsteel* equipment. *Allsteel* files are incredibly strong and durable, yet they take 15 to 25 per cent less floor space than wood files. *Allsteel* protects your papers from fire, mice, and vermin.

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(Continued from Page 182)

compliments and say they want to speak to you as quick as 'eaven'll let you!"

IX

FRANKIE thought it over as long as he dared, but saw no help for it. "Tell them I'll be down as soon as I'm dressed," said he.

Now dressing, as you may have noticed, is a rather sobering business—and must be even for poets and minstrels. There is something so intensely practical—so fundamentally prosaic—in the matching of buttons and buttonholes, the proper procession of garments, the necessity of putting the right shoe on the right foot—that poetry presently lays its rimes away and wonders why the minstrel disappeared.

"It does look a bit black against her," Frankie admitted to himself, "but as for saying that she is an old-timer, that is simply too ridiculous for words. I've read of girls who have done such things to save their brothers from jail—or for reasons like that. But as for this girl being a hardened offender ssssss!"

This was a hiss of derision and scorn.

"Even if she was led wrong once—and I don't believe it for a moment—she ought to have a chance. She's had her lesson. She'd never do it again. Yes, by George, and she shall have a chance—police or no police—I don't care what they say!"

Standing erect and fully dressed at last, the sense of chivalry which had been born in him the night before seemed to throw his shoulders back as though upon parade, and he marched down to the telephone with his head held high and a proud horsy action of the knees.

"Yes! Yes! This is the marquis. Yes! A girl was found unconscious in front of the house here last night. Yes, I carried her in myself. Yes, still unconscious. What's that? Oh, bother, no! She's not at all the party you are looking for!"

"How do you know, My Lord?" came the cool question over the telephone.

It was on the tip of Frankie's tongue to burst back "Any fool would know," but he caught himself in time.

"Oh, I know—that's all!" he irritably answered.

"Ah, yes," said the cool voice, "but we've just got a man down from London who knows this Hard-boiled Mabel by sight, and I'm very much afraid that we shall have to send him over to see if he can identify her."

"Very well," said Frankie stiffly, and marched himself into the library to think it over.

It was cool and restful in there, for all the dust, and after he had paced up and down a few times irritation gave way to reflection.

"I've read about these detectives and their blessed identifications," he told himself. "If he's come all the way from London to identify this poor girl as Hard-boiled Mabel he's going to make a job of it if he possibly can."

In fancy he saw a picture of his helpless burden of the night before with handcuffs on her being carried down the stairs to a waiting police wagon—another Boadicea being haled before the Romans—another Marie Antoinette on her way to the guillotine.

"No, sir!" said the young marquis, suddenly stopping in front of the man in armor. "That girl's going to have a chance if I never do another thing! And she's not the girl they think she is, anyway!"

Giving her a chance, you see—that was what he called it; and with every breath he drew the resolution grew stronger. Outside a throstle was singing in a lilac bush, and both the song of the bird and the scent of the flowers somehow fortified determination. The sense of adventure filled him—and the promise of greater ventures still to come. Perhaps the room was having an effect upon him, too, for more than once he had caught himself looking at the fifth marchioness.

"But what can I do with that detective when he comes?" he kept asking himself.

Chance favored him. He had seated himself in a corner, trying to salt the tail of inspiration, when the door opened and in came Benson, Chesley, the housekeeper and a parlor maid, bearing brooms and dusters, and at first unconscious of Frankie's presence.

"You could have knocked me over with a feather," Chesley was saying, when the butler gave him a warning nudge.

"Begging Your Lordship's pardon," said Benson, catching sight of him.

Frankie was staring at them, and even as he stared something told him that he had solved his problem. He went upstairs three steps at a time, ran to his room for the newspaper and then knocked gently on Lady Felicia's door.

"Come!" she called.

The young Marquis of Meyne hesitated for a moment, and then the door closed behind him. If you had been there you might have thought that he was alone when he entered; but if you could have been watching from that invisible world which no one living yet has seen you might have observed that Fate was walking just ahead of him—and Destiny stalking after.

■

LADY FELICIA'S apartment consisted of two rooms. The first, opening from the hall, was known downstairs as the boo-door. The second, where the unconscious girl still lay, was the bedroom. Lady Felicia, as you will see, therefore naturally received Frankie in the boudoir.

"Has she come to yet?" he whispered.

"Not yet, dear, but I don't think she'll be long. I'm so glad you took her part last night, Frankie! You've no idea!"

Thus encouraged, he showed her the newspaper.

"I don't believe it!" cried Lady Felicia, aghast, before she had read very far. "That sweet girl a criminal? I never in all my life heard anything so absurd!"

The door to the bedroom, concealed by a screen, was partly open; and if you had been watching from that invisible world aforesaid you would have seen the girl in the other room slowly open her eyes and stare very hard toward the boudoir.

"Of course she's not a criminal," said Frankie. "A girl doesn't look like an angel for nothing. Same time, dear, as you can see, appearances are against her. In fact there's a detective on his way here now from Scotland Yard to identify her as Hard-boiled Mabel."

"No!" breathed Lady Felicia.

"Police station telephoned not five minutes ago. And do you know what they'll do if there's the least possible resemblance? They'll take her!"

"No!" breathed Lady Felicia again, and watched the young marquis as though fascinated.

"And even if she was mixed up in that robbery last night," he continued—"forced into it against her will—I've made up my mind that she's going to have another chance—a good talking to, you know—nothing nasty, but a cheerful, helpful talking to—and her passage paid to Canada, say. I'm sure I can find the money somewhere. But one thing I will not do! I will not run the risk of having her identified by any detective that ever breathed!"

"Sh!" cautioned Lady Felicia, her finger on her lip, and tiptoed toward the bedroom. Warned by the creaking of the floor, the girl in the other room placed her head back on the pillow and closed her eyes.

"It's all right," whispered Lady Felicia, returning to Frankie. "She's still unconscious"

"Poor thing!" said he, and little dreamed that the object of his pity was sitting up again—this time with one of her hands eagerly cupped behind her ear.

"But what are you going to do with the detective when he comes?" asked Aunt Felicia. "Going to tell him that he can't come in?"

"No, dear; that wouldn't do. But there's one thing we can do, if you will only help me, to keep that poor girl from being hounded."

"What's that?"

"We can let the detective in and make a fool of him."

"How?"

Again Frankie hesitated for a moment.

"If you can get the parlor maid to lie down in Aunt Margaret's room—cover her up, you know, and have her close her eyes—we'll let the detective go in there and then—don't you see?—if he identifies her as Hard-boiled Mabel we have nothing more to fear from him!"

Lady Felicia's glance grew deeper than ever, and the more she looked at her nephew's pleading countenance the more breathlessly satisfied she seemed to be at this unexpected page of romance which was being written before her eyes.

"Of course, you know, if you were ever found out ——" she said.

"I wouldn't care!"

"And this girl here—suppose it turned out that she was Hard-boiled Mabel after all?"

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"I would always be proud to think that I had helped to give her another chance."

Lady Felicia seemed to retire for a few moments behind her own thoughts.

"All right, dear," she said at last. "I think you had better go downstairs now and get ready for that detective—and—yes—you can send the parlor maid up to me."

XI

THE young Marquis of Meyne went down to the library, keyed to the new adventure and deeply in love with life. Yesterday at this same hour he had found it stale and flat, like wine that has stood in a glass too long; but with the opening of the forbidden door a sparkle had come into existence and every breath he drew had a tingle in it.

"It was wrong to keep it shut so long," he thought after he had sent the parlor maid upstairs. "It stands to reason that there are probably as many good women in the world as good men. And oh, don't they make things interesting!"

For a time he walked about watching the others dusting the room, and then his glance turned to the marchioness over the fireplace. It was one of those portraits which has the trick of looking at you no matter where you stand, and it gave Frankie an innocent pleasure to see how she followed him round with her smile.

"They're half of life, when you've said and done," he thought. "Yes, and the pleasantest half, too, I'm beginning to think. It stands to reason that they can't all be dangerous. Was Aunt Felicia ever dangerous? Or Aunt Margaret?" He blushed for shame for even having phrased such a question in his mind. "Well then," said he, "what's left of the argument?"

From upstairs he heard footsteps hurrying to and fro, but at first paid no attention to them. Then Benson was summoned from the library, and a minute later Chesley and the housekeeper followed. The sound of footsteps overhead increased. Distant doors opened and shut.

"What the deuce?" asked Frankie, looking up at the ceiling. "Are they having a game with the parlor maid—or what?"

He jumped to his feet and started for the door, but on the threshold Chesley met him and could hardly get his words out.

"L-l-l-lady Felicia's compliments, My Lord," said he, "and could you come upstairs?"

"What's the matter?" asked Frankie as they hurried along the hall.

There was a dreadful note of satisfaction in Chesley's answer, which was free from all decorum and spoken as Nature intended:

"'Ard-boiled Mabel's beat it, sir—and copped the jewelry too!"

XII

YES, the bird had flown. There was not the least doubt about that. And every article of jewelry that had graced Lady Felicia's dresser a few minutes before had also disappeared.

"I shall never—never trust my eyes again!" wept poor Lady Felicia.

The young marquis was holding himself more than upright, and his mouth was tightly pressed against his teeth in the manner which is sometimes known as keeping a stiff upper lip.

"How did it happen?" he asked in a low voice. "How did she get away without being seen?"

"The maid and I were in the other room. I was writing a note for her to take. And when we came back she was gone."

The young marquis felt too sick to question further.

"What an ass I've made of myself!" he sighed, and started heavily for the door.

It was right then, he told himself. They were a bad lot—a dreadfully bad lot! Unconsciously he paraphrased a line of Thénardier's: "And she with her innocent look!"

"Yes," he sadly continued, "Aunt Margaret's right—and so was old Mutton-Face. They're a bad lot—even the best of them!"

But in spite of the sages, knowledge failed to give him power; and in spite of old saws, wisdom brought no happiness in its train. On the contrary, all the joy suddenly seemed to have flown from Frankie's life—the sparkle had gone—the tingle had vanished.

"Oh, well," he sighed again. "I've learned my lesson early." And thinking perhaps of the last three Marquises of Meyne, he darkly added: "It might have cost me more."

Chesley had followed him into the library and had now picked up his duster again—keeping one eye, however, upon Frankie and prouder than ever of the glory of the Meynes.

"You needn't dust any more, Chesley," said Frankie, half turning from the open window. "I'm going to lock the library up again. And all those things that we sorted out last night—I wish you'd get them together again and pile them in the corner."

He turned back to the window. There was a lot of shrubbery on that side of the house—and a rose arbor leading to the garden beyond. As Frankie looked, at first with eyes that saw nothing, he gradually became conscious of a masculine figure leaving the shelter of a white lilac bush and making for the arbor.

"Hello!" thought Frankie. "What's he sneaking round for? Leather coat—and limps a little. By Jove, I wonder if that's the Stunner!"

He was about to raise the alarm when another figure caught his attention—running after the first.

"Hard-boiled Mabel!" groaned Frankie. "They're making off together!"

But almost before he had finished the thought the pursuing figure had sprung upon Stunner like a little wild cat, her arms locked round his neck.

"Whee!" cried the young Marquis of Meyne in a sudden rapture of exaltation, and quicker than words can be told he had leaped through the window and was headed for the fray.

XIII

THE next thing Frankie clearly remembered he was on a couch in the library with a bandage round his head and almost entirely surrounded by a sea of faces. Felicia was there, for instance—and Aunt Margaret and the Bishop of Meyne and the doctor and a man with a mustache like Kitchener's, who looked like a detective, and a handsome old boy with pink cheeks and white hair; and better than all, the late Hard-boiled Mabel was there too—in a dress of such mind-striking fascinations that it quite charmed Frankie's returning consciousness, until his glance happened to wander up to the wearer's eyes—and then he forgot the dress.

"What—what's the matter?" he faintly asked.

"It's all right, My Lord," said the doctor. "He nicked you in the forehead, but he couldn't shake you loose. We've got him."

Bit by bit the story came out. The handsome old boy was Commodore Beckett, who had rented Meyne Castle—and the girl whom Frankie had found in the road the night before was the commodore's daughter, Jacqueline—more familiarly known to her proud parent as Jake.

"Tell him how it happened," said the commodore, turning to his daughter. "He must be nearly as puzzled as I was."

Benson and Chesley, deploying in the distance, each took a few steps forward and listened—with decorum.

"Well—last night," she began, "there was a moon and I thought I would take a dip in the sea before turning in. You know," she said to her father, "the way we used to do in Florida on moonlight nights."

"Never approved of it," said he.

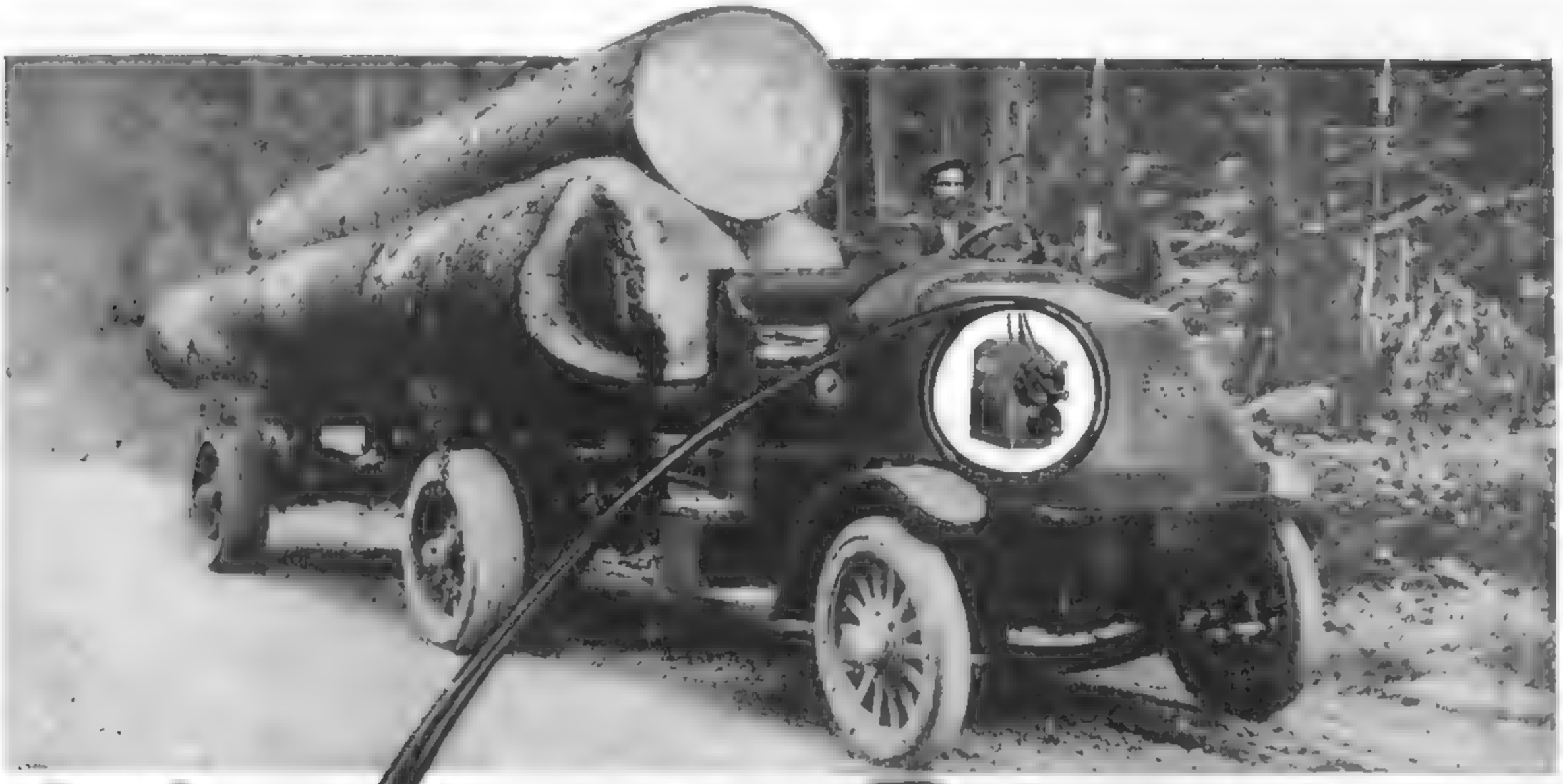
"That's why I went out without telling you," she continued. "I have a light swimming costume that I wear—something like a boy's linen suit. I put it on and started. But when I reached the water it felt so cold that I didn't go in. So pretty soon I started back for the castle—and nearly fell over a motorcycle that was leaning against the west wall.

"That side of the house was partly in the shadow and I was wondering what the motorcycle was doing there, when a man dropped out of one of the windows and came rushing toward me.

"Though I couldn't make him out very clearly, I could see that he had something black over the lower part of his face and was carrying an automatic. 'Strewth!' said he. 'I thought they'd nabbed you. Hop on, quick!'

"I could see of course that he mistook me for someone else—and lucky for me that he did! So rather than put him right I hopped on quick! Naturally I meant to hop off again as soon as he started, but he got away so fast that I didn't have a chance. When we got in front of the house here, though, I simply couldn't stand it any

(Concluded on Page 189)



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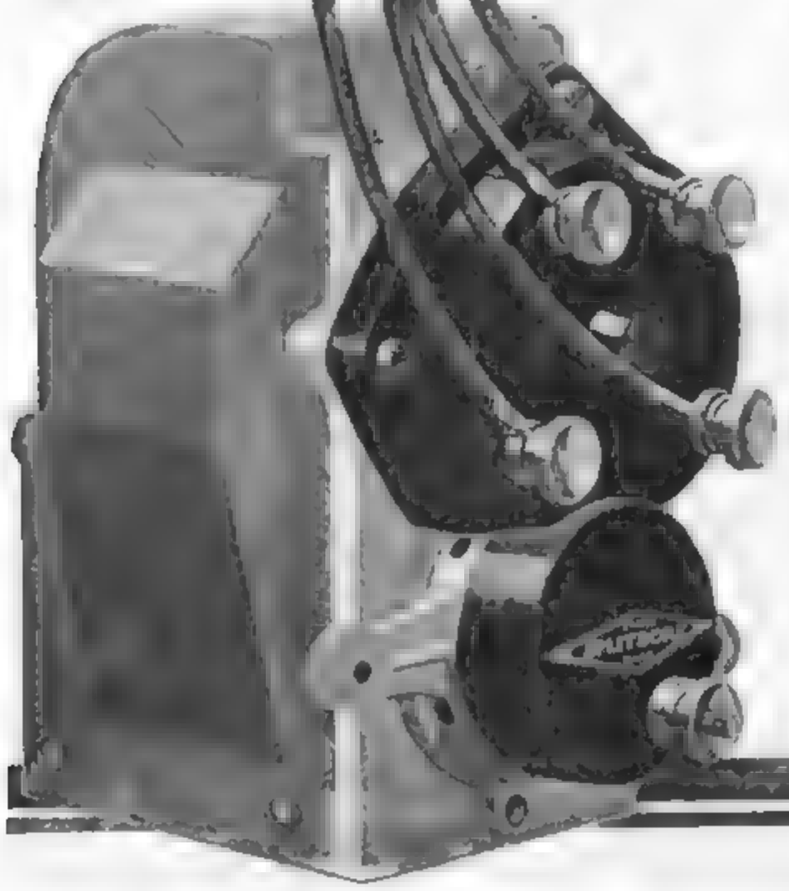

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(Concluded from Page 186)

longer. So I slipped off backward, and from what they tell me I guess I landed on my head."

"Meanwhile," continued the commodore, taking up the story, "we had the real Hard-boiled Mabel locked in a clothes closet, and I thought Jacqueline was asleep in her room. I telephoned the police and it wasn't long before they started on Stunner's trail with another motorcycle. It had rained a little in the early evening and he had left a clear track. When the officer reached the house here he found your man waiting in the middle of the road. He said that the young lady was in the house."

In the background Chesley took a lesson from his mentor and modestly coughed behind his hand.

"That puzzled us for a time," continued the man who looked like a detective, "but we concluded that Stunner had a second accomplice who had fallen off his machine, and if that was the case we thought it very likely that he would come back looking for her. So we set two traps for him—one up the road and the other down the road. What we didn't know then was that Stunner had already come back; and your man had told him the same story that he told us—that the young lady was in the house."

At this moment, decorum forgotten, Chesley's breathing was distinctly heard.

"As nearly as we can find out, My Lord," continued the detective, "Stunner spent the night in your cellar waiting his chance to get away with Hard-boiled Mabel, whom he naturally supposed to be upstairs. When he did finally make his way up there and discovered that the unconscious girl was utterly unknown to him he helped himself to all the jewelry in sight and made his way downstairs."

"That brings it to me again," said Miss Beckett, smiling. "I wasn't unconscious then—though when he came in the room I assure you that I lay very still. That's how I happened to see him take the jewelry; and when he went out I followed him without making any noise, meaning to call for help as soon as I saw anyone who could help me.

"He went down the back stairs and there I lost him, but after a while I saw him on the lawn making for the rose arbor, and I went after him. By that time I was angry with myself for losing him—and excited, too, I guess. So when I got close I tried to hold him, and just as he had pulled his arm free and was reaching in his pocket for that horrible automatic ——"

"I remember now," nodded Frankie. "That's when I jumped in. You say we held him?"

"You surely did," said the detective, smiling.

"And you found your emeralds on him?" continued Frankie, turning to the commodore.

"Every stone, my boy—thanks to you."

"Oh, don't thank me! Thank—thank Hard-boiled Mabel—and Aunt Felicia, too, for not wanting her to go to the hospital."

"No, don't thank me," beamed Lady Felicia. "I knew it was Miss Beckett all the time. We had quite a long chat near the castle last week, and I knew her again in a moment."

It was then that Lady Margaret broke her silence for the first time, speaking as Lady Macbeth might have spoken if she had been checked just before she did the fatal deed.

"You knew it all the time?" she asked.

"Well, I thought I did," said her sister more thoughtfully. "But I did begin to doubt it when I found she had gone—and the jewelry too."

Meanwhile the doctor had been watching his patient—or rather his last two patients—and smiling at what he saw. He suddenly turned round and faced the company.

"The marquis must be quiet now," he said, with his head on one side like a wise old bird who knows his book. "I'm afraid I must send most of you away, but if Lady Felicia and—er—Miss Beckett could stay for a time—to make sure that he was resting comfortably ——"

They gazed at each other—the two ladies named—and if you had been there you might have thought that it was simply a young woman and an old one looking at each other. But if you had been watching from that invisible world where only the things of the spirit are real you would have seen enough, and more than enough, to make another story.

"We'll watch him," said Lady Felicia, the light of romance growing brighter than ever in her faded eyes.

But as for Miss Beckett, Miss Beckett said nothing. She was watching him already.

Half an hour later Chesley started for the library to straighten the chairs, but when he got to the door he saw enough to make him go back and help Benson lay the table for luncheon.

"Eight places," said Benson, not without pride. "You mark my words, Chesley. Now that the marquis is back you are going to see this old family take on a new lease of life."

"Right you are," said Chesley, and placing the salt cellars and tablespoons at each corner he cheerfully added: "The young lady's in the house."

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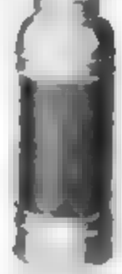

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Theoretic Champions

WHEN Sherwood Magee, the ball player, joined the Boston Braves he was informed that he would have to attend a meeting of the players every morning, a meeting that is called "skull practice" by the manager. At that time the Boston club was losing nearly every game.

For an hour the manager and players went over every play of an imaginary game very carefully, analyzing it so closely that, theoretically, it was impossible to lose. Magee listened attentively. "All right," he said with a yawn as the meeting adjourned, "we have won that game. Now let's go out on the diamond and lose one."

Served to Order

AN ACTOR noted for his wit and for his habits of intemperance after finishing a week of hard work arrived at home one night—or morning—very late. His wife, the real boss at home, usually receives her husband under those conditions by throwing him in a hot bath and putting him to bed.

She had turned on the hot water, but not the cold, when the telephone suddenly rang. The tub was scalding when the truant was ordered in. As the wife was answering the phone she heard a terrifying scream. Dropping the phone she ran to the bathroom door.

"Shay, dearie," called out the husband, "do you want me two minutes or four minutes—soft boiled or medium?"

Barnyard Grammar

THE two city men, walking along a country road, were discussing chicken raising as a gainful occupation and one of them had made some reference to setting hens.

"Sitting hens," corrected his friend.

This started a long and acrimonious debate. At last the two men agreed to leave the matter to an old farmer who was seen approaching in a buggy.

The farmer was accordingly hailed, the question was put to him by the disputants and the old man was asked for his decision.

"Speaking as a practical man," replied the farmer, "I don't reckon it makes much difference whether you say 'sitting' or 'setting.' What I want to know is when I hear a hen cackling whether she's lying or laying. Giddap, Bess."

Unsought Information

A WELL-KNOWN newspaper man, who claims that he is—or used to be—orthodox Hebrew in his religious beliefs, says that when he first came to New York from Texas he was sent to a delicatessen store one day to get cold meat for lunch. As long as he didn't know or hear the name of what he was eating he felt perfectly right in his conscience in getting anything he liked.

"Give me some of that," he said to the dealer, pointing to a roll of delicious-looking meat.

"What do you mean—this pork?" asked the dealer.

"I didn't ask you to tell me the name of it," the journalist retorted. "Now you can put it right back and give me a slice of that beef, dog-gone it!"

That Was Different

DURING the cold spell in February a ball player on one of the New York teams came into town from his country home in Pennsylvania and reported at the office of the club. This looked like a certain winter advance touch and there was a scurry of clerks to give the manager and president warning. The ball player waited patiently for an hour or more.

"Looks like the boss will be busy all day," one of the clerks finally told him. "Perhaps it would be better for you to write to him when you get back home."

"I can't do that," explained the athlete. "Tell him I just wanted to see him a moment before the market closed. I have a profit of ten thousand dollars on the stock that I bought for the two of us at his suggestion, and I want to know if he thinks it advisable to sell or hold on."

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Table of Contents

April 3, 1920

SHORT STORIES — PAGE

Hard-Boiled Mabel—*George Weston* . . . 5
The Dark Moment—*Perceval Gibbon* . . . 8
The Hammer—*Hugh MacNair Kahler* . . . 12
One Room and Bath—*Rebecca Hooper Eastman* . . . 14
A Prince There Wasn't—*John Peter Toohey* . . . 16
Tutt and Mr. Tutt—*Arthur Train* . . . 20
Red Night—*Garet Garrett* . . . 42

SERIALS

The Book of Susan—*Lee Wilson Dodd* . . . 24
The Fate Makers—*Nina Wilcox Putnam* . . . 26

ARTICLES

The Mysteries of Paris—*Kenneth L. Roberts* . . . 3
Uncle Sam as an Employer—*Edward G. Lowry* . . . 10
Branding the Profiteer—*Albert W. Atwood* . . . 18
Motor Trucks Solve Terminal Problem—*Edward Hungerford* . . . 22
Skimble-Skamble Stuff—*Samuel G. Blythe* . . . 29
Round Our Town—*Emerson Hough* . . . 30

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials . . . 28
Everybody's Business—*Floyd W. Parsons* . . . 37
Who's Who—and Why . . . 40
Herbert Strong—*Robert Quillen* . . . 50
The Wail of the Weeping Chump—*Lowell Otus Reese* . . . 70
The Isle of Memories—*Alfred Noyes* 130
Sense and Nonsense . . . 190

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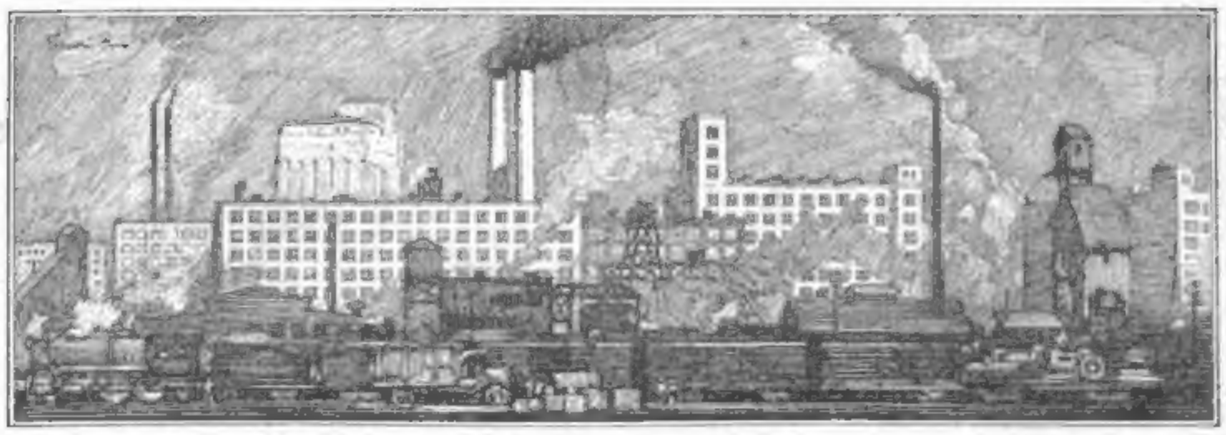

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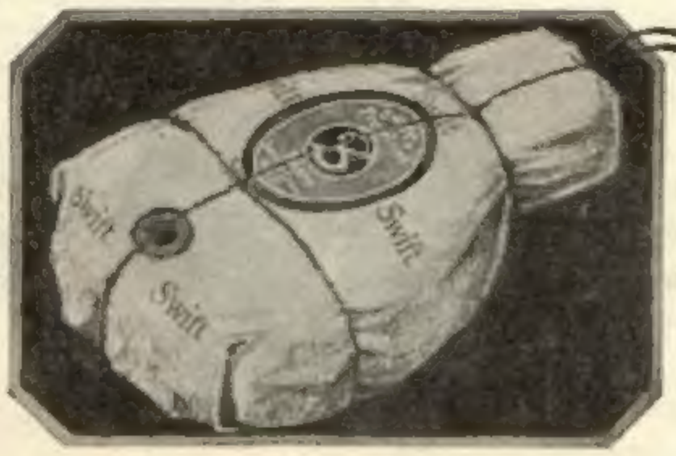

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